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WEEKLY**

MAY 12, 1954

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MAY 12, 1954

Vol. 21, No. 50

MOTHER'S DAY EVERY DAY

MOTHER'S DAY, celebrated throughout the English-speaking world, has grown from a simple remembrance to a festival—a well-deserved "decoration" for the mothers of the world.

And is there anyone who does not honestly feel that every mother deserves a medal?

Their lives demand sacrifices, never regarded as such—their leisure, their sleep, and often their peace of mind.

Their days are long and arduous physically, interrupted by childish problems that would cause trained psychologists to ponder.

There are critics who regard Mother's Day as nothing but a commercial bonanza. Nevertheless, a gift on this day, whether big or small, is the tangible symbol of devotion and is appreciated as such.

Despite the critics, the original meaning of the day is with it still.

The natural love and gratitude of all sons and daughters for their mother—for her loving care, her warm heart, and her selflessness—is something that can never be diminished.

Sons and daughters will once again this year welcome the day as a special occasion set apart for them, on which they can show, in some small measure, what they feel in their hearts.

But surely they will agree that it is not enough to think of their mother only on her special day.

Why not show her practical examples of love and gratitude on every day of the year?

Our cover:

● Our charming Mother's Day cover this week shows Mrs. Frank Sedgman, wife of the Australian tennis star now in America, with their baby daughter, Roxanne Frances, who is now three months old. Staff photographer Ernie Mann took the picture. A story about the Sedgmans' new baby, whom Frank has not yet seen, appears on page 12.

This week:

● On page 27 we publish an article on prenatal influence that is of absorbing interest to mothers and mothers-to-be. Every infant has a unique constitution, but constitution is a product of biological inheritance and environment, say the authors, Dr. Ashley Montagu and Gertrude Schweizer. They discuss the fascinating developments following scientists' acceptance of the fact that prenatal influence does exist. Incidentally, Dr. Montagu is the author of "The Natural Superiority of Women," an opinion he holds firmly.

● Our complete novel, "Often a Bridesmaid," by Hazel Livingston, is included in the magazine itself this week. It begins on page 59.

Next week:

● The first of our teenage supplements will appear next week. This special section of The Australian Women's Weekly will be published in future once a month, and will be devoted to the interests of our younger readers. Among the many features in next week's supplement, our new fashion writer, Candy Hardy, herself a teenager, will present her suggestions, illustrated in color, for clothes to please the man in your life. Betty Keep will begin a junior pattern service, and there will be instructions for making a hat and muff set in velvet—just right for the winter months ahead. Jann Ryrie will begin a new series of articles, and Kay Melann, in a special page, will answer queries from her mailing.

● "Double Feature" is the title of our lift-out novel to appear next week. It is the story of a romance of youth by popular American author Rosamond Du Jardin.

Letters from our readers

IT would be a great help to business girls if shops and department stores reserved the lunch hour between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. as a shopping time for them only. These girls must do their shopping in this hour, and it is impossible for them to make purchases except in a hurried scramble. A leisurely choice is out of the question, and many a soap buy is made in this way and later regretted. Could not housewives and other women not bound by office hours refrain from crowding the city streets and shops in the business girls' lunch-hour?

Dawn Seymour, Manly, N.S.W.

THE statement of U.S. journalist Irene Kuhn, published in Worth Reporting (The Australian Women's Weekly, 31/3/54), that the craze for slim "bag-o'-bones" figures is one of the causes of the high divorce rate in America is staggering, and even more so are the statements of two of our own Sydney divorce lawyers. Surely from people in such professions we are entitled to expect a little understanding of human nature. Are they not capable of separating cause and effect? I, too, know of thin women who are candidates for divorce, but the fact that

they are highly strung and "lived on cups of coffee" is the effect of unhappy marriage, not the cause. Looking back to their early marriage days, I see them plump and happy before they had to cope with unco-operative or philandering husbands.

U. Evans, King's Park, S.A.

CONGRATULATIONS to R. Ryan, of Perth (The Australian Women's Weekly, 31/3/54), who pays tribute to Sydney doctors who believe they have found a preventive against polio. Too few give thought to the years spent by doctors and scientists in their search for help against our dread diseases. There is another aspect to the polio victims? If they do recover they usually have some muscles

permanently impaired. Where do they stand in the community? Are they to be segregated because their appearance or new movements may not be pleasing? The fact that they are capable of earning a living in one way or another is not considered. How do I know this happens? I am the mother of a polio victim who has been thus treated.

"Sad Mother" (name supplied), Petersham, N.S.W.

IN a recent American magazine I read that in New York if a taxidriver hangs a knotted white handkerchief out of the window of his cab it means: "Clear the way. My passenger is racing to hospital to have a baby." It struck me it would be a good idea if we adopted this scheme in Australia for similar emergencies.

Mrs. B. Blair, Adelaide.

CHILDREN'S clothing manufacturers should be compelled by law to have standard sizes for children's garments. It is very difficult when mothers buy 20in. size clothing in one make—which is the size as labelled—then purchase another brand and find the 20in. size is entirely different.

Alma Coyle, West Heidelberg, Vic.

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Fly-By-Night

By ELIZABETH CADELL

LAURA hissed, "Quiet!"

"I wasn't doing anything," whispered Hetty indignantly. "Move over; you're sitting on my pinafore."

"Soah, you two!" Thea's voice was hoarse with excitement, and she leaned so far over the banisters that it looked for one dreadful moment as though she would go over them and land with a thud at the feet of Papa and Mamma and so give away the whole thing.

"Hush — get back! Get back, everybody!" Caroline's voice quivered with eagerness. "Get back — they're coming."

They were coming; leaving the dining-room and heading—a stately and somewhat prim trio—into the drawing-room. The four watchers drew back cautiously and then, one by one, came forward again to peer down at Mamma's bustle and Papa's terrifying whiskers and the dashing new boots that Aunt Sue was wearing.

It was difficult to believe that Aunt Sue—pretty, playful Aunt Sue—was Papa's sister. Everybody loved Aunt Sue. Even Papa, who thought her a shade too frivolous for a widow, could be seen unbending when Aunt Sue teased him.

"They'll be ages," said Hetty, in disgust. "They'll talk and talk and there'll be no time for Aunt Sue to come upstairs and see us, and—"

"If you don't lower your voices," said Laura, "they'll hear you, and Papa will come out and ask what we're doing." She spoke with the sense and authority of one who had not only attained the ripe age of seventeen but who would shortly be the eldest unmarried daughter of the house.

"Besides, Aunt Sue will be very angry if she knows we've been sitting on the stairs up here for so long. She said that we were to behave as though nothing were happening."

"Somebody," suggested Thea, "ought to go upstairs and stay with Sophy. She's crying."

"I don't see what there is to cry about," said Caroline. "She's doing what she wants to do, isn't she?"

"It's a Terrible Step," said Laura gravely.

The words silenced them all. It was certainly a Step, terrible or not. Nothing, nothing like this had ever happened in their lives before. There had been illness, at times, and excitement—as when Hetty's hoop had bowled into the Royal pram in the Park—and there had been changes, mostly of governesses.

But this was something apart; something tremendous, something which Laura felt should have been confided to her only and not to the younger ones, who were really not old enough to under-

stand. They would give everything away, with their whispering and plotting and their only-too-obvious air of conspiracy. Papa had keen eyes; nothing escaped them, and if Papa should get an inkling of what was afoot . . . Laura's delicate skin paled and her scalp tingled with horror.

"Hush—oh, do hush!" she implored once more. "If they—"

"Look — Aunt Sue's coming out!" hissed Caroline.

In a moment, all four girls were leaning dangerously over the banisters. Aunt Sue looked up, put a cautionary finger to her lips, and spoke over her shoulder to her brother in the drawing-room.

"I'm going up to see the children," she said. "Albert, will you order my carriage, please? I shall be down soon."

She closed the door and in a moment was on the stairs and surrounded by the quartet of eager and excited conspirators.

She raised one slim, authoritative hand and, lifting her heavy skirt with the other, made her way through the group and led the way upstairs. Not until they were in the schoolroom, with the door closed securely behind them, did she speak. "You must be quieter, children," she said. "I could hear you whispering while we were at luncheon—and I heard you distinctly as we crossed the hall. If your Papa . . ."

"Oh, I know, I know, Aunt Sue!" cried Caroline remorsefully. "But you said you'd come and give us our instructions and—"

"Where is Sophy?" asked Aunt Sue. "She's crying," said Hetty. "Why does she cry, Aunt Sue, when she ought to be happy? She loves Charles, and he loves her, and she ought to be wild with joy, but she isn't."

"Laura — go and ask her to come and see me," said Aunt Sue. "She's crying," she explained as the door closed behind Laura, "because she is going to do something that she would far, far rather do with the full approval of your Mamma and Papa."

"Mamma wouldn't mind," stated Caroline positively.

"Perhaps not; but your Papa has never allowed Charles to address your sister, and he would never for a moment consent to their marrying. Come in, Sophy, my darling. Now, dry those tears, my pet, and listen to what I have to say—I am explaining something to the others. Laura, shut the door. Your Papa, my

To page 10

"Oh, Albert, isn't he splendid!" Mamma whispered to Papa as they watched Sophy descend to meet the waiting Charles.

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Page 4

Martha

A Complete
Short Story
By
**Dorothy
Eden**

MARGOT'S language was something that would have startled her fans on the other side of the footlights. They would not have believed that such a hot temper dwelt behind her pretty, smiling face.

Once more the trouble was about the cat. It had disappeared, which was not to be wondered at as it had been a wild, nervous creature ever since its forced stage debut. But with the curtain due to rise in half an hour and a cat of some description required in the first act, the situation was tricky.

While Margot denounced the defaulting ginger tom, the theatre, the town, the play, and Sydney Leach himself, Sydney said in the quiet tones of desperation, "Sally, go out and see if you can pick up a cat. Any sort, so long as it's quiet."

Ten minutes later Sally found the little female tabby cat in the alley behind the theatre. She was sitting quietly in a doorway washing her paws. As Sally stooped over her she looked up and smiled. Or nothing so benign as her expression could have been less than a smile.

Delightedly Sally picked her up and hurried back to Margot's dressing-room. "I've got one," she said triumphantly, and producing the cat she put it on the floor.

Margot's blue eyes widened in horror. "That!" she exclaimed. "Good heavens, it's going to have kittens!"

The cat certainly was. In her delight and her haste Sally hadn't studied the animal at all. But now her condition was obvious.

Sydney went down on his hands and knees and studied the docile little creature who, in spite of her strange surroundings, continued to give her benign smile.

"She'll last out," he decided.

"It's all very well for you!" Margot said indignantly. "You don't have to take the risk of having kittens in your lap."

"Nonsense, darling. And, apart from her interesting condition, look what she has in her favor. She's so quiet and amiable."

"Just like you," Margot said scathingly. "Well, I suppose there's nothing else for it. I'll have to carry this expectant mother on to the stage. Couldn't she wear a jacket or something, for decency?"

It was an absurd situation, but oddly enough it worked out extremely well. Margot pronounced the cat the easiest she had ever had to handle, and suddenly urgently desired to keep her until after the final performance the next night.

"Then I think you'd better hide her," said Sydney, who had come into her dressing-room to congratulate her on her performance. "Didn't you hear that kid in the audience?"

Sally had heard the child's excited distress whisper when Margot had walked on with the little cat folded caressingly in her arms.

"It's Martha! She's got Martha!"

She tried to pick out the child in the audience, but could see nothing but the usual blur of faces. For the first time she had realised that of course Martha must belong to somebody, and who more likely than a child who fussed over her and made her so sweet and friendly.

"I heard," said Margot. "If it's Martha we've got she can be returned after tomorrow night. Let's keep her out of sight in case anyone comes inquiring. You look after her, Sally. She was your find."

Not two seconds later the child, a girl, was at the door. Sydney Leach spoke to her in his most innocent, affable voice.

"The cat on the stage tonight?" He turned his head and saw Margot, giggling, thrusting the cat into the wardrobe. "But it couldn't be yours, dear. It's been with us for ages."

"It was Martha," said the little girl belligerently. "She's been lost all day."

"But you said Martha was a tabby," Sydney pointed out, still kind and reasonable. "This one is a ginger color, isn't it, Sally?"

Sally, busy with Margot's clothes, didn't look up. She knew that if she saw the kid looking distressed she would have to tell the truth. And that would mean both Margot's and Sydney's wrath on her head. She would probably lose her job.

Margot, she knew, was jealous of her youth and freshness, and would have no qualms about persuading Sydney to dismiss her on some pretext. Anyway, it was not a serious matter. They were only borrowing Martha until tomorrow night.

She nodded in answer to Sydney's question, and it was Margot who said brilliantly, "Tell the little girl to leave her address. If we should encounter the real Martha we can let her know."

"An excellent idea," said Sydney, who was not without some conscience himself.

"She's a tabby and she's going to have kittens quite soon," said the child in her anxious voice.

"We live at 15 Oak Grove," said an older voice. "It's very kind of you, sir, I'm sure. Now come along, Jennie. They haven't got Martha here and you mustn't waste their time."

"I'd like to see your cat," Jennie said stubbornly.

"Our cat!" Sydney stuttered. "Oh, it got away. Strange, cats have no liking for the stage. We've found only one on the whole tour who was happy on it."

He closed the door gently, and Margot, still giggling, her good humor completely restored, said, "And we're keeping her. Thank heavens this awful play finishes tomorrow. Undo these hooks, Sally. Where are you taking me for dinner, Sydney, darling?"

Presently they had gone, and Sally, left alone to hang up Margot's scattered clothes and mop up spilt powder, let Martha out of the wardrobe and sat on a stool to cuddle her.

"Tell Jennie to forgive me," she said, her chin against the cat's delicate silken head. "I couldn't help it. I can't afford to lose my job. We're both under-studies, darling. You, if only you knew it, are under-studying a bad-tempered ginger tom, and I..."

She paused, thinking of Margot's cleverness, her unpredictable temper, her spoilt, thoughtless ways. She rubbed her fingers over the cat's rotund stomach and suddenly whispered, "Lucky Martha!"

The evening performance went without a hitch. Martha permitted herself to be carried on to the stage, curling up in Margot's arms as if footlights had been her ambition all her life.

Afterwards she was left in Margot's dressing-room, securely locked in the ginger tom's travelling box, with a saucer of milk and a piece of fish. It was then that she began to complain. She didn't like being shut in a box. She pressed

her small paws against the netting and waited.

Sally couldn't forget her small cries of distress, as she sat down to her lonely supper. She had not been feeling well lately, worried about a lot of things. She felt that if she cared for the stage enough little things like poor lodgings, constant travelling, rehearsals when one was dead on one's feet, and acting as wardrobe mistress in addition to her small part would be as nothing to her.

She would have the patience to wait and work for a better part. Some day Margot would quarrel with Sydney for the last time, and then her chance would come.

But those things might be a long way off, and, drinking her cocoa, Sally wondered if she really desired them a great deal. She kept thinking of Martha shut in the travelling box, diverted from her true vocation of bearing her kittens in peace.

Suddenly she began to worry in case Martha was not all right at this moment. It would be dreadful if the poor little creature had her kittens in the discomfort of the travelling box.

Besides, Sally couldn't forget the anxious voice of Martha's owner. If anything happened to the cat that child was going to break her heart, and it would be Sally's fault. She should never have stayed silent. She despised herself now for her cowardice and for her fear of losing her job.

Both Margot with her high-handed ways, Sydney Leach, who had no business to fall in love with his leading lady, and the whole artificial, demanding world of the theatre. Both her own stupid conscience that was driving her back to the theatre at midnight because a tabby cat had an absurd, benign way of smiling at its captors.

Wearily Sally set off for the theatre. She knew she would not be happy until she had found out that Martha, her protegee and responsibility, was all right.

Of course Martha was all right. She had resigned herself to the inevitable and was curled up in the box sleeping soundly. Sally was sorry she had come, because her visit awakened Martha and made her cry again.

She hastily switched off the light, closed and locked the door of Margot's dressing-room, and crept through the ghostly dark passage to the stage door. She fumbled for the handle of the door, found it, opened the door and stumbled straight into the arms of a man.

He caught her to hold her upright. She stiffened in panic, which she tried to conceal.

"Thank you, I tripped. Good-night," Her wrist was held firmly.

"Just a minute. What were you doing in there?"

The alley leading on to the street was dark. Sally could see no more than that her captor was tall and wore a light raincoat. His voice was deep and pleasant and would have reassured her if it had not been for that formidable grip on her arm. Was he a policeman in plain clothes who thought he had caught a prowler?

"I have a perfect right to be there," she replied with dignity. "I'm a member of the cast of 'Cat's Cradle.' I have a key to the stage door. If it comes to that, what are you doing yourself?"



ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

"Ah!" His grip on her wrist tightened. "You're just the person I want. You'll know if one of your members wickedly stole my daughter's cat today."

"Stole!" Sally's voice, because she was guilty and disturbed, was icy.

"I'd have you know, Mr. who-ever-you-are, that we don't steal cats. The play calls for a cat in the first act, but we have our own who travels with us. If any unforeseen circumstances arise we may require to borrow one—we certainly don't steal!"

"And lie," said the man pleasantly. "You told Jennie the cat wasn't Martha. But she is. I want to your show tonight to see for myself."

"She probably resembled your c-cat," Sally stammered. "Would you please let go of my wrist?"

"When you agree to show me where Martha is."

"I don't know anything about your wretched cat."

"Do you know that Jennie hasn't been to sleep yet? She has been crying since six o'clock. She's got it into her head that Martha will be drowned."

"Drowned! Why, we wouldn't dream of doing such a cruel thing," Sally, realising

what she had said, clapped her free hand to her mouth. At the same moment Martha's agonised wails reached their ears. Good heavens, was she starting to have her kittens? Drowned! What an idea!

Sally slumped against the wall.

"All right. You win. Go in and get her. But understand you're probably losing me my job. And more than probably."

She rubbed her wrist, which the man had freed at last. "We were only keeping her until tomorrow night. She behaved so well on the stage. But go ahead and get her. I'd rather starve than have your daughter shed a single tear."

To her final indignation he burst out laughing.

"My dear Miss Drew! You're not on the stage now."

"How do you know my name?" Sally asked suspiciously.

"I can read my programme, can't I? Look. It's cold and it's late, and Jennie's crying. Let's get Martha and we'll take her home."

"I'll show you where she is," Sally said shortly. "Then I won't detain you a single minute."

"Oh, no, you're coming, too. You're returning Martha to Jennie yourself. She

shall hear the whole story and she'll no longer judge you harshly."

"I expect she'll buy me an annuity," Sally snapped.

She led the way into Margot's dressing-room. At their entrance Martha stopped her pitiful wails. She raised her sleek tail in the air, she pressed her delicate little paws against the netting, she looked from Sally to Jennie's father, and she smiled. Quite deliberately, her narrowed, shining eyes full of secret amusement, she smiled.

Instinctively Sally looked up at her companion, seeing him for the first time, the ruffled brown hair, the squarish face, the blue eyes that looked as if they shared Martha's amusement. If he had not so clearly been laughing at her, Sally's hostility would, inevitably, have melted.

But there she was in very imminent danger of losing a job that it would be extremely difficult to replace. The situation definitely did not call for laughter.

"Well," she said curtly, "is that your cat?"

"That's Martha." He tickled the cat's smooth head. "By the way, my name is Alan Sutherland. It's only a step to my place. You can carry Martha. She's used to women."

Stupidly Sally was hypnotised into obeying. The little tabby cat cuddled against her, purring rapturously. Alan Sutherland led the way and they went through the alley on to a tree-lined street running past the back of the theatre.

Half-way down the street he stopped at the front door of a two-storey house. There was a brass plate on the door. So he must be a doctor, Sally thought, and at the same time she panicked. She thrust Martha at him.

"Well," asked Sally curtly as she cuddled Martha in her arms, "is this your cat?"

"Here, take your cat. I can't come into your house at this time of night. What would your wife think?"

His fingers closed over her wrist in that masterful grip.

"Come on. Jennie will be so delighted. My wife," he hesitated oddly, "isn't here."

It was because the situation, the cat in her arms and Doctor Alan Sutherland's amused blue eyes looking down at her, was pure farce that Sally allowed herself to be taken into the house.

Tip-toeing up the carpeted stairs and along the passage to Jennie's bedroom she refused to think of the absent wife and reluctantly began to enjoy herself.

The light was on in Jennie's room, but the child had fallen asleep finally. All that was visible above the blankets were two black pig-tails stuck out at a defiant angle. Sally could hear again the belligerent voice at Margot's dressing-room door demanding the return of her pet, a voice that took its courage from defiance and priddiness. Why? Was it something to do with her absent mother?

Sally was glad she hadn't seen those stiff, expressive black pig-tails that afternoon, because if she had she would instantly have capitulated and given up Martha. But it wouldn't really have mattered because, after this night's work, she was going to be in serious trouble with Margot and Sydney, anyway.

She thrust the warm, purring cat into the bed and Jennie's deeply buried head stirred. Her father reached out and pulled one of the

To page 51

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He was afraid, but only because he could not recognise this moment as...

The Turning Point

HOW can I hurry and finish the coffee," Dr. Allingham asked, "if the coffee isn't even ready yet?"

"Don't get touchy about it," Mrs. Allingham smiled and rang the little silver bell on the table. She was having dinner in her blue wool wrapper because she had been in bed all day. Now she began to cough.

"You shouldn't be out of bed at all," Dr. Allingham said. "I'll have a look at your chest when I get back."

"It's simply a cold," she said. "But isn't it a nuisance? I can't hear you talk at the Parents' Association."

"After all your trouble in arranging it," said the doctor scathingly. "How did you get me into this, anyway?"

Mrs. Allingham laughed. "Since we've moved out here, we ought to take part in the life of the community. And I know all these girls who have children at school. One of them said that since my husband was such a famous authority on rheumatic fever, wouldn't it be wonderful if he could tell the parents something about it? What are you going to say?"

"I'll give the speech I gave before the medical association."

"Oh, darling—really!"

"Don't worry. I'll leave out all the words that mean anything. It will be intelligible even to an imbecile and will say nothing."

"You're infuriating," she said. Dr. Allingham laughed and kissed her. "I shall be as well mannered as if you were with me."

"Wait a minute," his wife called. "Mrs. Rogers — she's programme chairman — will meet you. You know her?"

"Do I?"

"Of course you do. Hurry, now."

As Dr. Allingham drove to the school, he thought about what he would say. What could a specialist say to a bunch of shopkeepers and suburban bankers and their wives? When Junior got sick, they yelled for the doctor. Mamma called up every half-hour, and Papa talked the way he'd speak to a plumber: "Fix it and fix it right now—not later than tomorrow." There was a great abyss, the doctor reflected, separating the medical mind from that of tonight's audience.

He reached the school and walked up to the entrance. Many of the classrooms were lighted. People were arriving in pairs and in groups, but Dr. Allingham saw no one he knew. He knew hardly anyone in town yet. He merely slept here, really; he loved in the hospital in the city.

Dr. Allingham had not been in a school since he had left high school.

Here was a kindergarten room, tiny chairs set around low tables. Dr. Allingham stood in the doorway

and smiled, thinking back 40 years.

"Billy Allingham, come on over to the piano — we're all going to sing."

"No," Billy Allingham had said. "I want to finish the puzzle."

"You don't want to finish the puzzle all by yourself when everyone else is singing, do you?"

"Yes I do. I don't want to sing."

Lawton school—40 years ago and a hundred miles away—had smelled just like this. Dr. Allingham closed his eyes and remembered Billy Allingham walking down the corridor of Lawton school, looking for the kindergarten.

His mother had taken him to the room the first week. After that she had let him go alone. "I found it myself," he had told her proudly after that first day. But the next—what could have happened?

The rooms had been full of big desks, and the farther he had walked in the corridor, the bigger and stranger the children had become.

Finally they had all disappeared into their rooms, and Billy Allingham had stood alone in terror, crying, till a teacher had come out and had marched him back through the building to the kindergarten.

"A memory so long buried!" Dr. Allingham reflected as he turned back into the corridor. "How can it revive so suddenly?"

The parents were walking along in groups towards the assembly hall. He began to feel uncomfortable.

"Why don't you volunteer, Billy Allingham?" Miss Parks of the third class at Lawton school had demanded. "You always know the right answer."

Billy Allingham had hung his head in shame.

"Yah! He always gets an A," Roger Casey had said. "Teacher's pet."

"He don't know how to play football," Roger had said on the playground. "He wears glasses. Don't let him in the game."

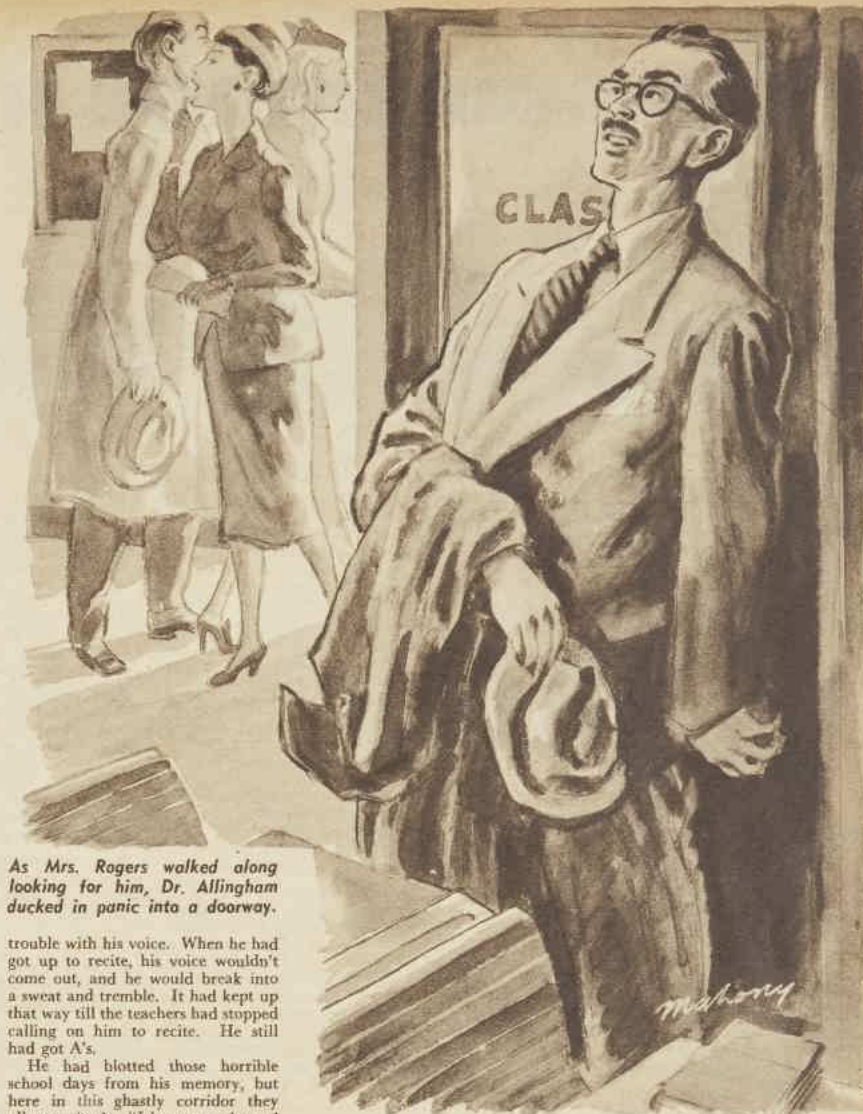
Then they had taken Billy Allingham out of third class, because he knew so much, and put him into fourth. At playtime he had retreated to the library, afraid of the new boys, baffled by the girls.

Still he always had got an A. In fifth class they took him out of this group and shoved him up to sixth—because he knew so much. He still had got an A.

"Schools," Dr. Allingham reflected, "are abominable institutions." He was approaching the assembly hall, but he did not want to go in yet. His hands were trembling.

In Junior High School, he remembered, the acne had started. To have had—in addition to everything else—a face as repellent as that of Lon Chaney — a face that must have nauseated every girl who looked at it!

After that Billy had begun to have



As Mrs. Rogers walked along looking for him, Dr. Allingham ducked in panic into a doorway.

trouble with his voice. When he had got up to recite, his voice wouldn't come out, and he would break into a sweat and tremble. It had kept up that way till the teachers had stopped calling on him to recite. He still had got A's.

He had blotted those horrible school days from his memory, but here in this ghastly corridor they all came back. "I have not planned my speech," Dr. Allingham thought desperately.

A bell rang. The meeting was about to begin. The sound of the bell was like a teacher's voice. "Billy Allingham," it said, "tell us everything you know about rheumatic fever."

Dr. Allingham felt again the cold sweat and the choking in the back of his throat. His speech? He would not be able to speak. His voice would not come out.

A dark-haired woman came out of the assembly hall and looked round. Dr. Allingham ducked in panic into the doorway of a darkened classroom.

It was Mrs. Rogers looking for him, no doubt. He could not do it. He could not get up and speak before all those people.

From the darkness he watched the people going into the assembly hall—gay and assured, fearlessly critical.

BY DOROTHY PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAHONY

All the children in school had seemed just like that to him, so hopelessly above his own confusion and timidity.

"Famous doctor hides from Parents' Association in darkened classroom," Dr. Allingham said to himself. He pictured the words in headlines in the local paper. And he began to laugh.

The laughing eased the choked feeling in his throat and then he thought about the last speech he'd given before the medical association.

"Oh, darling—really!" his wife had said tonight.

He stepped out of the darkness and went quickly towards the assembly hall. Mrs. Rogers came up beside him, breathless.

"Oh, Dr. Allingham, I've been so worried!"

"Mrs. Rogers! I'm terribly sorry. I became engrossed with the classrooms."

There was great applause when he got up on the platform. He stood smiling. These were neither fearsome self-assured critics nor were they dolts. They were friendly, eager to hear what he had to say.

"Thank you," said Dr. Allingham. "Thank you. I don't address you tonight with the thought that I am solving any of your problems. If all your children were perfectly healthy, they still would have tremendous problems of social and moral adjustment confronting them in the process of growing up. And if they did not have them in actuality they would still manufacture them or imagine them and still burden you with them."

Laughs from the audience. "The function of a doctor is a relatively minor one," he went on. "His job is to eliminate or to control physical disabilities so that the tortures of social and moral adjustment can be genuinely suffered by an undistracted mind."

Laughter. "Rheumatic fever is one of the great cripples of childhood, but it is only one of them, and so, in listening to me, you will hear only about one aspect of an as-

pect of childhood. Is it worth hearing?" Applause.

Somewhere behind him Dr. Allingham felt the presence of a boy with glasses and a poor complexion, whose eyes were fixed on him in admiration and awe.

"What I can't remember," Dr. Allingham thought, "is when or how that boy turned into me."

When he got home, Mrs. Allingham was reading a book in bed. "You're late," she said.

"Sorry," said Dr. Allingham, smiling. "I went round to the Rogers' house for a drink afterward."

His wife looked at him oddly. "Why, Bill!" she said, her voice pleased. "I do believe you had a good time."

"Mr. and Mrs. Folsom were there. Interesting people. Want us to come to dinner next Wednesday if you're well. Shall we go?"

"By all means," Mrs. Allingham looked stunned. "How nice that you liked them!"

Dr. Allingham sat down on the foot of the bed and stared towards the ceiling. "What I can't remember," he said musingly, "is where the turning point was."

"Why, tonight, obviously," his wife said. "Tonight is the turning point."

"No, the other one."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Never mind," said the doctor. He took a stethoscope from the bag in the corner. "Let's have that look at your chest. Thank heaven," he added, "you never knew the other one."

(Copyright)

Appointment in HONG KONG



THE small square ship's cabin was a breathless box, but after the flat glare of the dock, the winking brilliance of the river, any roof was welcome. The wool nap of the barberry she carried suddenly seemed unbearably prickly to her arm, and she cast it on to the bunk, then stood, drained and limp, as though entirely supported by the press of heat around her.

Yet satisfaction began to stir in her, for what she saw suited. The cabin was just as she hoped it might be—tidy, white, and spare. This is going to be all right, thought Abby.

She watched Lak settle her bags on the rack, saw the dark sweat patch on his jacket back, the shine of his heels in the sling sandals. Then he turned to her, standing very straight in his white duck chauffeur's uniform, but even so his narrow Siamese eyes were level with Abby's.

"Many passengers," he remarked. His round, pock-pitted face was glistening and she patted her own brow with her handkerchief as though to relieve his.

"Not many," she returned. "There are only four cabins, Lak."

He gave her his wide sudden smile. This smile was like slashing a gold-brown baked potato to find the fine white inside, she thought. Then Lak repeated firmly, "Many passengers, miss." He gave a quick salute and bowed over his tip.

"I go back to legation now. Have a good time, miss."

She closed the door after him and turned on the fan. Though the stir of stale air was false comfort, she found energy to unpack with quick hands the clothes increased during the brief trip from bungalow to shipside. These were all things bought eight months ago in New York before sailing for Bangkok,

and they now seemed like a rack of souvenirs of a time and place that no longer existed.

All the ordered and understandable patterns of home, of New York and London, too, seemed detached as dreams, shoved out of time by the glitter and heat, the confusion and filth of the Orient.

But the sight of an old tweed suit and flannel slacks folded at the bottom of her bag braced her with promise she'd be out of this desperate heat soon. She had an appointment with April, a chilly, misty April, ten days north of here.

As a first gesture towards relief she pulled off large ivory earrings and dropped them on the chest, and it was then she saw the orchids. There were two of them, two fragile cups, white, and faintly tinged with green, their edges ruffled and fringed, and they were exquisite. They swayed a little in the heavy tumbler of water and the mirror doubled their perfection.

There was no card. So they were not from the major then, for Ike Lester would never be mysterious. The major's courtesies were many, but never anonymous. If these orchids were compliments of the ship she would wear them with surprise, for the Hedvig would be a freighter with a difference indeed.

She lifted one flower with one finger, as though lifting the chin of a child's face, looked long and wondered idly if the captain were young.

When she came to the rail, bathed and brushed, the Hedvig was already under way, her small white prow cutting the brown Chao Phya River, rippling it away like tepid cocoa.

Wide and turbid, the stream moved between

low banks and the afternoon traffic in the lower reaches below the city was small, but a few sampans pushed against the muddy current, the sinewy boatmen balanced lightly, their muscled legs shining like walnut veneer, each working his long, heavy oar.

One old woman, alone in her boat weighted deep with jack fruit and durian, idled briefly in the ship's wake. She was brown as a dried oak leaf, her short white hair standing up like dandelion seed, her mouth stained wide and red like a clown's from chewing betel.

Abby stared down into the stirred thick water. But tomorrow there should be the clean rinse of the gulf, and after that the cold grey chop of the China Sea, and finally days in Hongkong full of harbor mist and early April rain, and she would be able to breathe deep and stride briskly in a way that had been lost for months.

River and low palm-rimmed shore shimmered in torpor, somehow serene. Everything lay in viscid peace. The mast of a torpeded ship thrust up to starboard, reminding marker of a war so recently done, and the mast was rotting already. A row of beached Japanese submarines, almost toy-sized, were red-gold with rust.

She tried to think on what war had been like on this side of the globe, but failed. These losing souvenirs, rotting mast and rusting submarines, seemed stage props only.

"Perhaps I would find it so even in London now, after less than two years," she thought, "the craters filled, the rubble carted and all the open spaces in the city viewed with calm."

Yet she knew truly this would not be so. She would feel no calm, for the West was her own, and she cared, but for the alien East

she felt nothing but despair that it should be so alien.

There was a tiny breeze, just a warm, moist breath, but Abby turned her face to it. It was a scrubbed-looking face, the skin beige with sun. Because her eyes were wider-set and quite nearsighted, her gaze seemed intent and wondering, and because her cheek was round, her nose short, all combined to give her a naive and childish air, so her co-workers were always at first surprised to find her crisp and competent.

And there was further deception in Abby, for her bones were narrow, and she seemed slight as an early spring flower does, a lily of the valley or a wood hyacinth, but she had their hardness, and most of the regular residents around Sag Harbor could tell you Abner Peck's granddaughter would swim a mile easy and handle a boat well.

She was entirely alone at the rail in quiet. Perhaps the other passengers were having a drink with the captain. She felt content now, clean and still, above the pulse of motor, the hiss of broken water, a contentment touched with young delight that this holiday was really under way.

Then gradually, like seepage, she became aware that her quiet had been selective, that there were cries rising out of a wide murmur of sound from the afterdeck, from the hold. She walked back and looked down.

It seemed every inch of space from scupper to scupper of the wedge of deck was alive with people, mostly men, though there were knots of women and children, too, all of them Chinese, all apparently settling in with clack and stir for the voyage. Abby stared down, completely incredulous.

There must be a thousand bodies squatted down there, deck passengers, she realised

Making his way along the crowded deck, the comprador spoke to the man at the rail. Above them Abby and the Chinese importer watched intently.



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**By Kathryn
Grondahl**

with despair, jammed like fowl in one of those bamboo market-cages, and it was ten days to Hongkong. She leaned upon the rail, her gaze wide, appalled and fascinated.

There was sharp color from blue jackets and yellow baskets, high gloss from satene trousers and satin hair. Babies sat blinking in rolls of fat with part-shaved heads, stomach aprons and bare behinds. There was odor, too, the bazaar smell of sweat, dried fish, ripening fruit, and bunched herbs.

Some talk rose staccato. There was even laughter, but gradually sound diminished, slowly muted under the great heat of the open deck, and like bright bits and pieces in a kaleidoscope the pattern below her settled and held.

"No one told me this when I bought my ticket," Abby thought with a flare of outrage, but the feeling faded at once. "It's too late to care now," she admitted helplessly, "and maybe this is how it always is on a China coast, and you the outlander who didn't know about it."

She was held by the sight of them so patiently massed, so dreadfully exposed. She stared down on the hundreds of heads, lifted dark among bamboo baskets, hemp sacks and cheap valises, every shine and shadow brilliantly cut under the terrible cloudless sky.

Even from the shelter of this upper deck Abby could feel the reflected glitter of the river like scorch. Some women had hoisted lacquered parasols, some men had slanted sleeping-mats to make a piece of shade, but most of them simply endured, lax, impassive.

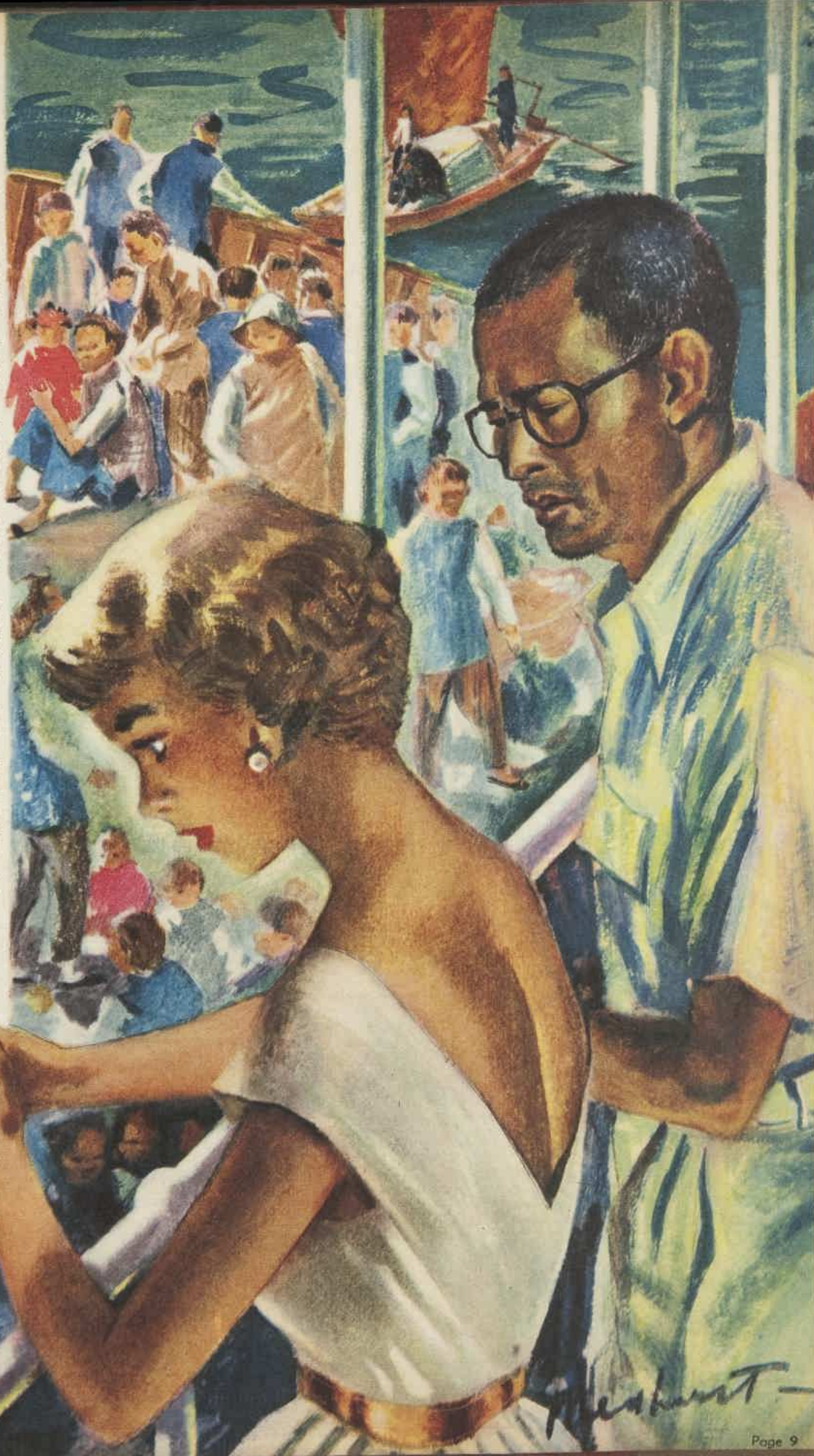
"On the China Sea," thought Abby, "they will be wind-swept, seasick and cold."

She felt shaken and upset, and this reaction a familiar one, for detachment was something she had not achieved; nor ever will, she added irritably.

This patient squalor sickened her, this animal indignity scored her conscience. These people seemed ever massed and enduring. They squatted and huddled, not only here but in the freid back shops on myriad sordid lanes and under houseboat thatch on polluted canals and this crowded smelly existence was both affront and frustration to Abby's own quiet, tidy upbringing.

You should have gone back to Sag Harbor, to the proper compartments of Amity

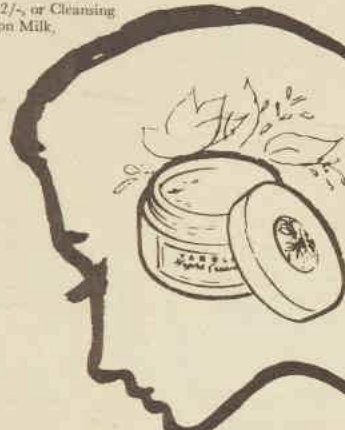
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Continuing . . . Fly By Night

[from page 3]

dears, very naturally finds it difficult to realise that Sophy is a grown woman of eighteen. He thinks of her as a child still, and that is why he forbade Charles to come to the house. But now Charles and Sophy are in love, and they wish to get married, and I am helping them—helping them against my own dear brother—because I know Charles, and have known him from his babyhood, and I know that he is a good, true man who will devote himself to Sophy and love her all his life long.

"When all this is over, I shall face your Papa and make him understand how dear they are to one another, and he will come to understand, and to regard Charles as his own dear son. Sophy, my darling, don't cry," Aunt Sue said gently.

"Now, you younger ones, I shall give you your instructions and you must listen very carefully. Will you attend to me very closely? Now this evening, you, Laura, with Hetty and Caroline, must bring the ladder from the stables and put it under Sophy's window. Then, you must be upstairs in Sophy's room to see that nobody comes in until the ladder is in position.

"Your Mamma will be in the drawing-room, but you, Sophy, must try, if possible, to keep your Papa from leaving the study until everything is ready."

"Yes, Aunt Sue."

"You must all go to your rooms punctually at bedtime, and make no noise. At ten o'clock when the moon has risen, Charles will come into the garden and give an owl hoot. I know it will be difficult for you younger ones, but you must stay in your rooms and go to sleep as though nothing were happening."

"Oh, Aunt Sue, couldn't we—"

"No, Caroline. Laura must help Sophy to have everything ready—but don't open the balcony window. Sophy, until Charles has given an owl hoot just below. Now is that understood?"

"Yes, Aunt Sue."

"Now you others must run away. I shall be going soon, and I want a word alone with Sophy."

"Dear Sophy, you mustn't cry any more," she said gently. "Charles will not wish to see a mournful face. He will need all his courage, and some of yours, too. You would not wish him to think that you had any regrets?"

"Oh, Aunt Sue—no! I haven't! I love him so dearly—but to do this to Mamma . . . to go away without saying good-bye, to leave her and Papa in this way . . . how can they ever forgive me?"

"Dearest, you're not running away with a villain! You've got the most eligible husband that any girl ever had—the biggest prize a young lady ever hoped for! Charles is young, handsome, rich, and titled—but all those things would be nothing if he were not also good—and I know how good he is. Should I have helped you in this if I had not known?"

"You've been so sweet . . . so sweet! I shall always remember."

"All you have to remember is to be a good wife to your husband. Now, Sophy, I must leave you, my darling—I have a great deal to see to. Charles has left everything in my hands—all he is fit for, at present, is to pace to and fro and dream of you! Kiss me, my darling, and be happy."

"If Papa should be too angry . . ."

"Leave Papa to me, Sophy."

I know better than anybody how much gentleness there is behind those horrid, bristling whiskers. Kiss me, my darling . . . Goodbye!"

Caroline said, "Don't push!" "I'm not pushing," replied Hetty angrily. "This ladder is jolly heavy. For goodness' sake, Caroline, hold your end up higher."

"Lift it from that end," said Laura. "That's better! Oh, Caroline, you nearly put it through the window of the drawing-room!"

"I didn't—I didn't! Look what you're doing now, Hetty—you're pushing the—"

"Hist!" said Laura, in terror. "Papa!"

Crouching, they waited. The ladder leaned precariously against the window of Sophy's bedroom. Their hearts beat ruffocatingly as they heard the dreaded footsteps coming nearer . . .

"—And you don't walk enough, my dear little Sophy," came Papa's voice, sickeningly close. "I've noticed you looking pale lately. A little stroll round the house on a fine night like this is nothing to shrink from."

"I—I would rather go inside, Papa. Do—do come inside," implored Sophy. "It's so—it's so damp!"

"Damp? Nonsense, my dear. The air is warm and dry, and a little star-gazing won't hurt you. When you were a little girl of eight, you could point out and name a good many of the constellations. This is a good night for observing; look



"Almost half the accidents in the home happen in the bath!"

up and see how brilliant the stars are.

"Looking north, we—that isn't north, my dear child. Extraordinary how women don't know south from west, or east from north. Now, what can you recognise? Your dear Mamma can never see anything in the heavens but the Plough, which she calls, for reasons best known to herself, the Flying Pan. Can you fix the Pole Star?"

"Y-yes, Papa."

"Well, then, from that you have the others: Cassiopeia, the Square of Pegasus, and—there—Capella and Castor and Pollux."

"Y-yes, Papa."

"How beautiful they are. Let us walk on."

"Oh—no! No, Papa. I—I feel a little tired."

"Tired! Tired, my dear child, tired after a few steps round the terrace?"

"I feel a little—"

"A child like you ought to be ready for any kind of exertion."

"I—I'm not such a child, Papa. I'm eighteen and at eighteen Mamma was m-married to you."

"At eighteen, some girls are women; some are mere children. You," said Papa in his deepest voice, "are a child. Is that a cat in those bushes?"

"No—yes. Oh, Papa, do—do let us go indoors!"

The window of the drawing-room opened and Mamma's voice—so calm, so sweet, so saving—floated out.

"Albert, my dear, you must bring Sophy inside: her warm milk is ready. No, dear, don't go that way—one of those flagstones is loose and you may trip over it. Come in by the study door. Come along, my dear. Come along, Sophy . . ."

"What time is it, Albert?" asked Mamma, from the bedroom.

Papa, from his dressing-room, said that it was five minutes to ten.

"Is the moon up yet?" asked Mamma. "Put out the light, Albert, and look through the window."

"I am still undressing, my dear," said Papa, "and I do not intend to grope my way through a dark room merely to look through the window and search for the moon."

"You must hurry, dear. There! I've put out the light . . . Yes, the moon is showing, Albert—it looks quite beautiful. What a warm, pleasant night it is!"

"Get into bed, my dear; it isn't warm enough to be walking about in your night attire."

"I am in bed, my dear Albert. Put out the light in your dressing-room—that's right. Now come along and don't fall over that chair."

"Ouch!" groaned Papa in agony. "Ow . . . ouch! Curse that infernal thing!"

"Dear Albert, I warned you! Don't swear, dear—it doesn't help, you know."

"Oh, yes, it does," said Papa. "It helps a great deal and—What on earth is that noise?"

They listened intently for some moments, during which the sound was repeated twice. "I think," said Mamma at last, "that's supposed to be an owl."

"Good heavens!" said Papa. "Does he imagine that an owl makes a noise like that?"

"He's doing his best," said Mamma soothingly. "He—"

"Listen to that! Listen to it!" Papa's voice was outraged. "He'll have every self-respecting owl in the county coming after him for misrepresentation. An owl! The fellow's an idiot!"

"Nonsense, Albert—you know he's charming. Just because he can't imitate bird noises is no reason—"

"I cannot see," said Papa angrily, "why there had to be all this fuss and charade-ing. It would have been very much better to have had it all regular and out in the open."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," said Mamma. "You know very well it wouldn't. Charles didn't have a serious thought in his head about Sophy until I made you forbid him the door, and since then he has never looked at any other girl."

"If he couldn't fall in love with a pretty thing like Sophy without all this—"

"The county," pointed out Mamma, "is full of pretty little things like Sophy. And all of them were after Charles. And all of them, with the exception of Sophy, were in love with his money and his title."

"I can't see why in the world—"

"And Lord Ransdon knew it, and had an eye out for any girl who came too near his son. It gave him a great feeling of confidence to know that there was one family, at least, that wasn't angling for Charles."

"But we were angling!"

"If we didn't, with our five daughters, permit ourselves to look here and there for suitable sons-in-law, and if we didn't

To page 32



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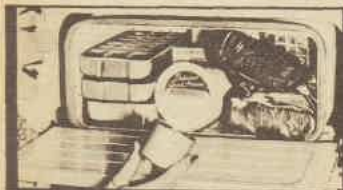
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• Frank phones every week

THE SEDGMANS ARE GLAD IT'S A GIRL

By SUE BARRIE, staff reporter

Australian tennis star Frank Sedgman, who is on a professional tour of America, telephones his wife, Jean, in Melbourne every week for a progress report on their baby daughter, Roxanne Frances.

"FRANK is so thrilled about Roxanne that he can hardly wait to see her," said Jean.

"He writes every day and I have to tell him every detail about her."

"He wanted a son, but now he's very glad we have a girl."

Roxanne, born on February 6, is a chubby, blue-eyed baby with a cheerful disposition.

She has already "spoken" to her famous father on an international phone call.

"When Frank called one day I just couldn't resist it," said Jean. "I gave her a tiny prod and she cried so her Daddy could hear her."

While Frank is away Jean and Roxanne are living with Jean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Spence, at their home in Bentleigh.

"We are all so excited about the baby that Jean is afraid we may spoil her," Mrs. Spence told me.

"But that's not going to happen if I can help it," said Jean. "She's very good, so far. She never wakes us in the night and hardly ever cries."

Jean's 19-year-old sister, Lorraine, and schoolgirl sister, Pam, are willing babysitters and two of the proudest aunts in Melbourne.

Before she was a week old Roxanne Sedgman had received enough "fan mail" and presents for a film star.

One of the first gifts was a tiny gold bracelet with a pendant heart from Frank's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sedgman, of West Preston.

American tennis star Vic Seixas and his wife, Dolly Ann, sent a pink-and-blue plastic rattle in the form of a miniature tennis racquet.

"I think Jean could paper a wall with the cards and cables that arrived when the baby was born," Mrs. Spence told me.

"Of course, many of them were from tennis people, including Mervyn Rose, Ken McGregor, and Ken Rosewall."

Jean and Frank chose their daughter's unusual name from a character in the film version of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

"We saw the film together and enjoyed it very much," Jean explained.

"The name appealed to us, and we were reminded of it when we met a girl called Roxanne during our American visit last year."

Jean travelled in Britain and on the Continent with Frank when he played amateur tennis in 1952, and spent five months in the U.S. with him when he first turned professional.

"That's why Frank's letters are such fun for me," Jean said. "He is always in places we saw and with people we met together."

The Sedgmans have no plans for christening Roxanne and she has no official godmothers or godfathers.

"Frank and I both belong to the Church of Christ, which does not believe in formal christenings," Jean said.

"But we'll have a big celebration when Frank gets home," added Lorraine Spence.

"So far we haven't really had a party, but we did ask



TENNIS star Frank Sedgman and his wife, Jean, before the birth of their baby, Roxanne.

the neighbors and close friends in for a little surprise on Mother and Dad's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary."

Both the Sedgmans and the Spences are immensely proud of Roxanne and she has a great-grandfather on both sides.

Frank's grandfather visited her at the hospital soon after she was born, and Mrs. Spence's father, Mr. A. S. McNevin, who lives in Brisbane, hopes to see her before she is much older.

Jean finds that taking care of Roxanne is almost a full-time job, but she goes out on a daily house-hunting expedition in the car Frank ordered for her while they were in England.

"The car has just arrived, so Frank hasn't seen it yet," said Jean.

"It's a great help with the house-hunting. I must find a home before Frank gets back and, if possible, somewhere in this district."

She thinks it is too soon to decide which parent Roxanne most resembles.

"But we think she favors the Sedgman side of the family," said Mrs. Spence. "At this stage she looks a bit like Frank's five-year-old sister, Sandra."

TO WRITE FOR TEENAGERS

Among the new writers featured in our teenagers' supplement in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be Jann Ryrie.

MRS. RYRIE was well known as Jann Crossling in Sydney and Melbourne social circles before her marriage in 1951.

She is fair, with naturally wavy hair, pink-and-white skin, and big blue eyes.

From her experience she will write not only for teenagers

but for the twenties group, to which she now belongs.

As a very young matron not far away from her teens, and the mother of a baby son, she shares the outlook and interests of young people.

Next week's teenagers' supplement will be the first of a new series which we will feature once a month.



JANN RYRIE, whose first article for teenagers will appear in our youth supplement next week. It will be the first of a series.

ONE OF BROADWAY'S TOP TEN

Cyril Ritchard shines as opera producer and TV star

There's no doubt about Australian Cyril Ritchard's success in New York. He is among the top ten theatrical figures on Broadway today.

This is just about a unanimous opinion among actors, directors, theatre owners, promoters, and those bedevilled, harassed figures of the stage world — agents.

CYRIL RITCHARD

was the first person without any previous experience to produce a full-scale opera at the request of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company's brilliant, forceful general manager, Rudolf Bing.

The opera was "The Barber of Seville."

Bing gave him full permission, within certain limits, to cut the opera's score and lyrics, design the costumes, revamp the humor or invent it if it didn't exist, change the traditional styles of singing, alter the tempo of the music, and direct the acting and singing.

Of New York's formidable corps of critics one member only, Virgil Thompson, of the New York Herald Tribune, struck a sour note on this departure from traditional treatment.

Of course, of the New York "Times," so far forgot the customary restraint of the great newspaper for which he works to say, "This was the greatest night in 30 years of opera."

Cyril had just come back to New York with his wife, Madge Elliott, after a six months' success at the London Hippodrome.

After "The Barber of Seville"

From
PETER HASTINGS,
in New York

ille" he started work on the direction of four Broadway plays, five TV plays—in four of which he appeared—and on the arduous business of pruning and directing all the skits written for Broadway's long-run revue "John Murray Anderson's Almanac, 1953," which has run successfully into 1954.

New play

ONE of its principal sketches was written by Sydney playwright Sumner Locke-Elliott, who has also written a full-length TV play for Cyril entitled "The King and Mrs. Candle."

Cyril Ritchard, who must be the most youthful person aged 55 in the theatre business, has lost none of his good looks or his gaiety. All the qualities that endeared Ritchard to Australian theatregoers of the 'twenties and 'thirties are with him still.

Cyril is not so thin as he was, although both in manner and appearance he still bears the same striking resemblance to English stage star Jack Buchanan, and still bemoans it.

It is hard to give an accurate impression of just how highly regarded he is among the theatre people of London and New York, especially New York, where, in spite of many successes in the past, he is still a comparative newcomer.

However, the following story will illustrate what I mean. Recently I had dinner with Sir Cedric Hardwicke and our conversation turned inevitably upon Australia (where Sir Cedric hopes to take Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" next year, together with Charles Laughton) and upon the many Australians whom Hardwicke has known during his long, successful career in the theatre.

"You know," he said, "Cyril Ritchard is one of the most intelligent men in the theatre. He is a first-rate actor, as TV here is finding out. In fact, not even Olivier or Gielgud can touch him on his home ground—Restoration comedy. He can sing and dance better than most musical-comedy stars half his age."

"And, above all, he is a born director with ideas, energy, and a brilliant sense of humor."

This is a considerable recommendation from one of the theatre's great actors.

The Ritchards have a permanent suite at New York's comfortable Wyndham Hotel, which is neither flashy nor smart. It suits them.



AUSTRALIANS Cyril Ritchard and his wife, Madge Elliott (centre), give a radio interview during a visit to London from New York.

It is central to many of the places which Cyril has to visit during the course of the day, and is convenient for Madge, who has been seriously ill.

This is probably one of the best-kept secrets of New York's Australian colony. The first thing I did on seeing Ritchard in his suite was to ask after his wife.

"Oh, so you know," he said. "Well, I'm happy to say she's turned the corner and we expect further improvement. But she was desperately ill early this year."

"I'm not going to bore you with details," he said, running his hand through his hair, "but I can tell you that we are all very happy with the progress she's made."

"Of course, our close friends in Australia knew, but Madge insisted that as few people as possible should be told. Now she is better, and I'm glad to say that she's out shopping and enjoying herself for the afternoon."

I asked him about his plans. "Plans? Well, I can't make too many, because I'm so inundated with work. For the first time in more years than I care to think of, we won't be going to London for the summer."

"I've got to appear in a number of TV plays, and especially in one which Sumner has written for me. There's a bright boy for you! Remember how I told you two years ago that he was going places? Well, I think he's arrived."

"And then I've a lot of work to do on some plays I will have to direct next autumn, opening season, and Bing, of the Met, has asked me to direct the opera 'Don Pasquale' for him."

"He wanted me to undertake it this season with the old scenery and costumes. I told him no, and he said, 'Very well, I'll sign you up for next season, when we have enough money to do an entirely new production.'"

"I'm just as pleased, really, because doing a new opera takes ages. Do you know I spent nearly 12 months working on 'The Barber of Seville'? I played the records of the



DEBONAIR. A youthful fifty-five, Cyril Ritchard is still the handsome and engaging personality who began his stage career in Australia. He is now a successful producer.

score and libretto nearly every day, in the hotel in London, and even when I was busy directing other plays.

"It nearly drove me mad, but that's the only way to do it."

Then came the inevitable question—did he like TV work?

"I like the vast audiences I can reach. It's satisfying to finish a TV play which you know some 30,000,000 people have been watching. That's good."

"Not very high"

"BUT the standards aren't very high and then there is the awful business of acting for TV—the chalked-out lines, the small camera-frame and the mechanical nature of it. But it's improving."

"We will stay in New York this year, let Madge finish her course of treatment, and next year we'll see."

"We want to go down to Australia next year, and I've some good ideas about that."

"How do you think they'd take Restoration drama? I think they'd like it. I thought of doing 'The Relapse,' which was so successful here and in London."

"I don't know whether Madge will star with me or not. It depends, as we had thought of doing some musical comedy in Sydney and Melbourne, as well as the other stuff."

"One thing I'm always impressing on theatre people here is the tremendous amount of talent in Australia. I only wish I could bring some of the younger men and women here. They could teach Broadway a thing or two."

"Tell me, what have you seen of my work in New York?"

I told him, and added that one night several years ago at a neighbor's house somebody turned the dial of their TV set to reveal on the screen somebody singing "And Her Mother Came Too."

"I thought it was Jack Buchanan in a revival," I said, "but it was you."

"I'll tell you something," Ritchard replied with a laugh as he stretched his long legs in imitation of Buchanan's tap style, "all my adult life on the stage I've been taken for Buchanan."

"It took me years to become a star in my own right and to get away from the Buchanan legend. But fate is tough. Last year he appeared in a film with Fred Astaire and now he's the hit of America just as he was in the twenties."

"And now he's coming back to Broadway again," Ritchard laughed and shrugged in comic despair. "It looks as if I'll never get rid of him or he of me."

"But what makes it interesting is that we both think each other the nicest people we know."

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Cuticura SOAP



AT PARI VILLAGE, near Moresby, Dorothy Drain (centre, right) and Jo Neal, relieving officer in charge of women's education, admire needlework done by native clubwomen.

It seems to me that in New Guinea...

Men like to talk

Three hours after arriving at Jackson airstrip, Port Moresby, on this New Guinea assignment, I was making a speech to a native women's club at Pari village, on the beach a few miles out from the town.

BEING an extremely poor speaker, I have always avoided the job, but since hardly any of the audience of 30 native women seated on the sand understood English I was trustful that it may have sounded better when translated into Motu language by Igua, a young Papuan girl.

When photographer Ernest Nutt and I arrived at Pari, Miss Jo Neal, youthful relieving officer in charge of women's education, was waiting to begin the meeting.

We were introduced to Boio, the president, Raka, the treasurer, and Heagi, the librarian, and ushered to a row of canvas chairs set in the open air beside a little rusty iron building labelled Pari Co-operative Store.

On our left was the sea with a row of native houses built over the water. In front of us was a table covered with a white tablecloth adorned with two glass tumblers, hibiscus flowers, and croton leaves.

The club members sat on the sand, wearing their best cotton dresses, and sang a hymn and said a prayer.

I made my halting speech, Igua interpreted, and then the women showed us their sewing, clutching meanwhile screwtop glass jars containing embroidery silks.

Up till now the proceedings had been marked by a certain demureness. But when Ernie picked up his camera excitement broke out. Within seconds there were croton leaves and flowers in the hair of the clubwomen. Some donned grass skirts and, led with verve by the librarian Heagi, they danced on the beach to the delight of the visitors, assembled children, and dogs.

These village women's clubs are part of the Education Department's programme for educating natives of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea.

They were pioneered by Miss Barbara McLachlan, officer-in-charge of women's education, who is at present on leave abroad.

At regular club meetings, women are taught cooking, sewing, and hygiene. In villages near Moresby most of the women work in the town. But in some villages there are old men who by no means approved of these clubs.

A village elder who was bitterly opposed to the whole newfangled scheme was finally won over by being asked to address the ladies on old tribal customs.

He was such a success that he was asked

to broadcast. He took to the microphone with the greatest aplomb and has since withdrawn all opposition to women's clubs, speaking of them favorably to anyone who cares to listen.

We spent a few days in Moresby, Papua, before going to what locals call "over the other side." After the war, Papua, which is Australian sovereign territory, and New Guinea, which is trust territory, were joined in an administrative union. The two areas are now called the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, with Moresby as the capital.

As there are only 12,500 Europeans, mostly Australians, in the whole territory, Moresby represents the bright lights of civilisation.

Just now it is the end of the wet season, and the hills are green. Extremes of wet and dry and the rough streets of the town have proved an asset to the town's only boot repairer, and one of the only three boot repairers in whole of New Guinea.

His name is Ted Loder, and I met him when I took a broken sandal down to his 12ft. by 16ft. wooden shack by the harbor.

He's a bearded, youthful-looking Australian who came here with his wife and five children three years ago from Cairns.

He came to the territory as a carpenter and served here during the war. He hadn't followed his original trade of boot repairer for 15 years, but saw an opening and took it.

"I started with £6/14/- in the bank and £300 in debt," he said. "Now I'm making out all right."

In the past two and a half years he has repaired 16,000 pairs of shoes. His farthest customer is 660 miles away at Buin, on Bougainville Island.

Wherever you go the world over you hear something from taxi-drivers.

The "Government boy" who drove us to Pari Village was no exception. His name was Konia. He had been a teacher in Rabaul, his home district. His brother, so he told us, was a member of the Pacific Islands Regiment and had been to Australia three times.

Furthermore, his father had once lived at Burwood, Sydney, for three years. And what did he do in Burwood? "He looked after the cow and the plantation," said Konia.

This, in view of the bricked-up present-day suburb of Burwood, was such a picturesque thought that I didn't press the inquiries further.

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Page 15



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WEDDING UNITES PIONEER FAMILIES



LEAVING THE CHURCH. Radiant bride Mrs. Peter Baillieu leaves St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with her husband by car for the reception at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. H. Packer, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney. More than 300 guests attended.



WEDDING GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ryrie (left) with Miss Pam Allsopp and her fiancé, Mr. Michael Davidson, were among the young friends of the bride and groom. A huge marquee, lined with shaded primrose chiffon, was erected on the tennis court for the wedding reception.



ENTHUSIASTIC GUESTS chaired Mr. and Mrs. Baillieu as they left the reception. Second-Lieut. Belton K. Johnson, of Texas, U.S.A., who is stationed in Japan, flew to Sydney to be best man. The bride's sister, Romayne Hordern, and Mrs. Laurence Street were her attendants.

The wedding of Miss Edwina Hordern and Mr. Peter Baillieu was celebrated at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, Sydney, on April 29. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern, of Milton Park, Bowral, N.S.W., and Point Piper, Sydney. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mrs. Harold Coldham, of Torrumbarry Estate, Echuca, Vic., and the late Mr. H. L. Baillieu. They are honeymooning in the U.S.A.



AT THE RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu photographed after their arrival at the reception. The bride wore a classical gown of white satin with a weeping train. Her headdress of white French flowers was the gift of Madame Louis Roche.



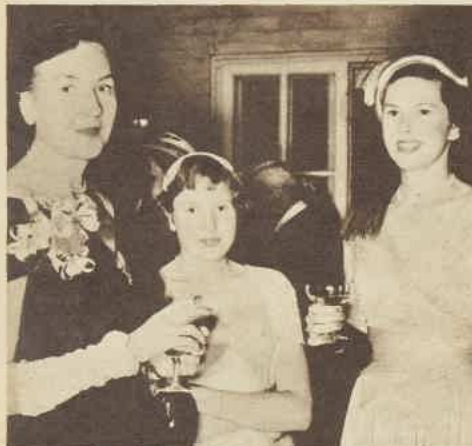
CUTTING THE CAKE. The four-tiered wedding cake was made and iced by Mrs. W. Fehrenbach, who has been housekeeper for the bride's mother for 20 years. It was decorated with pale green icing and a spray of real orange blossom.



AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION for newly married Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu are the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern (left), with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Harold Goldham, and his grandfather, Mr. W. S. Robinson. The reception was held at the home of Mrs. Baillieu's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. H. Packer.



RECTOR OF ST. MARK'S, the Rev. Clive Goodwin (left), who officiated at the wedding ceremony, with the bride, Mrs. Peter Baillieu, and Mr. Sam Hordern, who is her cousin. Mrs. Hordern is a cousin of the bridegroom.



GUESTS at the reception after the Peter Baillieu-Edwina Hordern wedding are the bride's half-sister, Mrs. Alec Cronick, of Melbourne (left), her daughter, Viola Meeks, and Mrs. Reggie Gaskell, of "Munro Park," Sutton Forest. Mrs. Cronick wore orchids with her black velvet dress.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Coonamble Showground Pavilion shed its everyday air and took on an atmosphere of gaiety when fifty-four of the district's bachelors and spinsters gave a ball last week-end. For days beforehand many of the hosts and hostesses spent most of their waking hours at the hall, decorating the walls with silvered paper and hanging hundreds of streamers and balloons from the rafters.

Festivities began with cocktails at 8.30 p.m., and the sun was almost up when most of the guests left, setting off on the long trek home with memories of a wonderful ball.

Lovely evening gowns were worn by the young hostesses, who included Robin Pearson, Jill Scott Fisher, and Doone Nalder. Among the debonair bachelor hosts were president of the ball committee, John Taylor, Godfrey Regan, John Nott, and Ralph Bellamy.



ARRIVING at the Coral Sea Victory Ball between the American and Australian naval guard of honor are Beth Campbell and Peter Malcolm Reid, of Point Piper.



CORAL SEA VICTORY BALL. Marcia Moses and American Lieut. F. C. Richards at the ball to celebrate the 1942 victory in the Battle of the Coral Sea. U.S. Admiral William Halsey was guest of honor at the ball, held at Prince's. More than 300 guests attended.



WED IN BRISBANE, American Charles Barsotti and his bride with flower-girl Patti Barsotti, six-year-old daughter of the bridegroom, at the reception at Lennon's Hotel which followed the wedding at St. John's Cathedral. The bride was Olivia Blanshard, of New Farm, Brisbane.

SEPTEMBER will be an exciting month for Mrs. M. Holmes, of Mosman. Her daughter and son-in-law, Lorna and Peter Hopper, will arrive in Sydney, and Mrs. Holmes will meet Peter for the first time. Lorna has been away from Australia for over three years. Until she married Peter last January in New York, Lorna worked at the Australian Consulate there, and she was also secretary of the Australian Society. Peter and Lorna will live with Mrs. Holmes until they find a home of their own.

RETURN trip through the United States is planned by Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Locke, of "Wirrua," Holbrook, who left in the Orsova for seven months abroad. The Lockes' three sons, Murray, Richard, and Tony, went to the wharf to farewell their parents. Other travellers on the Orsova are Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Carter, of Castle Hill, who are bound for Edinburgh, Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Arnott and Mrs. Ross Arnott, Suzanne Manchec, and English visitor Elizabeth Ward, who is on her way home after three months' holiday here.

FOR the traditional "something old" at her wedding, Mrs. Geoffrey Clark wore a string of pearls belonging to her mother, Mrs. Robert Scott, of Sydenham and Rose Bay, with her dress of white guipure lace and tulle.

AFTER their honeymoon tour of Queensland, newlyweds Elaine and Wymond Morell will return to the absorbing job of furnishing their new home in Killara. Elaine is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Burgess.



AMERICAN VISITORS. Lieut. Alvin Rusche (left), Lieut. John Farley, Lieut.-Commander D. G. Kent, and Lieut.-Commander L. D. Cornet with Ann Livingston at the reception given for officers of the American ships Tarawa and O'Bannon by U.S. Consul-General and Mrs. Donald Smith.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 12, 1954

Page 19

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"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

U.S. NAVY'S GOODWILL VISIT



THE BOND of friendship that exists between Australia and America is symbolised in this picture. Seaman James O'Brien, of Pittsburgh, and Pte. Bill Kidd, Royal Australian Regiment, swap yarns and their characteristic headgear. Seaman O'Brien is one of 3000 U.S. servicemen who visited Australia for the Coral Sea Battle anniversary celebrations.

• When the 27,000-ton American aircraft-carrier U.S.S. Tarawa and her escort destroyer, O'Bannon, visited Sydney and Melbourne on a goodwill mission, their 3000 officers and men got a rousing welcome from Australians. The ships' visit coincided with U.S. Fleet-Admiral Halsey's Australian tour and the Americans took part in Coral Sea Week celebrations.



EVERY nice girl loves a sailor, and Yvonne O'Rafferty, of Newtown, photographed with Seaman Paul Brackin, of Arkansas, is no exception to the rule. This scene in Sydney is typical of many during the Navy's visit.



SEAMAN STEVE DIXBY, of U.S.S. Tarawa, shows Desmond McKenzie, of East Sydney, how the emergency lift on a helicopter works.



ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY, commander of Allied naval forces in the Battle of the Coral Sea in May, 1942, who visited Sydney for the anniversary celebrations, leaves St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, accompanied by Commander William Kitchell after attending a special Coral Sea service.



TWO SERVICE MOTHERS honored this year by the Granville R.S.L. Club, Mrs. N. Christie (left) and Mrs. J. Paterson (right), are led to their table by flower-girls and maids of honor. The widow of an Anzac, Mrs. Paterson's son Joe was lost with H.M.A.S. Parramatta near Tobruk. Her second son, Jim, is now serving in Korean waters in H.M.A.S. Sydney.

HONORING MOTHER

Each year since 1937 the R.S.L. Club at Granville, N.S.W., has honored the mothers of its past and present members with a unique Mother's Day ceremony.

ATTENDED by a retinue of maids of honor dressed in white, the two mothers selected from members' families are the central figures of an inspiring pageant that concludes with the presentation of flowers, a shared birthday cake, and the singing of "It's My Mother's Birthday Today."

After this charming ceremony, designed to honor the mothers of all fighting men, the gathering becomes an informal social evening, with happy congratulations, a concert, and refreshments.

Club members whose names will always be associated with Granville's Mother's Day celebration are Mr. Bill Dane, Mr. Joe Higgins, and Mr. W. Whitney.



MOTHER'S DAY gifts of flowers and an iced birthday cake are presented to Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Christie at the conclusion of the singing of "It's My Mother's Birthday Today."



HAPPY MOTHER. Sons Alec and Dave add their Mother's Day wishes to the many already received by 64-year-old Mrs. Christie, a Scotswoman who came to Australia 26 years ago. Alec served with the R.A.A.F. for five years and Dave joined up at 17, serving with the 7th Division.



TINY FLOWER-GIRLS Karen Buckley (3) and Sandra Pearson (4) fold their clothes. Some of the original maids of honor are now themselves mothers.

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— 3 pieces of each.

1. STRAWBERRY CREAM. A delicious taste-sensation of freshly-picked strawberries.
2. CREAM CARAMEL. A rich, creamy caramel-flavour that lingers on your tongue.
3. TURKISH DELIGHT. A joy to every taste. Rich and exotic.
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Desmond Leslie and George Adamski.
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Price 15/6, from all Booksellers.

Famous mother hostess for broadcast

By MARGARET BINGHAM,
staff reporter

Australia's most famous mother, Mrs. Betty Sara, was invited to be hostess in the special nation-wide radio feature arranged for Mother's Day this year.

FAMILY talk, official and unofficial, was general when five states, met Mrs. Sara, the New South Wales representative, to rehearse their parts in the broadcast, designed as part of the Quiz Kids' programme.

The five interstate mothers, who were "discovered" through appeals over the radio and through coach touring companies, are Mrs. T. H. Palmer, of Spotswood, Melbourne; Mrs. Jim Oermann, of Manningsham, Adelaide; Mrs. Josephine Johnson, of Nundah, Queensland; Mrs. Annie Clark, formerly of Magnet, Tasmania, and now of Sydney; and Mrs. Maud Sullivan, of Bassendean, Perth.

Although it was a "mothers' meeting," there were some men present.

Mr. Wilson Irving, producer of the programme, introduced the guests to one another and to Mrs. Sara, and quizmaster John Dease was there to explain details of the session.

There were also three husbands. Percy Sara made a brief appearance and then vanished.

"I don't think I'm needed here," he said.

Mr. Palmer and Mr. Oermann had come along to give their wives moral support, but none was needed.

Betty Sara, as hostess and interviewer, looked businesslike with script, pencil, and paper as she

talked to each mother in turn, planning the conversations she was to have with them on the programme.

Betty and Percy were having a brief holiday from Bellingen, having left the children in good hands.

"Phillip went off happily with Mrs. Chris Huegill," Betty explained, "and Mark, Alison, and Judith are at home. Mrs. Eddie Mirfin is looking after them for us."

All the mothers recognised Betty by her photographs and inquired about her children. And, in turn, Betty learned a lot about them and their children.

Between them, the six mothers were able to list a large number of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

The biggest single tally was Mrs. Sullivan's. Married at 17, she is now a 69-year-old great-grandmother with eight children, 17 grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Sullivan, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack Singleton, and family at Mosman, Sydney, heard the radio appeal for mothers and was urged to apply by her son-in-law.

Her husband was a mine engineer, and she can recall the days when she and her children travelled by Cobb and Co. coaches round the Western Australian goldfields.

Mrs. Sullivan became a widow 31 years ago, when five of her children were still under 14 years of age.

The other great-grandmother on the programme is Mrs. Clark, a 67-year-old widow whose husband was also a miner in Tasmania.

She has one daughter, three grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter, all living in Victoria.

Mrs. Clark is a veteran on radio. Her favorite hobby is following the quizzes, and she is a keen participant.

Mrs. Palmer and her husband were making a coach trip from Melbourne to Sydney when the coach driver asked her if she would like to take part in the programme.

"And my husband pushed me into it," she said.

Mrs. Palmer, who is 63, has four children, three of them married, and five grandchildren.

Queensland's representative, Mrs. Johnson, is the mother of eight children aged from three to 21.

"There are ten years between the second youngest and the youngest," she explained with a smile.

For her, Mother's Day this year is a special one. Her son, John, a cook in the R.A.A.F., is home on leave after 19 months in Japan.

Youngest of the mothers, Mrs. Oermann, brought her two-year-old daughter Christine with her to the rehearsal—her contribution to the combined list of children.

Quiz Kid Pam Saunders was chosen to present each mother with a bouquet of flowers during the programme, and, as well, a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly's book, "The Story of the Sara Quads," autographed by Mrs. Sara.

BETWEEN DISCUSSIONS about the programme, a cup of tea was welcomed by mothers Mrs. Annie Clark and Mrs. Josephine Johnson.



AT REHEARSAL for the special Mother's Day Quiz Kids' programme, Mrs. Sara (right), as hostess, interviews Mrs. Jim Oermann, of Manningsham, Adelaide, one of the guest mothers on the session. Quizmaster John Dease is talking to Mrs. Oermann's little daughter, Christine, about her dog.





ABOVE: Leaving Bellingham for her trip to Sydney, Mrs. Sara kisses Judith good-bye while Allison and Mark look on from their perch on the fence. Phillip's attention is occupied by the scooter. Pictures by staff photographers Ron Berg and Bill Howarth.

BELOW: Mrs. Sara, at the rehearsal, autographs copies of "The Story of the Sara Quads" for presentation to the other mothers (from left), Mrs. T. H. Palmer, Mrs. Annie Clark, Mrs. Jim Oermann, Mrs. Josephine Johnson, and Mrs. Maud Sullivan.





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YOUTH FEATURE by Dolly Baverstock

Mother knows best

"Mother knows best" has been a catch-cry for so long that even the most devoted offspring are inclined to regard it as discredited and belonging to a past age.

"CORN," they cry. They point out that it has been disproved by modern young people who can, and do, accomplish so much more than their parents were able to at the same age.

The mother of 19-year-old Janet gave her opinion.

"If mother knows best, she daren't say so," she said, but she laughed as she said it.

Janet is a capable business girl, fresh from a secretarial course.

She believes she has all the knowledge and know-how necessary to ensure a brilliant career as an office executive—a position she can see herself filling in the not-too-distant future.

She explains to her mother (and there is a hint of patronage in her manner) the way an up-to-date business is conducted in 1954.

Mum, she implies grandly, is a real back number.

Daughters who, although not yet in their twenties, can cope with an office job, make their own frocks and hats, enjoy tennis, golf, and swimming at weekends, and keep a date nearly every night, often cannot be blamed too much for feeling a little patronising to their stay-at-home elders.

Mother, herself, who was regarded as rather a crackpot secretary way back in 1930, listens carefully—almost humbly sometimes—and with a real motherly understanding to her daughter's words of wisdom.

Janet has no idea that so many of her activities are made possible by Mum's consideration, thoughtfulness, and behind-the-scenes work.

Was it only yesterday that Janet, rushing off to catch the 8.30 a.m. train to work, left behind her the packet of sandwiches which mother cuts every morning for her, and

which she so much prefers for lunch?

It was Mum who, without any prompting, saved the situation. She took the packet of sandwiches to an obliging neighbor bound for a day's shopping in the city, who undertook to leave the packet before noon at Janet's office.

Mum was well aware that Janet's pay-day was two days off, that her finances are so chronically low that an outlay for a bought lunch would reduce her few shillings cash on hand to almost nil.



"...and that poor Myrtle Smith—how she ever keeps a young man is beyond me! Her family shows no interest whatever. They go upstairs every evening and leave the poor young things all alone to entertain themselves whatever way they can."

Actually, Janet had 3/6 to last the distance to pay day.

"Mother's marvellous," she assured the other girls. "I must ring her straight away and thank her."

In this trivial domestic crisis it was Mum who saved the situation. She usually does in all crises, big or small, in her family circle.

Mothers mostly do know best. And they have gained their knowledge by the hard way of experience.

The simple fact that they have lived longer than their children, have experienced courtship, marriage, and the joys and cares of bearing and rearing children, of making a home, give mothers a wide understanding of life.

This understanding comes from living their lives to the full and giving so willingly of their time, their strength, and—most important of all—their hearts to their families.

But to return to Janet's sandwiches: Did you notice her good manners?

Her first thought and the first thing she did when she got them was to phone her mother and thank her.

Incidentally, she can thank her mother, too, for giving her the really valuable social asset of good manners.

It was not only gratitude for the simple kindness, but a knowledge of when to do the right thing, that prompted Janet.

Her good manners, which were taught to her by mother from her earliest years, have become instinctive. They'll stay with her all her life.

Oh, she might "talk down" to poor old Mum now and again. She might flare up with impatience or resentment, and be sulky and martyred now and again. But in spite of her brash youthfulness the basic good manners are there.

They are part of Janet's charm, and account for her popularity with her own teenage group as well as with older people.

It is easy to trace them. They are a reflection of her mother's own qualities of selflessness and consideration for others.

Mother's consideration for her family is an everyday and all-day affair for her.

Some children remember this perhaps only once a year—on Mother's Day, when they show their gratitude by giving Mother a present and taking part in a family gathering in which she is the central figure.

Others, like Janet on her "good" days, remember it in the little acts of courtesy which are the real indication of their feelings for her.

THE retirement of Toscanini is a reminder that it is just over 58 years since he conducted the world premiere of Puccini's opera "La Bohème."

SOME time ago the complete opera was issued on two LP discs (LXT2622/3), but smart-off-the-mark collectors soon depleted stocks. However, it appears to be back again in adequate quantities. The set has already won the adulation of overseas critics, and I can only subscribe my echoes of their wild enthusiasm. If you like opera, if you love "La Bohème," then this is for you. From opening to closing chords you'll be enchanted with the magnificent playing of the Orchestra of the

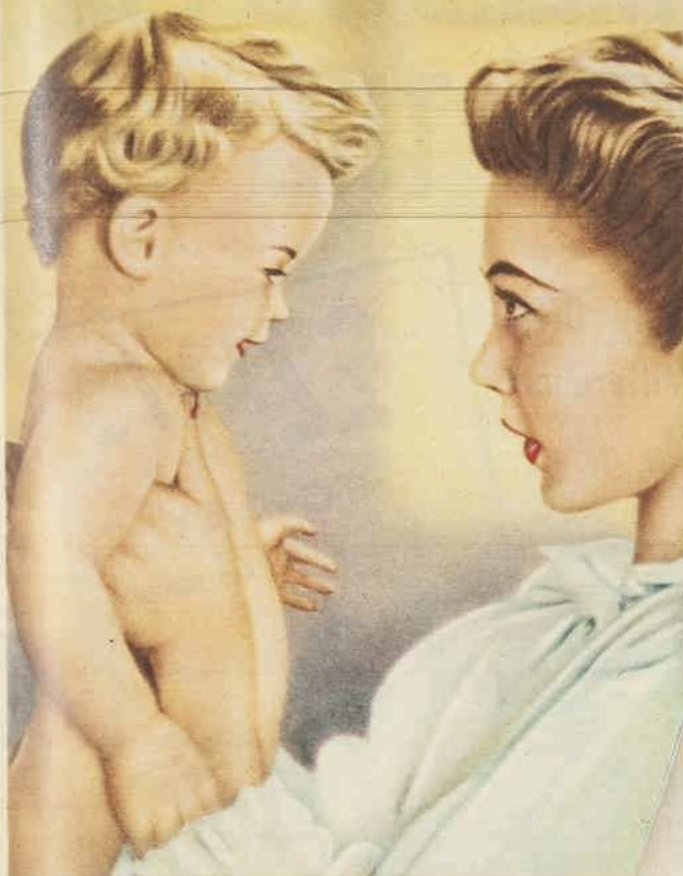
DISC DIGEST

Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, under the inspired baton of Alberto Arede. Secondly, there is the remarkable singing of Renata Tebaldi, who surely must be without equal in Italian opera today. Her performance and consummate acting skill are closely matched by Giacinto Prandelli (Rodolfo), Hilde Gueden (Musetta), and the rest of the cast of six artists. Finally, you cannot fault the reproduction and presentation—voices "off" sound really offstage, "asides" are like spoken thoughts, and even the extra roles of street revellers and market women

are sung with full regard for accurate theatre production. This is opera reality in the serenity of your armchair. Don't miss it!

BUT back to Toscanini. A check reveals that his most-sought-after LP recordings at present are Brahms' Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, and 4. I have played them all several times recently, and find new delights every time in these definitive performances. The best-selling Toscanini disc on 78 r.p.m. is still the Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 from Verdi's "La Traviata" on ED137, followed closely by his version of "The Blue Danube," on DB6171.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 12, 1954

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TEA (1 lb.) - - - -	2 9	4 8
SUGAR (1 lb.) - - -	4½	9
JAM, PLUM (1½ lb.) -	1 5	2 5½
POTATOES (7 lb.) -	10½	3 6
BUTTER (1 lb.) - - -	1 1½	4 1½
CHEESE (1 lb.) - - -	1 6	3 9
EGGS (1 doz.) - - -	2 10½	6 0
MILK, FRESH (1 qt.) -	8	1 9
BEEF, RIB (1 lb.) - -	8	2 2
STEAK, RUMP (1 lb.) -	2 0	5 0
MUTTON, LEG (1 lb.)	10½	1 10
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 12, 1954

Scientists now believe in:

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE

"Old wives' tales" are often correct, doctors agree

The old scientific belief that the unborn babe lives an insulated existence protected from all external influence is not true, say the American writers of this enlightening article. They are social biologist Dr. Ashley Montagu and novelist Gertrude Schweitzer.

MRS. ANDREWS had a private room in the hospital and a special nurse for herself and her baby. She was a sweet, quiet woman, an excellent patient who made few demands. Her newborn baby, on the other hand, was the most difficult infant in the nursery.

He was irritable. He squirmed and cried all the time, suffered from diarrhoea, and frequently vomited for no apparent reason. He had been this way from the day he was born, yet had no physical disability. His trouble was that he was neurotic. He was born neurotic.

Heredity? Not at all. There was no record of neurosis in either family. Then how could the child have been born neurotic? The evidence indicates that it occurred because during the eighth month of her pregnancy Mrs. Andrews' husband was killed in a car accident. As a result of her emotional state during this period—the shock, the grief, and the absence of her husband's love—her unborn baby developed some of the symptoms associated with neurosis.

Perhaps this sounds like one of the "old wives' tales" about prenatal influence which you may have heard as a child. The fact is that many doctors realise today how accurate in many ways the "old wives" were in their conception of mother-child relationship, both before birth and afterwards. In their deep, almost intuitive awareness of the complete physical and psychic bond between a mother and her infant, they were wiser than most of the scientists of their time.

For many years, these scientists believed that the foetus lived an insulated, nirvana-like existence in the womb, completely protected from any external influences. This is now known to be untrue.

The Fels Institute workers at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, U.S.A., under the direction of Dr. L. W. Sontag, have found that mothers undergoing periods of severe emotional distress during pregnancy frequently have infants who exhibit evidences of irritable and hyperactive nervous systems.

The cases observed presented a variety of gastrointestinal disturbances and in some there were also an in-

By
**ASHLEY MONTAGU
and GERTRUDE
SCHWEITZER**

crease in heart rate, increased sensitivity of the blood vessels, in terms of constriction and dilation, and changes in respiratory pattern.

Dr. J. L. Halliday, psychiatrist, who studied cases of pregnant women in England who were separated from and anxious about their husbands during the war, corroborates these findings and has also found strong evidence to suggest that patients who develop recurring depressive states in adult life frequently do so because of the grievous emotional disturbances of their mothers during pregnancy.

All this is not to say that every mother who is emotionally disturbed during preg-

Unborn affected

nancy will give birth to a neurotic baby. Nor does it mean that every baby with intestinal disturbances or other symptoms mentioned is neurotic. The existence of a physical cause for the baby's trouble must always be thoroughly considered.

However, there is now sufficient evidence from many sources to indicate that the unborn child can be variously affected by physical changes in the mother, and that although a woman cannot "mark" her baby by seeing something unpleasant before he is born, nor make him a poet by reading Keats and Shelley during her pregnancy, there are ways in which she definitely can influence his behaviour pattern.

It is largely up to her, and to those surrounding her during her pregnancy, whether her infant will be born a happy, healthy, sweet-tempered individual or an ill-adjusted neurotic.

Fortunately, most women can produce happy, healthy infants, and not altogether involuntarily or automatically or by chance, as was once believed, but through knowledge of how to do so. This should be exciting news to prospective mothers, both challenging and inspirational.

But what about the constitution with which the child is born, its heredity? Is it not true that some infants are just naturally high-strung or troublesome because they have inherited father's temper or grandma's "nerves," and

nothing can be done about it? Not so. Much can be done about it.

Every human being is an individual unlike any other, a unique combination of genes, which are the biological units that are influential in determining the traits or characters of the individual.

Every infant has a unique constitution. But constitution is a product of the interaction between the biological inheritance of the individual and his environment, and though the best way to ensure that a child will have satisfactory genes is to see to it that the genes of the parents are satisfactory, a great deal can be done to influence the development of the genes through the environment.

Genetic questions can be answered for prospective parents by adequately trained physicians.

Many tragic consequences can be averted—where couples mistakenly avoid marrying or having children, or where they do have children with unfortunate results—merely by asking for advice in the proper quarters.

Constitution is a process, not an unchanging structure which is predestined by heredity to function in a particular, predetermined manner. Although each individual, from the moment of conception, contains within him certain potentialities and limitations for development, his environment, even before birth, most authorities are agreed, determines how fully and in what ways his potentialities will be realised. Biological heredity determines not development but the responses of the developing organism to the environment.

A simple example of how this might work in the physical area is in the matter of height. The combined hereditary factors, or genes, in a certain child give him a maximum height potential of six feet. He could not grow any taller under any conditions. However, he may never reach his potential maximum height. The height he ultimately does reach can vary tremendously, depending upon such things as his mother's nutrition before birth, the economic status into which he is born, whether the birth is normal, and the amount and kind of love he receives. There are cases on record of children whose growth was arrested during periods when, for one reason or another, they were deprived of affection, and who began to grow again



MOTHERHOOD is the most beautiful and beautifying experience in a woman's life. Hitherto unknown depths of feeling are revealed as she lavishes affection on her baby.

at a normal rate when they once more came under the influence of love.

In other words, heredity can be influenced in the developing child by controlling his environment. Scientists are, in certain areas, only beginning to explore the possibilities of this fact. There is actually evidence now that the baby can acquire habits of response while still in the environment of the womb.

During the last three months of pre-natal existence, Drs. Sontag, Spelt, and Richards have independently shown, the foetus is capable of responding to sounds outside the mother's body. They report cases such as that of one woman who found that her unborn child invariably became troublesomely active whenever she attended a concert during the latter weeks of her pregnancy, one who noticed a marked increase in foetal activities whenever she came within range of the vibrations of her washing-machine, another who discovered that striking the side of the bathtub in which she was lying would induce a sudden jump on the part of her baby about six weeks before it was born.

Everyone knows today how

important is the mother's proper nutrition during pregnancy for the healthy development of the growing foetus. Every prospective mother is cautioned to partake of a diet rich in calcium, phosphorus, and vitamins B, C, and D, so that her child will be born strong and well formed, with good bones and teeth.

But how many husbands are told to give their wives massive doses of love, so that their unborn child will not be malnourished?

Dr. Ratner's clinical records

Love nourishes

include dozens of similar cases, none of which he reported for seven years, until sufficient evidence and experimental proof convinced him that he was justified in concluding that there was a relationship between a mother's diet during pregnancy and her child's hypersensitiveness to certain foods.

Prospective mothers, then, can assist in the healthy development of their babies by avoiding excessive indulgence in any one food. A severe allergy can unpleasantly affect an individual's entire physical and emotional life.

Much has been written about the trauma of birth and its perhaps devastating effects on future personality. Certainly the process of being born is normally a traumatic experience for the child.

The rather violent series of changes initiated by the birth process constitute a rude disturbance of its more or less uneventful existence up to that time, and it is at this stage that its first anxiety is developed. But this is a very necessary development. Anxiety serves the individual as a danger signal.

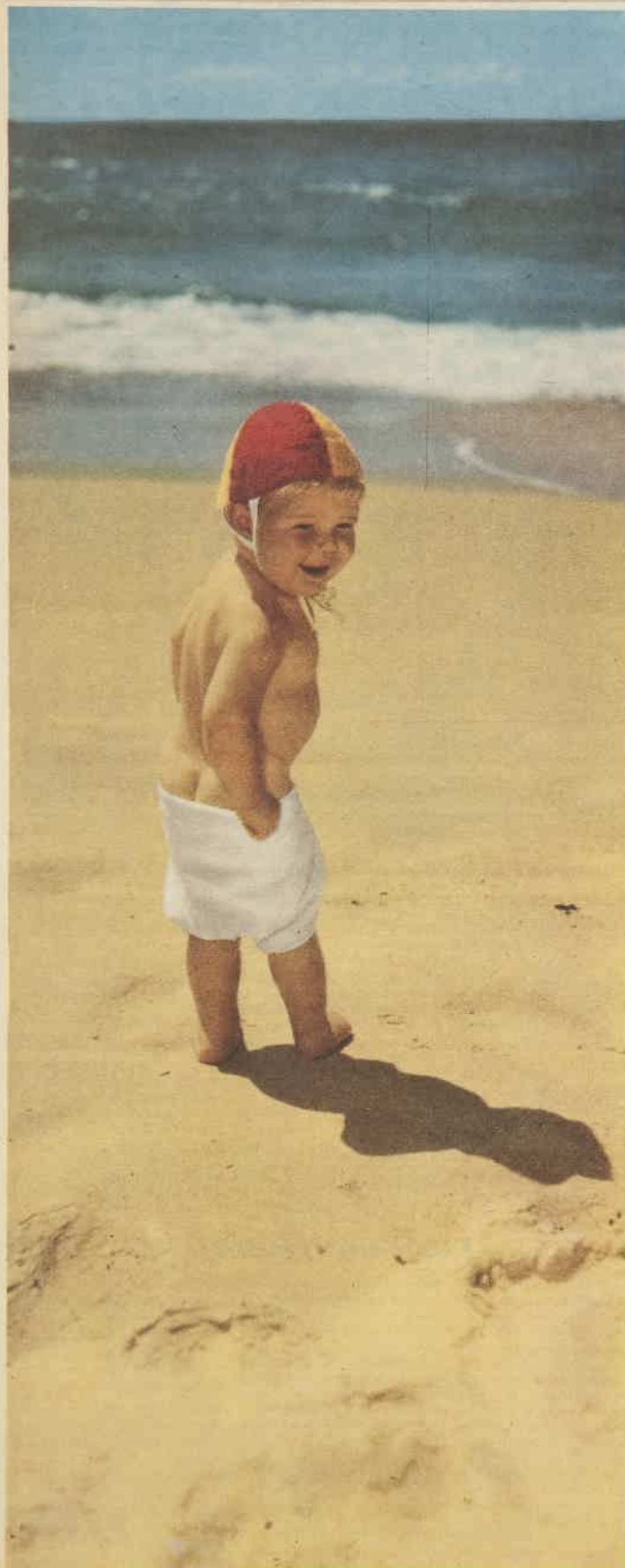
Lacking it, he would be overwhelmed without warning by situations for which he was unprepared—he would cross the street blithely in front of a moving truck and he could not survive.

Knowledge is the key. Parents need no longer be doubtful or anxious about many of the things that troubled previous generations because they did not know what to do.

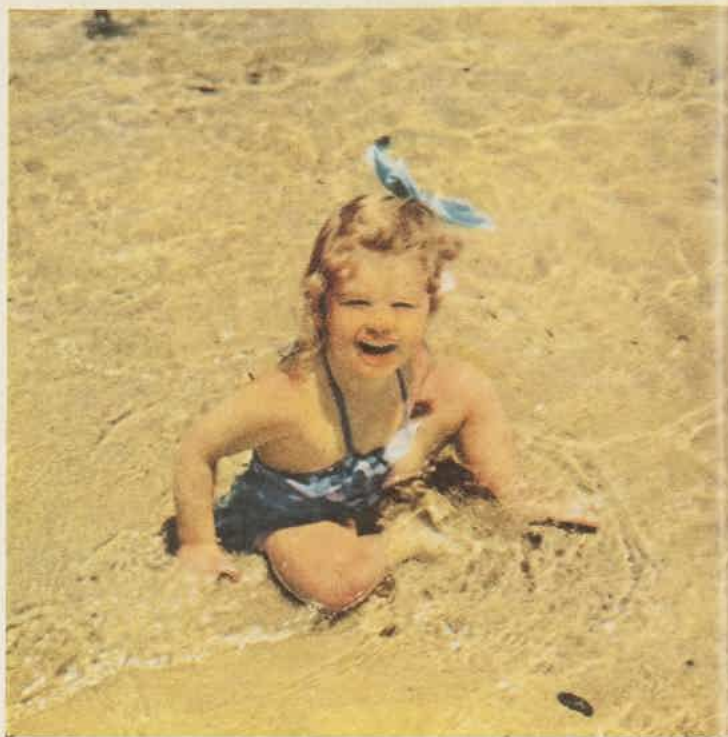
A child must be loved, even before it is born, by a mother who is loved. That, really, is all there is to it, and what could be simpler? Nothing in the world is simpler or more natural than love.

BONNY BABIES CATCH CAMERA'S EYE

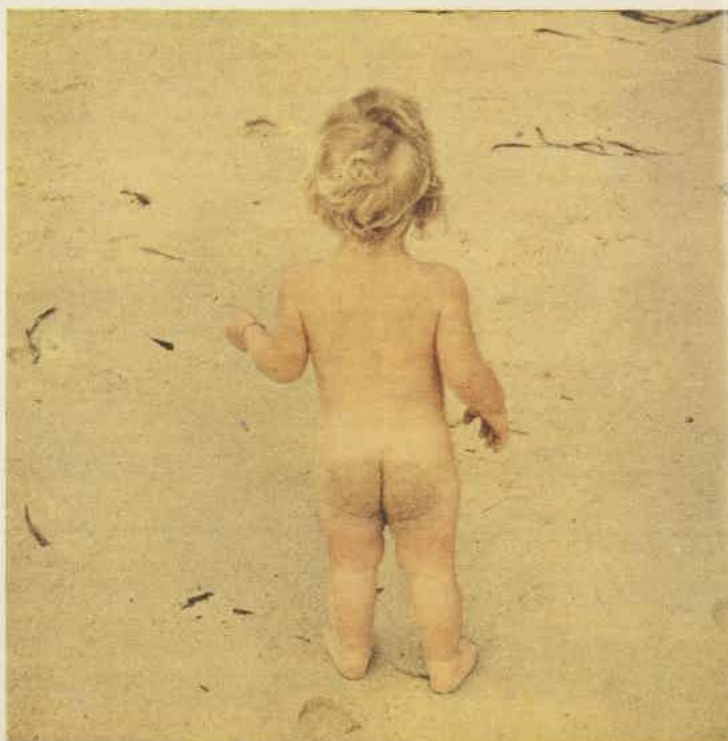
● Following a nation-wide quest for a baby picture to be used as a calendar illustration, the Shell Company of Australia chose the photographs on these pages as the best submitted. They include the winning picture by Douglass Baglin, of Sydney, and entries by seven runners-up.



FIRST PRIZE in the Shell photo of the year competition went to this sunny picture of a small and gleeful lifesaver, taken by Douglass Baglin, of Wallstonecraft, Sydney.

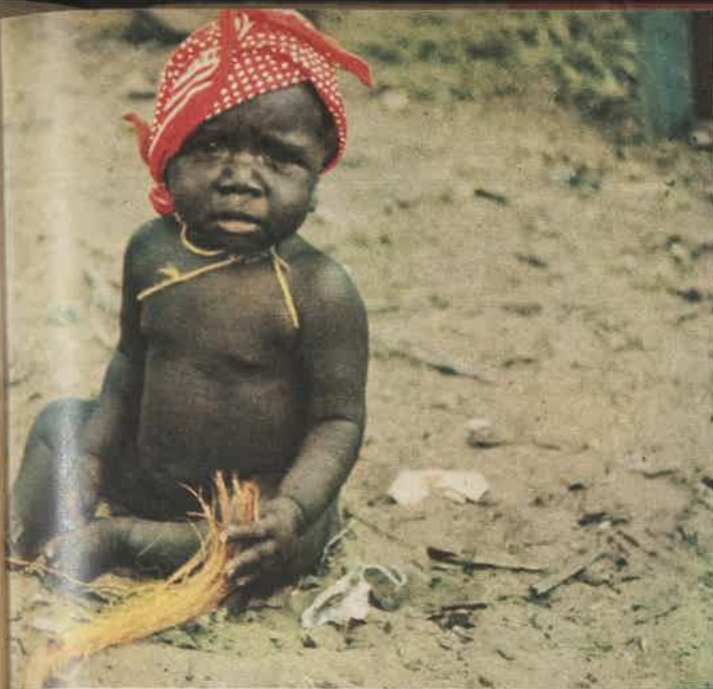


PRETTY LITTLE LASS wearing a smart blue swimsuit and bow in her hair poses gaily in the shallows for this photograph by Mrs. J. Carton, of Canterbury, Victoria.



CHARMING STUDY of a blond beach baby recorded by the camera of Mr. M. C. Gray, of Ashgrove, Queensland. Children photographed had to be under five years of age.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 12, 1954



FROM ALICE SPRINGS comes this photograph by Mr. F. R. Meldrum of a shy, rather worried-looking piccaninny, who is dressed for the occasion in a gay bandanna.



FASCINATION OF FLOWERS for the very young provided Mrs. E. Herbst, of South Melbourne, with this close-up of a golden-haired child curiously inspecting a daisy.



DELIGHTED owner of a birthday cake with one candle is the subject chosen by Mr. K. S. Darling, of Dimboola, Victoria, for his entry in the contest.



LEFT: Baby at mealtime pictured by Mr. C. Pearce, of Laverton, Victoria.

ABOVE: Small girl's joy is captured by Mr. C. E. Bisdee, of Hobart, Tasmania.



KNIT this fashionable jumper in VILLAWOOL



FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

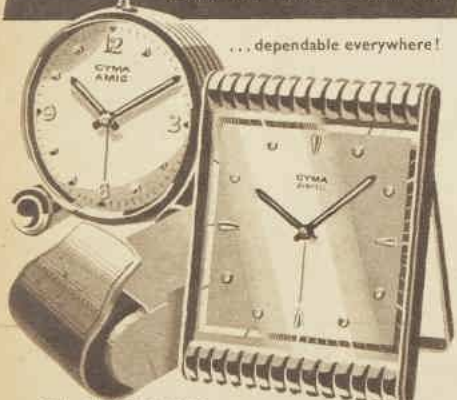
from your retailer—or send coupon below
Don't say "Wool"—say VILLAWOOL!
You'll love knitting with this super-quality
handknitting yarn, made from gloriously-soft
100% pure wool, in beautiful colours, at
money-saving prices.



Made in Australia from 100% Pure Wool
Villawool Textile Company (Pattern Service)
17 Grosvenor Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me free knitting instructions for NARVIK—knitted in
Villawool Aurora 4-Ply (I enclose stamped, addressed envelope).

CHARMING GIFTS



Only the Cyma-Amic
can take the hard knocks of travel life or become a
treasured table time-piece at home: A twist of the
wrist winds both alarm and precision 10-jewel
movement... the big sweep-hand sets your
waking to the minute. Available also with a
handsome leather travel case.

The Swiss Alarm Clock of Precision.

CYMA AMIC

Worth Reporting

WE have often wondered what happened to those handy note pads that once pulled out from under telephones. So when a mechanic came to repair our phone we asked him why they were not made nowadays.

"People talking on the phone absentmindedly used them as ash-trays," he said, "so, after a great many phones had gone up in smoke, the department discontinued that pattern. At present only colored telephones have note pads."

He told us that he used the lead in ordinary lead pencils to lubricate phones—never oil or grease.

He also gave some good tips for making accurate calls.

"Always pause a moment after dialling the letters, and dial the numerals slowly," he said. "Never, never leave your finger or your pencil in as the dial swings back."

We asked if his close association with telephones had given him a friendly feeling towards them. But it was not the right time to ask.

He replied that he had many feelings towards telephones in the course of a day's work, but you could hardly term them "friendly."

WE asked the girl at the perfume bar of a large city store for a bottle of "Ma Griffe" perfume. She shook her head with a puzzled look, so we repeated our request. She then dived under the counter and appeared with a small bottle and removed the stopper. "Smell that," she commanded. We smelt. "That's no 'Ma Griffe,'" we said. "That's 'Muguet des Bois' (lily of the valley)." She shook her head again. "Well, it's the only perfume I have that begins with an 'M.'"

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, whose previous 32 books have dealt with such topics as himself, his house, garden, cats, pacifism, and international affairs, has switched to mystery and detection with his 33rd, "No Man's Street."

On the trail of Sir Edward Carstairs' murderer is a gentleman known as Mr. Horatio Green, who, equipped with a short, pink, stubby "undulating nose," sniffs happily from clue to clue.

This artistic sniffer inhales such varied scents as tobacco, cocker spaniel, roses, nothingness (very significant), perfume, and cocoa.

Though no expert sniffer, and the possessor (I hope) of a nose which is not pink, I hit the murderer's trail about Chapter Three.

After that I kept reading to find out the motive and to acquaint myself further with such characters as the prima donna with ultramarine eyelids, the eccentric musician,

Our radio session: HERE'S YOUR SONG

LISTENING TIMES
SYDNEY, 2GB, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.
MELBOURNE, 3AW, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.
MARYBOROUGH, 3CV, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.
BRISBANE, 4BH, 6.30 p.m., Thursday.
ADELAIDE, 5DN, 6.45 p.m., Thursday.
PERTH, 6IX, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
KATANNING, 6WB, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
MERREDIN, 6MD, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
BRIDGETOWN, 6BY, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
HOBART, 7HO, 7.15 p.m., Saturday.
LAUNCESTON, 7LA, 7.15 p.m., Saturday.

Fractional fittings for horses

HUMANS aren't the only ones who wear fractionally fitted shoes. We learnt from Mr. Angus Forbes, who for 30 years has managed a horseshoe manufacturing company at Five Dock, N.S.W.

"We make 20 horseshoes a minute," Mr. Forbes said. "Sizes range from 00, the smallest and the kind a Shetland pony would wear, up to 12, just right for a draught-horse."

"Double O measures four inches across the front foot, while number 12 is seven and a half inches across. And, of course, each size carries a range of sections, coming in different weights."

Mr. Forbes' company does not make shoes for race-horses.

"They're imported, are made of aluminium alloy, and are known as racing plates," he explained. "They're expensive and aren't worn all the time by the horse."

"Often they're put on before a race and removed at the finish. Of course, lightness is what is wanted, so some racehorses even gallop bare-footed," he added.

When is a man a water rat?

THE other day we met a man from Lancashire who is also a Water Rat. He is Roy Barbour, the star of "Zip Goes a Million," the musical comedy version of "Brewster's Millions," which is now running at the Tivoli Theatre in Sydney.

Mr. Barbour is a comedian, but he does not look like a comedian, or a Water Rat, for that matter.

We have met only one professional funny man, whose face and manner proclaimed his calling, and he, unsurprisingly enough, is a Cockney, name of Tommy Trinder. It turns out that he is a Water Rat, too.

Before you can join the select and jolly company of Rats, Mr. Barbour informed us, you must first have earned a pretty good reputation for yourself as a comedian in the theatre.

You are given a tiny gold badge to wear in your lapel, and if you happen to be in London you can attend the fortnightly gatherings of brother Rats at the Eccentrics' Club.

"Why is it called the Eccentrics' Club?" we asked Mr. Barbour, suspecting a leg-pull.

"Because the people who go there like to be eccentric now and then, just for fun," he answered in his mild but earnest and disarming manner.

"The meetings of the Water Rats are really funny, sometimes. You can just imagine what it must be like with a bunch of comedians let loose at once."

"Incidentally, the number of Water Rats is kept at under 200."

"We call ourselves 'rats' because, well... it's sort of like the lowest trying to become the highest."

"The Rats don't spend all their time in frivolity. They are, I suppose, a lodge... with a touch of the heart."

her as a brilliant writer who dealt in weird and gloomy subjects. I felt that any laughter would have resembled an eldritch cackle.

Mrs. Jackson herself, her children, husband, and home emerge as normal and amusing. She has a great gift for writing dialogue, for transforming everyday happenings into witty and good English.

Boredom often results when the next-door neighbor rambles on about the time she was rushed to the maternity hospital or about Johnny's feud with his kindergarten teacher.

But when Mrs. Jackson relates the same experiences there is no boredom but only admiration and the real laughter that starts from the ribs. Naturally, it's a book for women, but husbands who happen to pick it up won't put it down in a hurry.

Published by Michael Joseph. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

the clean-cut young heir, and the men from Scotland Yard. This new style of Mr. Nichols provides a good plot but little tension.

For Detective Horatio (who threatens to become a fixture) I recommend death, and, if that can't be arranged, a posy of red herring and a packet of paper handkerchiefs.

Published by Hutchinson, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

OUTRIGHT laughter is won by Shirley Jackson for her book "Life Among the Savages," which tells of a housewife's doings and the goings-on of her four savages—two boys and two girls.

Until I read "Life Among the Savages" I placed Shirley Jackson by her two previous books, "The Lottery" and "Hangaman," which marked

Beware of "dry skin"— it adds years to your real age!

Drying skin often begins to show after 25, because the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

But in Australia, many young women show signs of ageing skin in their early twenties. Our severe climate can make you look as many as ten years older than your real age.

Watch out for trouble spots—flaky patches. Use a special replacer to offset the drying out of your skin's natural oil by age and the Australian climate. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Give extra attention to trouble-spots—this way!



That Matronly-looking Sagging shows along your chin-line.

To Tone Up—"Pinch along" chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream to give skin rich lubrication.



Cross-cross lines under eyes will priss themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To smooth—Cream-over those tiny dry lines nightly with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. 3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream extra effective for dry skin. Rich in lanolin; homogenized to soak in better; contains a special emulsifier for extra softening; Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings that gloriously smooth, young look to your skin.

The Princess Murat says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings my skin softening help immediately." PD34

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

A LADY LIVING IN

BRISBANE, Q'LD.,

WRITES:

"Even with the first bottle I felt different and by the end of the second bottle I was in good health."

TAKE 4 DROPS IN A TUMBLER OF WARM OR COLD WATER EVERY MORNING.

IN ALL STATES EXCEPT N.S.W. SOLD AS

FISHAPHOS

No COLDS for us... we take ANTI-BI-SAN

A 3-day course of Anti-Bi-San now can help you and your family to safeguard yourselves from colds. Anti-Bi-San acts through the blood stream and reinforces your natural resistance during the treacherous winter months. Let Anti-Bi-San protect you against infection this winter. In the great majority of cases, Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

"ANTI-BI-SAN"

GUARANTY AGAINST COLDS. OBTAINABLE IN ADULTS' AND CHILDREN'S PACKS.

Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors: FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

THE CARBOLIC SMELL HAS GONE!

Lifebuoy now has Brand-New Perfume

Stops "B.O." as never before

SMELL IT!



The carbolic smell has gone! In its place is a refreshing, brand-new fragrance your whole family will love. 3 out of 4 people who've tried it have already voted New Lifebuoy's perfume best!

ENJOY IT!



WASH your perspiration worries away! Nothing could be nicer than a daily bath with Lifebuoy... and that's *all* you need to protect you from "B.O." It's the *modern* way to stay sweet and clean.

BE POPULAR!

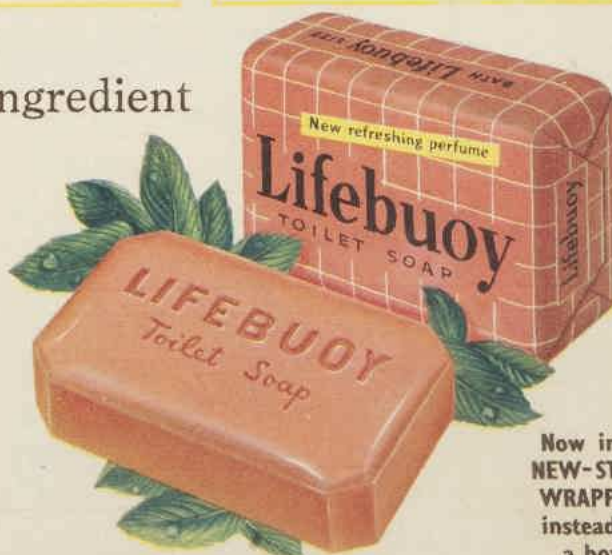


Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts. Gentle, fresh-smelling Lifebuoy contains Puralin to purify and deodorise better than any other toilet soap. Your whole body will glow because it's so clean.

Contains **PURALIN**, new purifying ingredient
to stop "B.O." hours longer

It's in the shops now . . . and it's the biggest news in toilet soaps for years! The *new* Lifebuoy with a refreshingly different perfume containing Puralin, a purifying ingredient which stops "B.O." the modern way! Yes, the carbolic smell has gone — yet new, fragrant Lifebuoy with its special ingredient is *all* you need to give you protection for hours longer. Get the big thrifty bath size Lifebuoy today!

Attractive **NEW CORAL PINK TABLET**



Now in a
**NEW-STYLE
WRAPPER**
instead of
a box

As indelible as it should be
... never dries the lips

THE NEW 212 LIPSTICK BY COTY



BRILLIANT FASHION-MATCHED SHADES:

GAY FUCHSIA
(deep crimson)
FRESH PINK
(as pink as pink)
ROSE SATIN
(pale crimson)
FOREST FIRE
(red-hot red)
SPUNGOLD
(sub-tropical glow)
GITANE
(gypsy kiss)
RED RIBBON
(a true red red)
DAHLIA
(heart of a crimson flower)
VIF
(brightest flame red)
CORAL PINK
(sunbaked pink)

NOW you can have lips that stay soft and lovely all through the day—with never any feeling of irritating dryness or cracking... and with a lustrous, lasting sheen that stays on hours longer.

Coty's new, delightfully creamy lipstick is easy to apply—smooths on in one fast, fluid motion to form a flawless outline which will not smear or "fuzz."

Learn the secret of loveliness... with this new Coty lipcolour as the final mastertouch to your complete Coty make-up colour harmony. 9/6 Refill 5/6

Where to test the NEW 212 COLOURS:
Go to your favourite shop. The new Coty lipstick testers are put there for you to use. Just ask. That's all.



LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

Continuing Fly By Night

from page 10

stir a finger to help the girls when we had found them, then where would our children be? With good men so scarce, what would become of poor Laura, Caroline, Hetty, and Thea?"

"Good heavens! Do you mean to tell me that we're going to have all this business again when Laura and Caroline and—"

"Certainly not. Once is enough."

"I should think so, indeed!"

"—to bring a family into prominence. Laura and the others will no longer be merely pretty girls. They will be known always as the sisters of Sophy, who cloped so dashingly with Lord Rangdon's son and heir."

"People will remember, and it will give the girls an added charm—a certain cachet. Albert, do look out and tell me what is going on out there. Be careful not to show yourself, my dear—they are certain to be looking towards this window."

"He's in the shrubbery."

"Dear Charles!"

"Now he's crossing the lawn. That ladder doesn't look safe to me—I hope he'll have the sense to test it."

"Of course he will, dear. Can you see Sophy's window?"

"Yes. And I can see the other window, too, and those young monkeys all staring through it. Fine chills they're all going to catch. When I send for them tomorrow morning, they'll all stand there sneezing their heads off."

Mamma said soothingly, "You mustn't be too severe with them, Albert."

"Now come, my dear—am I to behave as though any of them can flout my authority when and how she pleases? Am I? I am the head of the family, and I will be so regarded. You, Laura—you, Caroline. Speak! What do you know of this disgraceful affair? Answer me!"

"Don't shout, Albert—they'll hear you. And you mustn't ask them that—they won't be able to answer truthfully without bringing Sue into it and we don't want that."

"Dear Sue, what a help she has been! How charming it is, Albert, to think of Sophy growing to love Charles under, so to speak, Sue's wing."

"They should have met in this house and not in hers. I never approved of it. Do not speak to me of your sister Sophy. You will never mention her name or—"

"That is not very wise, dear, is it? You know quite well she'll be bringing Charles here as soon as Sue has arranged the reconciliation."

"Well, I must say something, mustn't I? Send the servants to me instantly. I shall find out who has—"

"You mustn't do that, dear. They've all known perfectly well what's been going on."

"Good heavens! You mean to tell me—"

"Well, of course, Albert. All such odd servants, and all so devoted—"

"I shall pursue them. I—"

"Whatever you say, don't say that, Albert. You'll find yourself committed to it, and that would put you to the greatest possible inconvenience, you know."

"Let me hear—"

"Hush, Albert, and look out and tell me what you can see."

"I can see Charles," said Papa, peering. "He's standing under Sophy's window and—Upon m'soul, he's tooting again! If he does it again, I promise you, I shall open this window and put my head out and teach him what an owl does sound like!"

"Don't be impulsive, Albert. You almost ruined everything this evening, pacing about on

the terrace with Sophy just when the children were trying to fix the ladder in position. The poor little things were shivering with fright—you were almost upon them!"

"Was I to know where and when they were placing ladders?"

"You should have known from Sophy's manner. Is her window open yet, Albert?"

"Yes. No. Yes—it's open, and she's out on the balcony."

"Oh, Albert! And what is Charles doing?"

"Charles? Oh, he's still standing there, gazing up at her with an adoring—Now go back to bed at once and don't be a goose! I can tell perfectly well what is going on."

"Oh, Albert, look at him! He's such a splendid young man! And he looks—"

"If you're going to cry, my dear, I shall have to be firm and tell you—"

my darling. God bless you and k-keep you always."

"Amen to that. Now no more crying, my dear—there, there, there, there! It's all done just as you wanted it done, and she's safe and sound, and I don't doubt that they'll be happy ever after. Now come to bed—there's nothing more to be seen. He's just taking her to his horse and—Good heavens!"

"Oh—what is it, Albert?"

"Upon m'soul I never heard of such a thing! A carriage, by Jupiter! A carriage! The young jackanapes elopes in a carriage!"

"A carriage is—"

"Why couldn't he have brought his horse, like a vigorous and manly fellow? Why—"

"A carriage is a great deal more comfortable for Sophy, you must allow, Albert. Riding pillion is all very well, but I cannot see why Sophy shouldn't go away comfortably in a carriage."

"Comfortable? Who wants

Beauty in brief:

FACIAL FACTS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When you whip up a facial mask in the home, make sure that it is thin enough in consistency to spread quickly and thick enough to cover the skin area and stay put for the required time.

IN applying mask preparations make sure that the mixture spreads thickly under the chin and out under the jawline, thinly under the eyes and not too close to them. Give special attention to the crease of the chin, along the sides of the nose, and the ear area.

If you count the assembling of equipment, a properly planned facial is a five-part project. The other four parts are skin cleansing, lubricating, massage, and use of the mask.

You will need by way of equipment a big, soft towel, a headband or hand towel, some cottonwool, face cream, and whatever mask you deem best for your skin.

Apply cleansing cream generously all over the face and neck.

Massage starts at the base of the throat with upward stroking movements to the chin with alternating hands. Stroke each part of the face in turn, being careful not to rub hard, especially near the eyes.

With the mask in place, cover the eyelids and relax. Afterwards wipe off the mask with cottonwool, then rinse the skin well with cold water before using make-up.

"Move aside, dear. Look—oh, look, Albert. He's going up. No, he isn't. What is he waiting for?"

"She's handing something down—oh, her luggage. What is that thing? I don't recognise it."

"It's Nannie's carpet bag. Nannie said it would hold a great deal and not be too heavy."

"It's a wonder to me that Nannie isn't eloping too. Look out there, young man! Test it, test that ladder first, ninecompo!"

"Hush, Albert—there, he's testing it. And she's—oh, Albert, she's coming down. Oh, my darling, be careful, be careful."

"She's perfectly safe, my dear. She's as sure-footed as a mountain goat, and—Now what are you crying for?"

"I'm not. But this is no t-time to call your daughter a g-goat!"

"My dear, I did nothing of the kind. You're overwrought. If you'll be sensible and go back to bed, I'll—"

"She's down! Albert, she's in his arms and—look—she's turning to wave to the girls and—"

"—Albert, she's looking up at this window and—"

and k-k-kissing her hand and—"

Oh, God bless you, Sophy,

to be comfortable? She should be up behind him, on horseback, nestling against him, with her little hands clinging to him—"

"My dear Albert, her little hands would be needed to cling to her luggage!"

"All the had was a small carpet bag, and very sensible, too. If you had had something of the sort, instead of that great, heavy portmanteau and a bulky travelling rug and a—"

"It was a very small portmanteau, and when you carried it down the ladder you remarked upon its lightness—you know you did!"

"What a little thing you were—"

"This brings it all back so clearly, my dear—"

"I remember leaving a note for my Mamma. I suppose Sophy will leave one—"

Dear, dear Sophy! Come to bed, Albert dear—you must be so cold."

"No, I am far from cold. How the mind goes back—"

"Albert, you must come."

"I'm coming, my dearest. I'm coming. Do you remember the first kiss I gave you when we—"

Ouch! Ouch! Confound that blessed chair—"

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 12, 1954

Catch cold easily?

If your family, young or old, catch cold easily, they lack vital elements that would give them resistance. They are wide open to bronchial infections and each new cold breaks down the bodily defences still further. These defences must be built up.

NEW KNOWLEDGE ABOUT WINTER'S ILLS

The latest discoveries of modern science on winter ailments support a well-remembered remedy. Scott's Emulsion, taken regularly, gives winter-long protection.

Scott's Emulsion—the first palatable form of Cod Liver Oil. Children love it. Its natural richness in the all-important vitamins A and D, reduces the risk of infection and supports the body's fight against throat and chest troubles. It is reinforced by tonic hypophosphites to complete its wonderful strengthening effect on the body. And its smooth, creamy consistency is extremely soothing to irritated membranes.

2-WAY ACTION RELIEVES COUGHS

Scott's Emulsion with soothing glycerine, first lubricates the irritated, inflamed areas of the throat. Then its powerful vitamin action stimulates the body to resist and defeat infection and the complications that could result from it. Then its tonic properties build sturdy resistance to further attacks.

Scott's Emulsion is a scientific treatment, proven over 75 years the world over. Taken regularly, it not only clears up coughs and colds, but safeguards the system against them.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

FOR COPPERS AND TAPS



IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent urination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder trouble. The first one of Cystitis, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work over-coming trouble in 3 ways: 1. Kills germ causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and purifies kidney and bladder. Get Cystitis from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

THE FARAMUS STORY

By

Frank Owen.

The wartime experiences of Anthony Faramus, Jerseyman, whose record underlines and adds to the history of horror in Nazi prison camps.

Price 10/9

From all Booksellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 12, 1954

Continuing . . .

Appointment In Hongkong

from page 9

Street, to the stringent wind and the scoured hearth."

She was fretted by a disapproval she knew was ludicrous and by a pity that wronged her thin because she knew it was useless. "You should never have come east of Suez," she told herself ruefully, "where no white picket fences mark personal boundaries."

She tried to shrug off any sense of responsibility towards those unfortunates below her, tried to step back from any sentimental sympathy, but then she saw the girl. She was very young, and between black curtains of her shoulder-length hair Abby could see her eyes were closed, slits in her flattened sallow face, and her small mouth parted. She was sitting bent on the edge of the hatch, her arms supporting her abdomen, as though cradling the child within her much as she would when it was born.

Disgust and fury with the creature, that she was sitting so, that she should have come at all, flicked Abby, but the sight of the sun-beaten misery of the girl was defeat.

She turned and went back to her cabin. This is all I can think of to do, and I can easily buy another in Hongkong, she said as she found her navy silk umbrella and rang for the cabin boy.

She watched the girl receive it wonderingly, then saw her slow smile as she lifted her face to Abby, saw the smiles from the others who reached over to finger the silk, and Abby turned from the rail in embarrassment. That's a coin to settle your conscience, she told herself wryly, so now you can enjoy a cup of tea.

The woman greeted Abby with a lift of hand, then drew a chair to the table.

"Mind if I join you for tea? I need it. The Chinese are right, you know. A spot of hot tea cools you." Her smile was wide with very big crowded teeth and she was appraising Abby frankly. "I'm Frieda Lauritzen."

"And I'm Abby Peck," she smiled back. "Let me ring for fresh tea."

"Thank you," she said slowly. Her sea-blue gaze stayed on Abby. "You're with the American legation, aren't you?"

"In a way. The Rice Commission, really."

"It's hard to keep track. You Americans seem to be all over the place."

Oh, thought Abby, and sipped her tea in silence. So it's to be like that, and Abby was sorry, for she liked what she saw across the table, a large, lean, sunburned young woman with a handsome, candid face. Her cropped curled hair was the color of cut hambour.

Mrs. Lauritzen apparently was sorry, too, for she began to make small talk in an amiable way.

"It's been a beast of a day, hasn't it?" She had a deep, rather roughened voice, and very pleasant to hear with its combined Norwegian-British accent. "I must have been crazy to stay in Bangkok this long. I should have packed up the girls and caught the Herby last month before this heat set in." She poured cream and stirred an immense amount of sugar into her tea.

"Those kids you've doubtless heard are mine. Only three, just sound like a dozen, and all girls." She put her elbows on the table and stared at her arms ruefully, for the muscular expanse bared by a halter-neck blouse was pink as pawns.

"Bother it," she said. "I was practising putting this morning and forgot my jacket. You'd think I'd know better." Then she looked at Abby again curi-

ously. "Have you been in Bangkok long?"

"About seven months." It was six months and ten days actually, for Abby kept mark on her Bangkok calendar with care. "I'll be leaving in August," she added.

"Well, Bangkok certainly isn't what it was before the war. Not that there aren't enough parties, but the old champagne spirit is gone. For me, at least. Hongkong the same." She sighed deeply.

"I hope you've reserved in advance for Hongkong, because it's jammed to the gun-wales. The British are pouring in, shiploads of women and kids. With the war finally over and things grim at home, I can't blame them, and after all, it's their colony, y'know." She fanned herself with a beautifully embroidered handkerchief. "The Chinese are trying to swarm in, too, where there's some stability and rice. It all makes housing tight."

"I have a room at the Peninsula," Abby inserted.

MRS. LAURITZEN nodded and pursued. "The shops are full, but things are dear. We lost everything during the war"—she shrugged—"and with costs what they are we're making out with the minimum." She smiled, not so largely this time.

"Thea will have to be sent home to school this year and that will take a packet of money. Well, we'll make it somehow, some way." Her gaze suddenly went beyond Abby and she beckoned.

Abby turned and smiled to watch three leggy little girls file up to the table, eyeing Abby with bashful interest. The eldest was ten, the youngest six, perhaps, and they all had blond, almost white plaits tied with blue ribbon round uplifted faces and skins blotched with fresh-peeled sunburn. They stood in a row, bony-shouldered in polka-dot sun dresses.

"Thea, Inga, and Valborg," Their mother counted them down. "This is Miss Peck."

Each bobbed a curtsy and smiled, the older pair showing a rim of pink gum above big new teeth, while the little one had no front teeth to show. They stared at her expectantly.

Abby felt a little abashed under their unblinking gaze and took refuge in asking the dull thing, "Did you have a good time in Bangkok?"

They consulted one another with nudges and Thea answered, "Yes, we didn't have to go to school."

Their mother gave a small snort.

"And we went barefoot," added Inga.

Valborg simply hung her head, then burst unexpectedly, "I saw a film from America!"

They all laughed and her mother explained dryly: "It was Val's first film. Made quite an impression."

It was then Thea moved sideways to her mother's chair and began to whisper through her cupped hands, her eyes still on Abby, and since the whispering so clearly concerned Abby, Mrs. Lauritzen explained again, and again a little dryly.

"Thea was remarking how much you resemble a friend of ours," she said. "The likeness is really amazing."

"Who?" cried Valborg.

"You're too young to remember," her mother told her, and then directed all three briskly, "Each take a banana and do stop eating biscuits in the cabin; we'll be having an early dinner."

The three pounced on the plate and began to skin their bananas.

"You're a friend of Nils Westerlund, aren't you?" It seemed an idle question.

Abby shook her head. "Sorry, no," she answered, and glancing up, she was puzzled to see disbelief on Mrs. Lauritzen's face.

Then the little girl turned to Abby's chair and peered delightedly at the orchids on her shoulder. "From Uncle Nils?" she lisped through the gap in her teeth.

"Valborg," her mother chided.

"I've never met your Uncle Nils," Abby told the child. "Is he the captain?"

For some reason the children found this uncontrollably funny and they all tittered.

Mrs. Lauritzen laughed, too. "Gunnar Malm is the captain, Miss Peck. Mr. Westerlund is a chap with our shipping company." She paused.

"He's aboard. He wasn't coming to Hongkong until next trip and I rather wondered if you were part of his change of plan."

"Not at all." This concern is interesting, thought Abby, and added politely, "Is he your brother?"

"No. No relation, really. But we've known him always and the children call him uncle." Mrs. Lauritzen flushed a little. "I'm sorry to have seemed prying, but one girl followed him from Singapore up to Bangkok this last trip, so it seemed possible."

Abby let the silence hang. She supposed she should be furious, but she felt amusement only.

"Uncle Nils must be a type," she murmured.

At that Mrs. Lauritzen drained her tea. "Well"—she gathered herself brusquely—"the girls and I are on the starboard side. A Chinese importer has the cabin next yours. I've seen him. He seems the educated sort. That's the lot of us."

She had half-risen when Abby added quietly, "And there must be a thousand deck passengers."

"Eight hundred," she corrected, and looked back into the empty cup. "They're all bound for Swatow. They were all trapped by the war in Siam and now they're swarming home, mad to get there. You know how the Chinese are about ancestors and home soil," she said quickly. "There are masses of Chinese in Siam making money at everything—we turn crowds away at every sailing. Frightful mob, and there'll be stowaways besides, of course, and the filth they make." She sighed slightly.

"But it's the revenue for the company. I don't know what we smaller countries are going to do." Her voice sharpened. "We can only hope you Americans won't be coming into the China Coast trade."

"Oh, I doubt it," Abby sounded assuring, though both were aware she knew nothing whatever about it.

After Frieda Lauritzen had gone, sweeping her daughters towards baths and fresh sunsuits, Abby lingered at the table watching without interest, for it was all endlessly familiar, the hot, placid shore line slide past. There were occasional clusters of shacks on stilts that seemed to be wading four-legged in the muddy stream, and always the weathered sampan beached or tethered.

Once in a while there appeared a quite substantial dock that led into the cleared grounds of a wai, and the steep roof of a Buddhist shrine briefly through the palms in gold and orange, the flaking white of its columns dazzling through the green.

A slight man had come quietly to the rail and was

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THE STRAWBERRY BED



HARVESTING TIME on Mrs. H. M. Jarrett's strawberry plantation at Cleveland, in Queensland. Fine crops of strawberries can be grown quite easily, even in small gardens. A well-prepared strawberry bed will yield fruit for three seasons.

● Everyone likes luscious red strawberries, but many people cannot afford to buy them. They are, however, easy to grow, requiring little time and trouble.

THIS is the time to plant strawberries. The plants will become established in the winter and will produce a crop next spring.

If you have a big garden, you can have a large bed, and if you grow more berries than the family can eat raw, make the rest into jam. In a tiny garden, plant them as a border around vegetable or flower beds. If you live in a flat, plant some in an iron drum.

A strawberry bed will last three years, so prepare it thoroughly. Get rid of all weeds and dig the soil to a depth of 8 to 10 inches (provided this does not bring up the sub-soil) so that the roots can get well down.

Strawberries love rich soil, so when you have dug the bed and brought the soil to a fine tilth, add to it plenty of rotted cow manure or poultry manure. If these are not available, compost will do just as well.

If you have none of these, you can use blood and bone at the rate of four ounces per square yard, but this is not quite as good.

Mid-April to mid-June is the best time to plant so that the plants are well established before the flowering period.

Strawberries are propagated with rooted plants developed from the runners which grow from the parent plants during the summer.

Don't replant the old parent plants, as yields are greatly reduced when plants are more than three years old.

Most people start off a strawberry bed with plants from friends' gardens, but if you are buying them, Richmond Red, Mason's Immense, Crewell's Seedlings, and Fendeleino are all popular.

One difficulty is that some varieties, notably Fendeleino, are not self-pollinated and it is necessary to interplant with another variety to provide the pollen so that fruit can set.

Mason's Immense and Port Marquette both flower at the

same time as Fendeleino, and are quite satisfactory pollinators.

A mixture of varieties ensures pollination and also stretches the bearing period by as much as a few weeks.

When the bed is ready for planting, dig up the well-rooted runners and remove the outside leaves from each plant so that only two or three of the centre ones and the crown are left. If the roots are very long, shorten them to about 3 inches, making a clean cut with a sharp knife or secateurs.

It is best to dig up a few plants at a time, as this precludes any danger of their drying out during planting. If you have been given a big bundle, it is a good idea to keep them under a wet bag, taking out only three or four at a time.

Set the plants one foot apart

GARDENING

in rows that are 18 inches apart. Spread the roots well out and set the plants just deep enough to have the soil level at the base of the crown. If the crown is covered with soil, the plant is likely to rot; if set too high, the plant may dry out and die.

Firm the soil round the plants and water them well.

When flowering begins in early spring, top-dress the bed with a complete fertiliser or a fertiliser consisting of one part by weight of sulphate of ammonia and two parts by weight of superphosphate, using three ounces per square yard, and spreading between the rows and working in lightly.

If available, well-rotted fowl manure may be used instead of the artificial fertiliser.

As the fruit begins to mature the beds should be mulched with straw or bush rakings, placed round the plants to keep the berries clean and conserve soil moisture. If this is not done, and the berries get

muddy, they will need washing before eating, and this removes an appreciable amount of flavor.

The most important single factor in successful strawberry growing is to keep the beds well watered during the fruiting season.

Usually the heaviest crop comes in the second year, when plants will yield as much as half a pound per plant per season.

The established strawberry bed needs little attention beyond thinning out the plants in July or August, removing dead leaves, and working in a top-dressing of animal manure or blood and bone. Then remulch the beds in September or October.

Strawberries have no persistent insect enemies, but watch out for the diseases crinkle, leaf spot, and scorch.

The descriptive names make identification of these troubles easy.

Crinkle shows as distorted patches on the leaves and there are often yellowish dots or lighter colored patches as well when the leaves are held up to the light. This disease is caused by a virus and there is no control. Affected plants should be pulled out and burnt.

Leaf spot and scorch are fungus diseases which attack the leaves. The former develops small, round, grey or white spots with purple margins; the latter brown or purple irregular patches.

Both are controlled by spraying with Bordeaux mixture 1-1-10 strength in early spring and repeating at ten-day intervals if the symptoms still appear on new growth.

The symbol 1-1-10 is a measure of strength meaning one pound of copper sulphate and one pound of stone lime in ten gallons of water. Quantities can be reduced in the same proportion.

Best results come from fresh, home-made Bordeaux mixture. If making it is too much trouble, use copper oxychloride instead.

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Time NOW to change to snug-soft HANRO undies, and keep winter's chills at bay. You'll revel in the miracle warmth of these new HANRO fabrics, in delicate wools, wool and rayon blends and snug longwearing cotton interlock. The best stores are selling these lovely undies now — make sure you shop soon for yours — you'll thank us for this timely word of warming!



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WINTER UNDIES



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looking down on the afterdeck with narrow eyes, and she knew he must be the Chinese importer whose cabin was next to her own. His stiff hair was clipped very short and he stood a little bowlegged in crisp drill shorts and long white ribbed hose.

Abby rose, thinking to give him the table should he want his tea, and so stepped to the rail herself. The pattern of deck passengers was spread as before, almost motionless under the immense heat. The navy silk of her gift umbrella shimmered and the little pregnant girl seemed asleep within its blue circle of shade.

And then she saw the man in the hyacinth jacket. Half unconsciously she had followed the Chinese importer's gaze and found him. By the color alone she knew he had not been there earlier, nor would she have missed the quality of silk.

He was quite tall and stood at ease against the rail looking outward. His loose trousers were black, but the silk jacket with high narrow collar and frogged front was the soft color of the water hyacinths that blossom in drying Siamese streams and canals in the spring, a misty grey-blue.

He stood at the rail entirely still, a controlled repose, seeming not so withdrawn from the crowded as quite separate. The hot light leaped from the black bevelled thickness of his hair, cascaded down the slender folds of silk as though he attracted light only to deflect it.

He looked like a figure on a scroll, thought Abby in wonder, brushed in gilt, she added for good measure. Perhaps you romanticise, she told herself, but let it be, for you know why. Because his difference in this setting was a rather breathless and special thing, because so brilliantly and unexpectedly

Continuing . . . Appointment In Hongkong

appeared he had the look of a myth made manifest.

He seemed part of the heritage of elegance that lay in the precious porcelain tea-set and pale jade bowl enshrined on the shelves of her grandmother's glass-front cabinet on Amity Street. And there was more. By his delicate color and luminous line and by the grace of his dignity he redeemed the others around him, and she was grateful.

She sighed a little and turned to find her neighbor, the importer, still looking down on the new figure intently. He broke his gaze to meet her. The importer bowed, his neat tight-skinned face unsmiling, and Abby murmured politely.

But the scene below attracted them both again, for the Eurasian comprador, squat and swart in a white wrinkled suit, was making a slow way through the deck passengers toward the man in hyacinth. The comprador spoke with him briefly, then they both turned.

For the comprador the deck passengers had not moved, but for the man in hyacinth they opened a little path and he went lightly towards the fore of the ship, towards the crew's quarters.

"I am Mr. Liu," the importer said unexpectedly.

"And I am Miss Peck," Abby smiled.

He bowed. "We will meet at dinner. Good afternoon, Miss Peck." He disappeared, quick as a cricket and without his tea, around the bulkhead.

The next morning was fresh and fair. Light breeze ran through the radiant air like ribbon and the wide gulf waters were wrinkled and streaked with hues from faded blue and green to cobalt and gentian.

Abby, cool in shorts and a gingham shirt, felt an upsurge of delight, and, as though to share this, a flying fish broke water with tiny spume and jetted itself a surprisingly long way in a level flight of silver.

To port a pair of fishing boats rocked gently on the blue and one had a pink fan-shaped sail. That sail, rakish, plump with breeze, recalled to Abby her first true love, her Wynken and Blynken wooden shoe, a little dinghy with a piece-work sail.

THINKING fondly of her treasure, Abby saw in one backward glance the cool ripple of the bay out to the wooded hook of Shelter Island, and in one breath smelled new rope, tar, and tide edge muddled together by summer sun. And she rested a while in the double delight of this present morning blended with remembered mornings.

And when at length she turned from the tranquil shimmer of the gulf and quite suddenly saw the broken chair, she was jarred. Its wrenched frame leaned against the bulkhead in distortion, and the sight marred the serenity of the fair and light-drenched deck.

She walked towards it, curious. The chair was more than broken; it was shattered. One arm was entirely gone, thrown overboard, perhaps. It is only slats of wood, she told herself, yet the chair looked brutally treated and she felt an odd reluctance to go nearer. Instead she turned, leaving it out of sight, and went back to her own corner of deck.

Her own deck-chair stretched whole and comfortable and the savor of the tropical morning drifted back as she leisurely fin-

ished the mangoes and tea the boy had brought earlier.

So she lay back, feeling mindless, bodiless, in a gentle trance. If a lotus feels, this might be it, serene, dreamless, and floating from a long root secure. Deliberately she reminded herself of the office folder of notes brought along from which to arrange a report; of the books, sober topical ones, and the packet of unanswered letters that waited in the cabin. To ignore these without conscience was enhancement.

Not only this, the restful containment of a little voyage, but she had an appointment with April in Hongkong. She folded her hands. The pink sail was far away now, the size of a child's handkerchief. The broken chair was like ugly flotsam you saw and forgot. She closed her eyes.

It was some time before she heard the small breathing near her, then a tentative movement like a kitten wondering if this lap were safe to leap upon, and Abby opened her eyes on Valborg.

The child's face was quite close to her own. The round, pale blue eyes had a fringe of stubby straw lashes and the peeled patches of her sunburn were shrimp-pink and very shiny. Abby smiled a greeting.

"I knew you weren't really asleep," Valborg said wisely.

"How!" challenged Abby.

"Because your eyelashes wiggled," the child informed her gravely.

She now backed away and perched on the edge of a deck-chair. Her almost-white hair had been freshly dampened and plaited. She looked quite like one of the charming dolls

Abby's mother used to stuff and stitch for the church bazaars.

"Where are your sisters this morning?"

"They're having lessons with Mamma in the sitting-room. They're doing sums with halves and thirds and pieces of numbers like that." Then she added with satisfaction, "Inga's dumb."

"Poor Inga," Abby murmured.

"Yah"—Valborg shook her head as though in pity and repeated. "Pretty dumb."

There was quite a pause while Valborg teetered back and forth on the edge of the chair in mock peril, and Abby wished she'd had more experience in kindergarten circles, but Valborg knew her gambit with adults.

"Do you have a little girl at home?"

"No, but I wish I did." That's quite true, thought Abby suddenly. "One like you," she added.

"I don't think you could have me"—Valborg considered seriously—"but maybe I could be borrowed to you for a while. Though I don't like spinach or sprouts," she warned in advance, then cocked her head. "Don't you have a husband even?"

Abby shook her head.

"Why?"

"Sometimes I've wondered myself," Abby answered honestly.

There had been Andy during that year in Washington, and he was pleasant to recall. Rather rich and very bright, he should rise nicely in the foreign service. There was Noel, who now limped across her London memory, engaging and urbane if not so solvent. She thought of them both

with appreciation but no regret. And her feeling for the healthy American major who'd been acquiring her around Bangkok was so completely casual she didn't know his real Christian name. He was "Ike," and that sufficed.

"I'm going to marry Uncle Nils after a while," announced Valborg, "after my teeth grow in." She displayed her dental gap to Abby as though it were unnoticeable until shown Uncle Nils again, thought Abby with a lift of interest. His charms seemed quite diversified. A mother, a child, and a Singapore miss. "Inga thinks she is, but I said so first and I'm going to wear a long veil with diamond sparklers."

"Oh, my! And what will poor Inga do?"

"She can stay home!" Then Valborg relented. "No, she can come and hold up my train." She eyed Abby thoughtfully. "You're invited, too."

Abby felt sincerely pleased. "Why, thank you. I'll certainly be there if I can."

"Aren't you going to stay in Hongkong?"

"No, I go back to Bangkok, and then in a little while I'll leave for New York."

By September, she added to herself. I'll move down to Sag Harbor, back to Amity Street, and not even try to get a job until the first of the year. Maybe Aunt Susan will join me. But, regardless, her father and stepmother would be very near, a few miles down the Sound. I can rent a boat, catch a sea bass, have a picnic at Sagaponack.

"New York is the same as America, isn't it?"

She returned to Valborg and nodded. "In a way," she qualified.

The child leaned towards Abby and asked breathlessly,

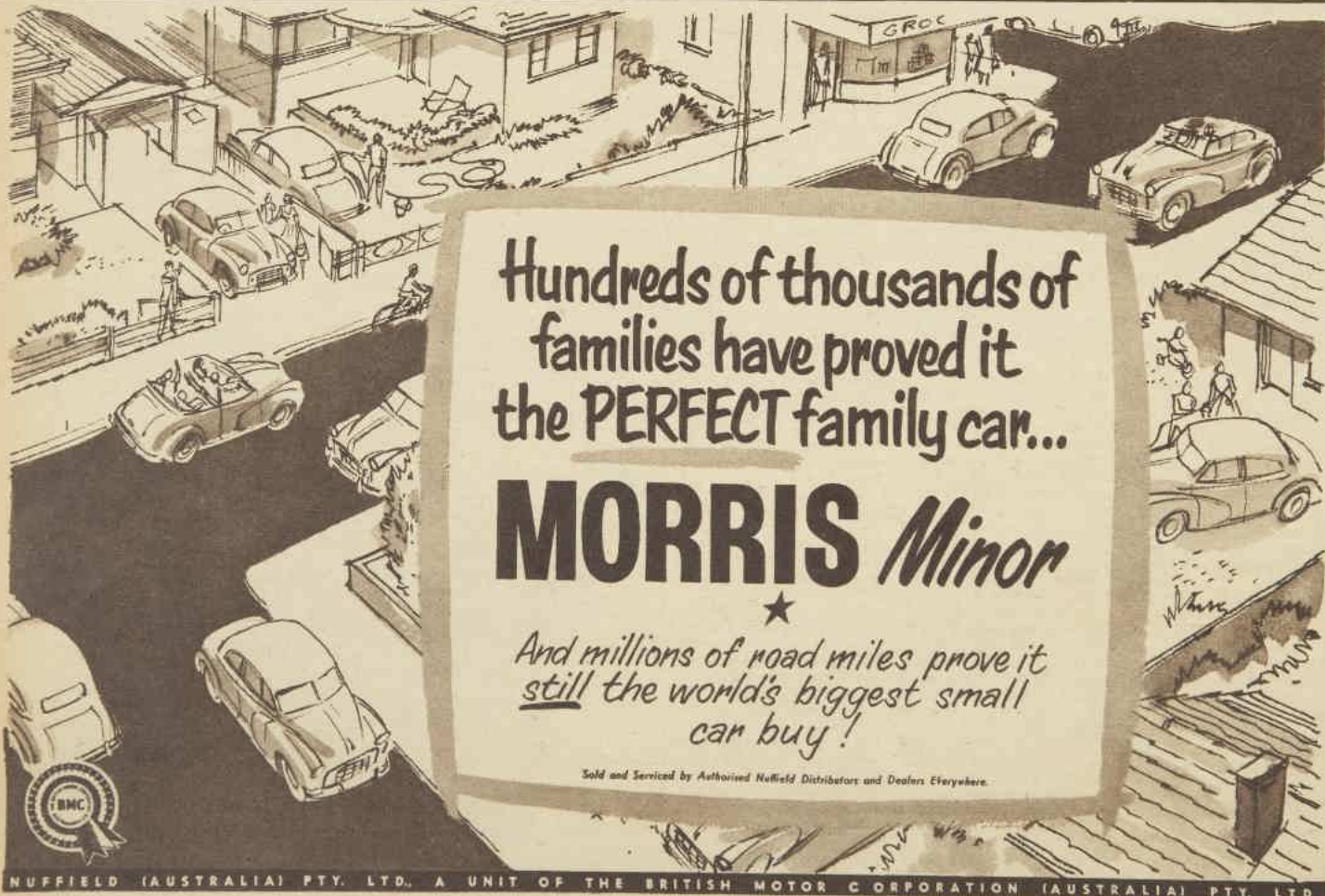
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Wonderful way to bake this chocolate cake!

This is not just an ordinary chocolate cake, but one with exceptional keeping quality. It stays fresh and full of flavour up to a fortnight after it's baked.

New Chocolate Indian Cake. 1½ cups (6 ozs.) self-raising flour, 2/3rds. cup (4 ozs.) butter, 4 level table-spoons (2 ozs.) Bournville Cocoa, 1-1/3rd. cups (8 ozs.) sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift flour twice. Add cocoa to butter and melt. Beat eggs and sugar until thick and lemony. Add butter and cocoa mixture to eggs, sift in flour and finally lightly fold in dates and nuts. Bake in 2-7 inch sandwich tins. The mixture will be very moist. Bake in moderate oven approximately 35 minutes.

When cold, join with any suitable filling, and cover with your favourite chocolate icing.

A brand new suggestion for the filling!

Mince 3 ozs. walnuts and 2 ozs. macaroons. Add 3 ozs. icing sugar, 1 oz. melted butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla and just enough top milk to make sure of spreading consistency.

Here's a simple recipe for Chocolate Icing.

1 cupful (6 ozs.) icing sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls (½ oz.) Bournville Cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, Vanilla, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Place all in a dish, mix to a creamy consistency with hot milk.

Cocoa for drinking



A quick and easy method using boiling milk or milk and water. Mix half to one teaspoonful of Bournville Cocoa with sugar to taste, add a little cold milk, and mix to a smooth paste. Pour on boiling milk (or milk and water). Stir briskly while pouring — it's rich and delicious.

Using boiling water. Mix half to one teaspoonful of Bournville Cocoa with sugar to taste. Pour on boiling water, stirring briskly. Add milk to taste.

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Clean hands are healthy hands, say Health Authorities.

You never know where children have been playing ... or what dangers lie in the dirt on their hands. So, Mother, play safe! Leave Solvol where they can use it, after play and before meals. Only Solvol is specially made to remove all ground-in dirt from skin pores, around fingernails and knuckles ... grime that ordinary soaps often miss. Yet speedy Solvol is amazingly gentle, soothing even to a toddler's skin.



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CADBURY'S RED LABEL

DRINKING
CHOCOLATE



Continuing

Appointment In Hongkong

[from page 36]

"Can you shoot from the saddle?" "Saddle?" Abby echoed blankly.

"Yes, while you're riding your pony!" Val explained impatiently.

Abby paused and then asked very slowly, "Just what was the name of that American film you saw, Valborg?"

"Call of the West," she answered promptly and looked on Abby with hope. "Didn't you ever shoot an Indian in America?"

She saw the beginnings of woe in the child's eyes, the taste of betrayal on her tightened lips. "Why, yes," said Abby. "I—I reckon I did." She took a deep breath and added, "He was a no-good red-skin."

The response was electric. Valborg sat bolt upright and asked tensely, "What did he do?"

Abby gathered confidence. "Well, now, he was loping up the gulch in full war-paint, aimin' to steal our horses." She made a meaningful pause. "I shot from the hip."

Valborg looked blissful. "Did he fall off dead?"

Valborg now settled herself in the chair with a series of ecstatic wriggles. "And then what happened?"

WHAT happened next was very desperate indeed. Abby mined her memory of Saturday matinees seen in pig-tails with a bag of popcorn and came up with quite a montage. She wasn't sure what a pinto pony was, but she got herself astride one and, with the Conestoga waggon rolling behind her, she was off in a cloud of dust and a coonskin cap.

Bison thundered and coyotes howled and the campfires flickered in the dangerous dark, and time after time the Indian war whoops split the night, arrows sang, and tomahawks swung. The pale blue eyes of a rapt Valborg grew rounder and rounder as the Western plains became littered with Indians, all shot from the saddle in the nick of time by Abby Peck, scout extraordinary.

Finally exhausted by so much creative ambush, Abby leaned back, rather pleased by her effort, but when she saw the child's eyes were wildly bright with admiration, she sat up abashed. The color in Valborg's cheeks was high as fever. "It was only a story, Valborg," she urgently tried to explain, "like the film."

"Better than the film," the child said passionately. "You shoot better." Suddenly she sprang up and pelted down the deck. Abby could hear her calling shrilly to Inga.

She had changed for lunch and was brushing out her long hair when a small rap came on the door. She opened it on all three children. They stepped in with some diffidence, a little stiff and official, and then Valborg, with the importance of closer acquaintance, gave the invitation.

"Mamma asks you to come to the other deck, please. Uncle Nils is making tiger's milk."

"Tiger's milk?" Abby echoed dubiously.

They all bobbed their heads and then explained, "It's a cocktail."

She thanked them, but they did not leave. They remained standing in a row, staring at her hard, then began to glance discreetly about the cabin. Probably looking for my coonskin cap and rifle, she thought a bit nervously. They took in her robe, her slippers, her luggage, and typewriter, and then all seemed to discover the cosmetic kit at the same time.

It lay open on the chair, a leather case with a mirrored lid and lined with red moiré. It held an array of bottles and jars, hairpins and combs, and one long tray was spread with a bright assortment of jewelry. They gazed on the jewelery like leechy kittens around a bowl of goldfish. Valborg clasped her hands behind her in restraint.

Abby smiled and continued to brush her hair. She looked down on the bent heads, the pink partings, and plaits of pale floss. On this trip I am no longer a blonde, she realised. I'm dulled to old brass, tarnished by the light around me. She thought of their mother's ring of straw curls, of the flax strands on Captain Malm's reddened pate, and supposed Uncle Nils would prove fair as day, too. She twisted a knot on top of her head and shoved a final pin.

"Hold still," she said, and reached in her case for the lilac cologne and, with solemn ritual, put a dab on each child's forehead. They held stiff, shutting their eyes at the touch of the stopper, then burst into excited shrieks and scampered away as though the ceremony had broken a spell.

Abby finished her dressing, then presently came, silent in sandals, and stood unseen at the corner of the bulkhead. The broken chair was gone, nothing remained but a small scrape on the white paint near her hand.

She hesitated there because Captain Malm was speaking in Norwegian; his slow voice was rumbling with laughter, and she did not want to interrupt. The captain was a huge man, genial, well weathered, his skin crosshatched with fine wrinkles, and in his big face the small eyes seemed a pair of handsome amethyst studs set carefully in leather.

Frieda Lauritzen sat at the table with him, comfortable in a faded green linen, her long, muscular legs stretched out to rest on the table's lower shelf. There were bottles, bowls, and glassware on the table, and presiding stood a long and angular young man. He was beating an egg.

This was Uncle Nils, and she looked at him with a quick lift of interest, an interest that promptly slid back to level, for he looked quite ordinary. In fact, she felt she'd seen him before in many places. In military uniform, he might have been one of any well-shouldered men in any canteen, or one of those casual, pleasant dancing partners who appear conveniently at any big party.

The trouble with you, Miss Peck, she told herself ruefully, is that you met so many men during the war, not because you were beguiling, but simply because you were there, that you've lost your eye for individuality. Yet you always hope, like the wail of the old song, that some day he'll come along, sudden, distinct from others; and by a token as special as hyacinth silk, you will know: he is the one.

So she mocked herself, knowing she was a little disappointed. She'd been expecting a difference in Uncle Nils, a dash, a bit of the picturesque, or at least a look of male prowess to explain obviously why Frieda was possessive, why the Singapore girl had been importunate.

But any reasonable girl should be grateful to have any

To page 39



I feel so much brighter, now that I start the morning with Andrews! Here's the tin that gives me so much more energy during the day.



It's so simple to prepare: I just stir two teaspoonfuls of Andrews into a glass of cold water. It effervesces at once—



3 and there's a sparkling glass of Andrews ready to refresh me at any time of day. Just one teaspoonful to a glass makes an enjoyable drink.

ANDREWS for me

Sparkling effervescent Andrews benefits the entire system. First it freshens the mouth and helps to clean the tongue, then soothes the stomach and tones up the liver. Finally Andrews gently cleans the system. Drink a morning glass of healthy Andrews Liver Salt—for Inner Cleanliness!

1/4 lb. Handy Size only 2/9 ... 1/2 lb. Family Size, 4/3

We ask you to try Andrews Liver Salt at our expense.

A Generous

FREE
SAMPLE
OF ANDREWS

Send 14. in stamps for return postage to:
Scott & Turner Ltd., Dept. W3, P.O. Box 222, Remuera, Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME
ADDRESS



NEW, enticing, appetising SANDWICHES

Tired of those same old sandwiches? Try these unexpected and delicious fillings, made the Keen's way. Simple to prepare and so satisfying, they're deliciously different and refreshingly new!

- Rawors, chopped fine, and sparked with mixed Keen's Mustard.
- Chopped, salted prawns, blended with mixed Keen's Mustard.

- Combine 2 cups grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Mustard, dash cayenne, 2 well beaten eggs. Cook and whip mixture until creamy thick and smooth.

- Blend 1 cup peanut butter, 1 cup chopped pickle, 1/2 teaspoon Mustard, 1/2 tablespoons hot water, pinch of salt to taste. Beat ingredients until light, spread on white, brown or rye bread.

KEEN'S MUSTARD



makes all the difference!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 12, 1954

Continuing . . . Appointment In Hongkong

possible man aboard, she told herself, so she looked at him again.

What she saw was a mild, lean face, and because his hair had receded at the temples, his forehead grew in a sharp wedge, quite like a devil's wig, only this peak was light as an angel's very fair, far lighter than the sun-browned brow. He looked muscular and amiable. He continued to beat the egg vigorously.

It was Frieda who saw her and beckoned her in. "This is Mr. Westerlund, Miss Peck." He straightened from the table and bowed. His eyes were long, grey as rain. The bridge of his nose was a little flattened, a small triangle of fatness, as though it had once been broken. He gave her a pleasant smile.

Frieda went on with real warmth, "I hear you've been amusing Val this morning. Really awfully good of you." She told the two men: "Miss

Peck has thrilled Val to the bone with the story of her life among the Indians. Inga is simply green because she missed it."

"I'll have to make it up to Inga." Abby sat down in the warmth of approval, appreciating Frieda's kindness in welcoming her so.

The captain leaned towards her. "You've lived in India, Miss Peck?" His English was strongly accented.

Nils answered for her, "I suspect these are American Indians, Gunnar. Whoops and feathers. Right?"

Abby nodded with a small, embarrassed suspicion that Valborg had related all the merciless details of her derring-do to Uncle Nils already.

"I'm afraid I borrowed heavily from the movies," she felt a foolish urge to explain. "Oh!" said Nils, and his face was very bland.

"Nils is making us a special drink." The captain rescued her. "By his secret formula," he added dryly, "tiger's milk." She looked up at Nils and he grinned.

"Our captain, Miss Peck," he explained gravely, "usually tips a bottle—any bottle—straight up, and so has contempt for my show here. The truth is my finesse puts him in a jealous rage." His voice was light and British. "Just ignore him."

The captain gave a low, happy grunt.

Nils' pitcher was now topped with froth and he poured deftly. "Ever had one of these before?" He extended a cup to Abby. "It looks mild, Miss Peck, but watch it. As you Americans say, there's a pay-off."

She noted the gin and creme de cacao on the table and accepted the warning. She sipped and realised they were all watching her, so she smiled over her cup. "Lovely."

Captain Malm stirred his bigness and the chair creaked. He returned Abby's smile, the crosshatch of wrinkles deepening in his cheeks.

"I been in the coast trade for twenty-six years," he announced, "and this is the first time I had an American girl aboard."

"We've been missing a good thing, then," she answered. "This is a trim little ship."

Malm looked pleased and the crew's feet around his eyes became creases.

"Well, she's all teak and cost a million when she was built in Hongkong—that was back in '39. It would take four million to build her now. But she's a good one, just twenty-

six hundred tons, and I was lucky to save her." He took a pull at his cup and rubbed the back of his hand over his mouth.

"I was heading for Hongkong when the war caught me. Reversed and came back to Singapore. Then we caught a bomb at Penang, but we weren't knocked out by a long shot." He smacked his hand on the chair arm. "I ducked the convoy and took my own course to Ceylon." There was satisfaction in his voice.

Nils and Frieda have heard this many times before, she thought, and saw their faces lowered and indulgent.

"SOS came in all around me. It was hard to keep going right on, though we did pick up survivors for two hours." He half grinned. "I'll never be that scared again, I hope." He looked out over the crinkled gulf water and let out an immense sigh. "Yah, I brought the Hedvig through to England and she worked hard all during the war. She caught another bomb when carrying ammunition from Tobruk to Benghazi, but that was all. You'd never guess it now, eh?"

No, never now, thought Abby. The sunlit blue peace of shimmering water and paler motionless sky seemed limitless. She saw that Nils, leaning against the rail with his drink, was looking on Captain Malm with affection, and Frieda's face, too, was fond. They're very close, she thought. It's all family. She borrowed warmth from this, and felt she liked these three very much.

"Britain devoted him," Frieda added, and the captain looked modestly down, spreading his big fingers like spokes on his knees.

Abby murmured praise and added, "Were you with the Hedvig, too, Mr. Westerlund?" There was a pause while Nils seemed to seek the answer in his cup.

"No. I was still in Norway." He made the sentence seem abrupt and final, and there was a small silence among them, not cold, but as though all three had briefly withdrawn. Nils' face was very still and closed over, and Frieda's eyes were on him, anxious.

Norway was invaded in '40, she thought uncomfortably and regretted reminding them. It was the captain who leaned over and filled her cup this time. His small blue eyes were bright and kind.

"Well, the Hedvig and me plan to part company soon," he

told her. "I've made my little fund since the war and I'm going to retire. Any ideas, Miss Peck, on a nice little investment for an old dog like me?"

She searched for some answer. "Puget Sound?" she ventured.

He raised a heavy eyebrow. "Doubt if I'm rich enough for living in the States," he told her, "though there's plenty in Seattle could talk Norwegian with me, that's sure. No"—he rubbed his chin—"what I been thinking on is a little farm not too far from Oslo—I mean near enough the city for a bit of a spree now and again—and then I'd raise minks."

Nils gave a clear whoop of delight and Frieda bent forward with laughter. There was sudden glee in the captain's face.

Frieda dabbed her eyes and turned to Abby. "Yesterday it was a pub in Bergen; today it's minks!"

The captain pretended to ignore the pair of them and consulted Abby gravely: "Now, Miss Peck probably knows all about minks. I hear American women like 'em very much."

"We do," admitted Abby. She felt pleasantly flushed. Happy pay-off from tiger's milk, she thought, and relaxed in the humor around her. "I did visit a mink farm once"—she remembered a trip with her father upstate—"but I'm afraid the mink seemed cross and mean, and they smelled quite awful."

"So much for the minks, Gunnar; better the fragrant ale!" Nils winked at her. "He'll lose his fortune regardless and be back in Singapore before a year's out."

She felt Nils' full gaze upon her, and though his raillery was for Captain Malm, the teasing grin was for her. She liked the grin, she discovered, and returned it.

Suddenly, as though by trick of light, the line of his jaw seemed hardened, the nostrils flared, and the long, grey eyes claimed hers with a confident, proprietary look. Trick of light, she thought—trick of tiger's milk, rather—but she felt oddly disconcerted and vexed with herself for having seemed to discern such a look on this stranger.

She turned carefully towards Frieda and evasively did not look up again, and she felt quite relieved when the chime rang for lunch.

She met Mr. Liu, tidy in whites, stepping forth from his cabin. Only then did she realise Mr. Liu had not joined

To page 42

Keep Fresher
Also your bath, use Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap. It leaves no fresh, fragrant and wonderfully cool.

Feel Smoother
In all your undressing, use Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It leaves your skin so soft and smooth.

Stay Drier
And remember, Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap is a real skin conditioner, the very spirit of personal cleanliness.

Cashmere Bouquet Tale

It's quite likely that you've never seen the beautiful Duchess of Exbury—ever in an advertisement for a make-up cream. Her absence from the face-cream ads, arises solely from the fact that Her Grace is far too modern to use any greasy face cream whatsoever.

Never has she informed society that she uses Mercolized Wax. But the truth is happily apparent to the many other lovely women, young as well as not-so, who do exactly the same thing.

Greasy skin foods are fantastically out of date. Mercolized Wax is non-greasy; vanishes as you smooth it on. It nourishes and cleanses. Overnight, after using Mercolized Wax, your skin becomes fresh and clear and glowing with life. Lines are smoothed out, wrinkles kept at bay.

Overnight this astonishing cream works hard to achieve this miracle—the miracle of a flawlessly lovely complexion. Price, 4/6.

Duchess who DOESN'T

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- This famous French lady has a splendid display, but at the end is hard as a Scotsman (9).
 - According to Oscar Wilde each man kills the thing he (8).
 - It's a domestic bird and not a musical instrument for your lower limb (7).
 - Oriental, mainly on the hind part of a ship (7).
 - Kipling called such a ship a lady (5).
 - Foliated rock the inside of which is his (6).
 - Flowering plant the back of which belongs to mother's little laboratory (6).
 - Most important person at election time (5).
 - Taskmaster who must have been once on the stage (7).
 - Turn on the she-card side to take in a fish (7).
 - Do this in a motor car or on the links (5).
 - A sad miner (Anagr. 9).

RIGHT ANSWERS

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HEINZ

BETTER VARIETY

RICHER FLAVOUR

True Value

GREATER ECONOMY

MORE NOURISHMENT

EXTRA QUALITY



HEINZ TOMATO SOUP

For tomato soup that's really worthy of the name, you simply can't match Heinz. It's richer—thicker—creamier—because it's cooked the careful home way, from Heinz' own sun-mellowed "Aristocrat" tomatoes. You couldn't make soup any finer . . . prove it today!

SOUPS

10 Family Favourites

You get a lot for your money when you serve Heinz true-value Soups:

BETTER VARIETY. HEINZ — and Heinz alone — offer you a range of ten delicious, satisfying Soups. Each Heinz true-value Soup is prepared from the best ingredients by experienced chefs to a time-tested, world-famous recipe. There's no doubt that every member of your family will enjoy all 10 varieties of Australia's largest Soup Range.

RICHER FLAVOUR. Prepared in gleaming Kitchens, with the utmost care, Heinz true-value Soups are simmered slowly in small batches. This specialised cooking retains the real deep-down richness and natural flavour of the garden-fresh vegetables, prime meats and selected spices that are combined so appetisingly in all ten of Heinz delicious Soups.

GREATER ECONOMY. Heinz Quality costs no more. Remember that! Next time you buy Soup look at Heinz' prices . . . then you'll realise their true value. And don't overlook the money-saving fact that ALL 10 of Heinz true-value Soups can be diluted with up to an equal amount of milk or water without spoiling their rich, natural flavour.

MORE NOURISHMENT. When you use only top-grade ingredients — as Heinz do — and cook them slowly and carefully — as Heinz do — one fact becomes very clear. Goodness is cooked into Heinz 10 Soups, not out of them. Heinz true-value Soups are body-building nourishment; they're real food, not a drink. You know it's good because it's Heinz.

EXTRA QUALITY. Heinz are fussy Soup makers. They never skimp, never substitute. Quality is never sacrificed. When you go into your grocer's tomorrow to stock up with all 10 of Heinz Soups, you can be sure of buying true quality, true flavour, true nourishment, TRUE VALUE! You can't buy better than HEINZ 10 true-value soups.

HEINZ OX-TAIL SOUP

HEINZ ASPARAGUS SOUP

HEINZ PEA SOUP WITH HAM

HEINZ SCOTCH BROTH

HEINZ ONION SOUP

HEINZ VEGETABLE SOUP

57

HEINZ MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

HEINZ CREAM OF CHICKEN

All 10 Heinz true value Soups are available in the large 16 ounce Family Size and the handy 10 ounce size. Keep plenty of both.

HEINZ CELERY SOUP



them for a drink, and wondered lightly if he'd been invited.

The evening was bland, the gull slate-grey, with the blue still alive in it. A partial moon, lemon pale and on the wax, had risen to port and more and more stars were coming through.

Abby stood again at the rail, looking down on the afterdeck. Earlier she had watched the deck passengers, comfortable in the breeze and on a smooth sea, have their evening meal, served buffet style from the long table set up on the hatch—big bowls of rice, bean and bamboo sprouts, chicken and shrimp in sauces, platters of fried fish, and fruit—and the food and faces shining under a string of bare electric bulbs.

The table was still up, cleared now, and a party was under way. A men's affair, she saw, for the women were either below or deep in shadow. Bottles had been brought out, and on the table, cross-legged, his head tied in a rakish blue bandana, sat the musician. He plucked the few wire strings on his bamboo guitar. The guitar's neck was long and thin; its sounding box was like a small, round half-melon.

They sang; their voices carried a minor whine, yet cheerful and broken with laughter. One man beat rhythm on the table edge with a pair of chopsticks.

The man in hyacinth was not there. She had searched for him at their eating time, too, and had not found him. Regardless of color of jacket, she was completely sure she would know him again, by his height, the shape of head and cut of hair, but he did not appear; nor did the little pregnant girl.

She found Inga beside her, smiling up.

"They're having quite a party, aren't they?" Abby asked.

Continuing . . . Appointment In Hongkong

from page 39

"That?" Inga glanced down on the singers without interest. "No, they're just getting drunk."

"I suppose," admitted Abby. "Do you understand what they're singing, Inga?"

"If it's Cantonese." She cocked an ear to the rise of voices. "They're just singing how every morning they want to buy a lot of wine and every night buy a pretty girl," she translated casually.

Abby felt a bit dismayed, but Inga had clearly dismissed the song without thought. She squirmed against the rail, eyeing Abby.

"Mamma said you'd tell me a story," she finally burst out, "like you did Valborg."

Abby agreed, but before she could speak Valborg had deftly and firmly inserted herself between them, giving Inga a small, effective shove.

"Will you take me up on the bridge, auntie?" Her back was squarely to her sister now. "Please?"

"Why, yes," Abby assented, "but are we allowed on the bridge?"

"Oh, yah; it's nice up there."

"Fine, then"—she turned—"all three of us."

"Inga has to study," said Valborg coldly.

Apparently there was truth in that, and hard truth from the fallen look that had come on Inga's face. She turned slowly and wandered away.

Abby and Valborg went up the ladder and the updraft was enough to ruffle their skirts and stir their hair. There was a small light in the tiny chart-room and a young officer nodded to them politely, eyeing Abby curiously. Valborg greeted him briefly, intent on tugging Abby forward towards the wheel. Then the child dropped Abby's hand and pointed.

"There's Uncle Nils," she announced.

It was. He stood in deeper shadow by the rail, his visored cap pushed back. She could see the white of his smile.

"Hello, you two." He beckoned, and Abby followed Valborg into the shadows.

FROM the bridge the small bow of the ship below them moved luminous upon the glass of the gulf. A warm and silent sea was strange to Abby and she looked out now on the beautiful alien water, empty of any craft, a dark jewel, polished from rim to rim, lambent with starlight and the path of this moon.

"This is your first trip to Hongkong," Nils said at length. It seemed a statement. "You will like it, I think," he added.

"Yes, I expect to. I'm told the harbor is beautiful, like San Francisco or Rio. Also, that I'd find an honest April there. Honest to me, that is," she amended.

Valborg had moved away and put her chin on the rail. Her small, fair head looked detached, like a doll come apart.

"You've made this trip many times?" Abby asked.

"Oh, yes. We spent our childhood in the Orient, my sister and I. In some ways," he said slowly, "I'm a Norwegian who's never had enough of his own country. I was always the visitor, home from China or on holiday from school in England, and then the war." He turned from the sea to her. "You were in London during the war."

"Only the last year or so." She felt surprise. "How did you know?"

"I inquired about you."

She paused, wondering. "Do you always check thoroughly on your passengers?" she mocked a little.

"No, this was a special instance." He fell silent as though no further explaining were needed. He scanned the sea calmly, and Abby, a little baffled, turned from him to find Valborg. The little head was no longer there.

"Why, where's Val?"

"Gone below," Nils told her easily. "Down to her mother like a good girl. I bribed her

with a Straits dollar to bring you up here to me."

"Oh!" said Abby blankly, then recovered. "That was gallant of Valborg," she remarked slowly, "since she plans to marry you when her front teeth grow in."

"Oh, the wedding's been postponed indefinitely," Nils explained soberly. "She prefers to go to America with you, now that you've described all the—ah—diversions there."

Abby laughed outright.

"You don't mind my bribing Valborg?"

She shook her head. "I'm much flattered." She paused.

"It also proves something."

"So?"

"Why a girl might follow you from Singapore to Bangkok."

"Dear Frieda," he murmured. "But I'm afraid Miss Quentin-Owen was coming to visit friends in any case, though I hate to disavow my charm." He lit a cigarette, and in the flare of his lighter she saw his face was much amused.

"All the same," he picked up the thread, "I owe Sheila Q. something. If she hadn't asked me to join their party at the Suan Aphorn gardens I might not have seen you."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF TODAY!

WHY NOT MOW THE LAWN?



NO, I DON'T FEEL LIKE WORK!

WELL THEN, WHY DON'T YOU REST?



I CAN'T, YOU HAVEN'T MADE THE BED YET!



BY RUD



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Fitting accompaniment to smoothly luxurious travel, **BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes are made from the finest of fine tobaccos with unhurried, untiring care for all those occasions when only the best will do.



BENSON & HEDGES LTD
BY APPOINTMENT
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Benson & Hedges Ltd. are proud to announce that their Super Virginia cigarettes are available on the world's most famous airways, including all routes served by the following—

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS - BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM - QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS - AIR CEYLON
EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES - AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS - AER LINGUS
CYPRUS AIRWAYS - BRITISH COMMONWEALTH PACIFIC AIRLINES - SABENA
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS - TRANS-AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES - AIR FRANCE
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS - TRANSPORTES AEREOS PORTUGUESES
MALAYAN AIRWAYS - CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS

When
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Continuing

Appointment In Hongkong

from page 42

leave, and then it occurred to her.

"Those orchids were yours?" "Yes," He smiled. "Did you like them?"

"I think they were the loveliest I've ever seen." She paused, more troubled than pleased. "Thank you," she added a little primly.

Why had he made such an extravagant gesture, she wondered, or were gifts of orchids a routine opening with his sort? His banter could be easily dismissed, but the remembrance of those carefully chosen flowers in her cabin touched her sense of obligation.

"Don't go just yet," he asked. "I'll be spending most of the night on the bridge. It's awful below." He stirred. "I turned over my own quarters to one of the deck passengers."

"How kind," Abby responded with warmth and thought of the wan and pregnant little Chinese girl.

"Kind?" he echoed with amused irony. "No, indeed. He was rich." He saw the shocked surprise on her face and warned, "Don't be deceived by the coolie clothes. There are wealthy merchants in that lot below. Most of the crew have sold their bunks for more money than they usually see at one time." His easy manner was gone and he spoke with an edge.

"These Chinese have to get home and this is the only berth they can get. Malm turns away hundreds at every sailing, and, no matter how we guard, there are always stowaways." He shrugged.

"She felt a bleak distaste, a kind of miserable shame. Yet she wanted to shrug, too, to keep sensibly indifferent. She had bought a ticket for a simple, happy little voyage and wanted it undisturbed, enjoyed, clean, and high above the hold."

"It seems an appalling trip," she commented finally, "though the men were having fun tonight."

"Yes, and the food is good. Malm insists on that—not that they'll be eating much when we hit rough weather." He shrugged again. "And the passage is not so appalling to them as it seems to you. Not if you know China."

She leaned against the rail, and the sea around her seemed less beautiful and more alien.

"Mr. Liu," she thought aloud, "has a cabin like mine."

"Yes, and for plenty," Nils returned callously. "Why does he tell me this, wondered Abby uneasily; why does he share these shabby facts with me so frankly? I'm an American, a stranger; I have not want no part of this."

"Gunnar never heard of Liu before," Nils put in thoughtfully, but Abby only half heard for through her qualms came a question.

"With passage so valuable, why was I given a cabin?" He grinned then, and there was mischief in it.

"Because Frieda and the girls would be aboard, anyway." He went on. "This has been a bad time for coastal shipping with all the Communist trouble in North China. This deck-passenger business has saved us, but it will be slackening off and we'll be back to what little bulk cargo there is." He paused and his tone lightened.

"You know, you rather surprised the company, Miss Peck, but it was felt we could afford

R.A.A.F. in Malta

AUSTRALIAN women living in Malta have discovered some astonishing differences between life in this country and that on the ancient island fortress in the Mediterranean.

They are the wives of members of 78 Fighter Wing, R.A.A.F., which has been stationed on Malta since July, 1952. The 280 airmen and their 77 wives and 55 children comprise a big self-contained Australian community.

The Air Force families live in square, flat-roofed houses and flats built of limestone. The women soon found that most of the flats contained only bare essentials.

However, there are numerous compensations to life in Malta. A.M., the popular weekly magazine, tells you all about it in an article by one of the airmen in the May 11 issue.

to take a pretty American for a change." He seemed to be laughing at her. "So you're aboard, Miss Abby, and this is my lucky trip."

"I see." She felt completely dashed. "Good night, Mr. Westerland," she said thinly. There was no answer. The music from the afterdeck came whining up the ladder well to meet her.

THE sudden, uneven pitching of the ship jerked Abby awake and she was at once aware of how cold she was. Her arms were as icy as the metal rail of the bunk, a funnel of chilling wind poured over her.

This is it, she thought with welcome; this is what you came for. She breathed deep as she reached for the blanket and curled up with contented shivers. The roll of the ship became rhythmic and she shut her eyes.

But sleep was slow and thoughts of Nils Westerland rushed up, breaking the surface

of somnolence like flying fish, all wings and fins of feelings that confused her. She tried only to know the gentle, creeping warmth of the blanket on her limbs and the cold smell of salt in her nostrils, but the thoughts of him stayed on, bothering, ambivalent thoughts.

She felt wary of him and his alternate way of soothing and shocking, and she lay in disgust. He was a strange package, she decided, and, since she couldn't translate his labels, best be warned by the sample she'd had, and put the package well aside.

So, if you think of a man, think of your own brand, one whose sugar doesn't have grit in it. The major she liked and understood. He was far handsomer than this odd Norwegian and he had no disconcerting quirks. She thought deliberately of Ike's open countenance and wished she could think of his true name. She rustled in the blanket in an effort to recall. David? Douglas?

But it was no use. The major slid away like a minnow while Nils was as hard to pry from her mind as a limpet from stone. Where was Nils now? Still on the bridge staring out on the changed waters, the dark swells of the South China Sea, still and sleepless, but his wallet thick from the sale of his quarters to a rich Chinese? Would Ike or Noel or any other man she'd known do so venal a thing?

Phrases swung across her mind as though with the roll of the ship. The captain's saying, "I've made my little fund since the war." And Frieda: "We lost everything. It will take a packet of money. I don't know what we smaller countries are going to do." And back to Nils: "Kind? He was rich. The crew have sold their bunks for more money than they usually see at one time."

She thought with fresh distress of nice, courteous Mr. Liu and his cozy cabin beside her own, and the hundreds of Chinese laid out on planking down in the hold who had doubtless paid more for their passage than she, and felt a fretful and hapless guilt, as though knowing the injustice made her an accomplice.

Her thought of Nils grew stern. Perhaps the wind was sharpening her wits and she asked: Why had Nils made inquiries about her, anyway? Why this build-up with orchids and flattery for a girl he'd merely glimpsed at a ball, watched at a swimming pool?

You've been very naive to let him bait you, interest, she thought tartly. He is a very dubious person and no nice girl from Amity Street is having part of such.

The decision bolstered her and she saw that grey was gradually thinning the dark of the cabin and was surprised to find it almost six. With reclaimed zest she left the blanket cocoon and splashed her face, and in flannel slacks and sweater she walked up and down the little deck. She staggered happily to keep her footing, felt the tapering length of her hair sweep out behind her like a regatta pennant.

The sea had spirit and a familiar North Atlantic look, grey as a gull with agate shine in the troughs and the foam lacy and clean. The air was filled with the fine wet rushing sound of it. So she strode up

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

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By GERARD BELL

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Page 43



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The bedcover illustrated—OVERTURE—is from our new Consort range. The curtains are made from an extra bedcover.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 12, 1954

DRESS SENSE

Wool jersey has become the pet of the fashion world. It is adaptable, drapes well, and is ideal for both formal and informal winter frocks.

THIS fabric news answers a query from one of my readers who has asked my advice about a winter frock.

Here is her letter:

"I AM wondering what would be the best material to buy for a short-sleeved frock I want to wear under my winter coat. I would be grateful if you could sketch me a style, for which I would need a paper pattern. I would also like a suggestion for the shade you think most suitable. I am in my early twenties and considered to have a nice figure."

My material suggestion for your dress is wool jersey. Not only is this material in fashion, but it is of an excellent texture and weight to wear under a

by

Betty Keep

winter coat. The design I have chosen is sketched at right. The empire-line silhouette is very flattering to most figure types. The color you choose for the dress depends on your own coloring and the color of your topcoat. These details you omitted to mention in your letter. However, tobacco-brown, honey-beige, poppy-red, and yellow with a dash of orange are all currently fashionable colors you might consider.

"I AM a bit worried about a frock I am making, as I did want it to have a fullish skirt and now every paper I pick up talks about pencil-skirt skirts. Will it be incorrect if I have a full skirt?"

No. Full skirts have a very popular appeal and, in spite of the slender-line skirt silhouette, the former never seems to die out entirely from the fashion scene. Furthermore, a wide-skirt silhouette is news in Paris and will be back again bigger than ever for spring.

"I AM having my first babe in five months, and, as I know very little about the style of clothes that are suitable, I would like your advice."

The two-piece fashion continues to be the most popular one for maternity. The very young mother-to-be sometimes favors a one-piece, a chemise, or a mock dress—which can be worn belted or unbelted. However, I consider a wardrobe based on separate units is the most economical because the units can be switched around.

Fan-pleats used as back insets and an all-round pleated skirt are both popular and dignifying. A sleeveless jacket to wear over a blouse is another practical maternity garment. A pretty neckline is important. Cowl and bateau necklines are both becoming. So is a flattering color.



DSB7.—Empire-line dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WOULD it be fashionable to have my new costume made in tweed, if it is not for the country? Also, if tweed is fashionable, could you give me some idea of a popular color? I want the costume right in fashion, because I will be wearing it well into the spring, as it is cold here late in the season."

Tweeds of all types are world fashion news. A navy and white tweed (with a fairly coarse weave) is being used in Paris for numbers of suits designed for town wear. I advise you to decide on this color for your suit and add a polka-dotted navy-and-white lining to the jacket. Do this and you will have advanced fashion news.

"PLEASE help me by giving me details for the type of suit that will be worn in spring. I always favor American styles. I would also like a suggestion for costume jewellery and an unusual hat style."

Rounded contours identify suits for 1954. Numbers of

jackets are finished with an open neckline framed with a collar and have sleeves blown-up at the shoulder and of below-elbow length. Released skirt fullness is popular. A straw topi-type hat, flower ear-rings, and wrist-length gloves are popular spring accessories in the U.S.A.

"WOULD you advise me about my wedding frock? I am having it made in lace, but want it embroidered. Would this be suitable on the lace? Also, I would be grateful for suggestions for veil and head-dress."

Yes, embroidered lace would be suitable. An all-lace dress would look very glamorous with iridescent sequins used to highlight the pattern in the lace. The sequins could be quite lightly scattered around the neckline and repeated at the hemline. A coronet of jewels, fake or real, or artificial flowers with a just-below-shoulder-length circular little veil is a pretty and popular bridal head-dress.

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● Balenciaga's black suit (above) shows slight waist emphasis. The shawl collar is white ermine (it could be copied in fur fabric). The white feather toque has a jaunty back leather trim.

● In Paris the short-skirted evening frock moves blithely through the evening scene. Narrowly or widely skirted, it has terrific chic. Seated at the table above are three graceful examples of this theme. The frocks have necklines designed to emphasise the beauty of the wearer and give scope to the contrast of sparkling jewels, the allure of a fan, or a muff pinned with roses.

Paris Notes.

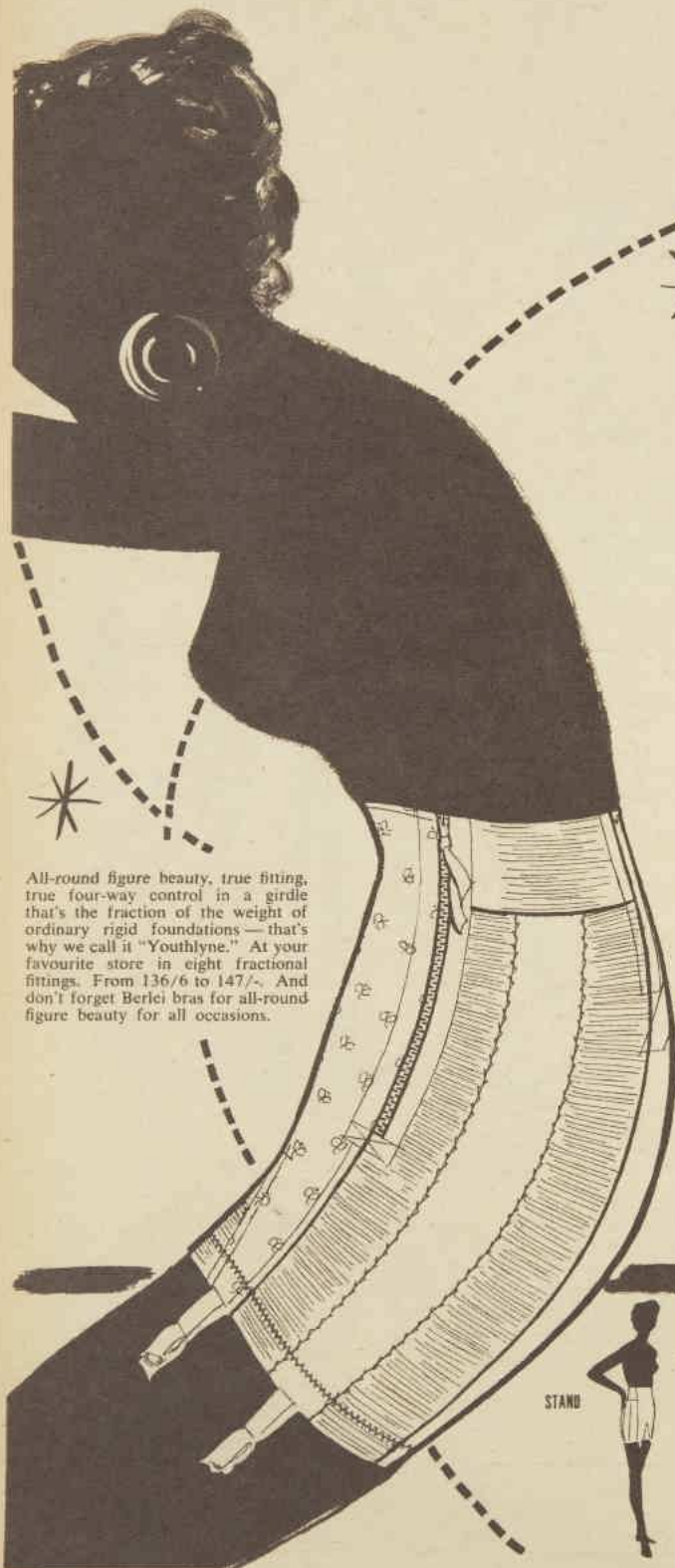
● Jean Dessès attaches, for gala occasions, a swathe of crimson silk taffeta to his black dinner-frock (left). The taffeta is tied in an enormous bow.

● Balenciaga's white dinner-frock (right) has a low-cut bodice top finished with tailored shoulder-straps. The skirt fullness is drawn to the back.

● Balenciaga shows the same silhouette (above) as in his white frock (left), but adds a shoulder-cape, tiny hat and rose at the neckline. Gres' slim black sheath frock (right) has a swathed bodice front and full skirt of lilac taffeta. The skirt is looped under at the hemline.

Dorothy Johnston

New... a flexible girdle for the figure which needs positive control...



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"YOUTHLYNE" BY Berlei

Continuing . . . Appointment In Hongkong

and down, exorcising the Norwegian with the devil's wedge of hair on his brow.

It is only six or seven days to Hongkong, she said. You have your report to write, your books to read, and with any care at all Nils Westerlund can be avoided. Feeling fresh and firm she returned to her cabin and pulled out her folder of notes, put on her big rimmed spectacles.

She was hungry by the time the boy knocked with tea and fruit and she lifted her typewriter from table to bunk to make room for the tray. She greeted the boy and then paused in surprise and dismay. There was a large, open cut on his flat cheekbone, browned over with iodine, and the swelling had closed his eye.

"Goodness! What happened to you?"

"I fell down, miss." Possible in this sea, thought Abby, but not likely in an experienced cabin boy. She looked again at the painful cut and reached towards her handbag box. The boy demurred with a little bow.

"Captain fix O.K.," he told her, and backed out.

He'd been hit, of course. Some fracas in the galley and no concern of hers since the captain had cared for him, yet the sight troubled her. With small appetite now she slowly peeled her jamuns, poured her tea.

She made it a busy day. The report shaped well. She lunched with the children and later, while their mother napped, she entertained them in the lounge and taught them a song.

Their voices were sweet and true, especially Inga's, and they quickly and earnestly learned to sing in close harmony. "I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande," and when they performed for the captain and Frieda at tea, the adults laughed until their eyes were wet.

She declined coffee and liquor in the lounge after dinner, and when Valborg brought her a note from Nils, asking her to join him for a drink, she scribbled regrets across the

bottom of the note with righteous firmness and returned it.

Because it seemed early for bed, she sought the deck-chair outside her door. The waves had steadied now and the roll of the Hedvig was small and even. She watched the horned moon alternately show and shelter itself among the patches of high-blowing cloud and reluctantly admitted she felt a bit bored.

She had fully expected to spend this voyage alone, in restful containment, she quoted herself, but when the lounge door swung open and a burst of song reached down the deck to her, she knew she was rather sorry she had not joined the others, and Nils.

It was Frieda and Nils who had come on deck—the starboard side—for she could hear their voices paired in strong fragments of song, and, though she could not understand the words, the beat of it came through with such zest and vitality she felt it must be a Norwegian drinking song.

She felt a sudden odd envy of them, that their splendid voices should blend so well, that they should be standing so companionably together, should sing so joyously to themselves and the sea.

You were invited to join them. This lonely chair is of your own wilful choosing. They are warm, kind, and charming



"The boys asked me to request some whole-wheat for a change."

from page 43

people, and Nils Westerlund admittedly a most unusual man, but instead of calling this rare luck and welcoming it, you're hiding out in childish distrust.

She heard their song break with laughter, a pause, and Frieda's voice in possible good-night. She heard the children's voices calling and some amusing rejoinder from Nils, for there was more laughter, underlaid with heavy rumbles from Captain Malm. All off-stage sounds, and she strained to hear them, wishing she were sharing them.

She sat alone in quiet, when suddenly, quite near, she heard the lift of Nils' voice. He must be just around the bulkhead out of sight, thought Abby. He was singing, and in English this time, the Schubert "Serenade." Does he know I am here? she wondered. Is this for me?

Yet she couldn't be sure, for he sang as a man might sing to himself, now full, now low, or simply humming a phrase where words were forgotten, and somehow this casual singing carried more poignancy than the song had ever carried for her before.

She felt a wish to go to him, and the frank strength of the wish surprised her, made her suddenly shy. Besides, if this serenade were not for her, he must not know she wished it were.

Yet, could it matter less? A man sang well, whether to you or himself, to the stars or the sea. Since you wished to go to the singer, why not rise and do so simply? But, somehow, simplicity wasn't in her now; it had got out of hand, gone oddly complicated; so she sat still, constricted with thyness.

She was also perplexed that the evening's eddies of feeling should have so undermined her strong morning resolve.

She heard him leave, a few light steps into quiet, but the tenderness of the song was left around her, somehow tangible

as a mantle of thin lace, and she found the embrace of it much to her liking.

In admitting this, she smiled, unexpectedly remembering a comment Noel had once made. He had not meant it as a barb, yet it had imbedded itself and rankled. She made a little moue at that remembrance now. Sids in your eye, Noel; perhaps I'm not such a "starved pinafore" after all.

Another day came and was going. The little girls marched round and round the twilight deck, their heads done up in kerchiefs and wearing grey, hand-knit skirts and sweaters. Every time they passed Abby they pretended sternly not to see her, then collapsed in giggles at the corner of the bulkhead. At last Frieda called them to bed.

It was pleasantly cold, and Abby, wrapped in her coat, tucked the rug well around her lap.

The light was almost gone and the sea was the color of elephant hide, a coarse grey and crosshatched.

On the horizon she could see several fishing junks, the big, wallowing kind, and their three-ribbed sails stood up like enormous fins.

Those junks are many days from shore, she thought. The men are wet and cold and seasted for days on end. Even so was your own great-grandfather, she remembered, on his whaler. Gone for a year or more at a time in a sailing ship not a great deal bigger than one of those junks, to return at last to Sag Harbor with the oil vats filled.

She grinned, for the money made by that pious, shrewd, and bawling old captain had set up the family for three generations. The salt-water farm was gone, but the houses remained, and some canny investments. She watched the junks rise and fall against the darkening horizon with respect and a kind of affection.

It was Mr. Liu, oddly bundled into shiny gun-metal oilskins, who now came to the rail and leaned against it. He



"George! Remember your saying this morning that our new car was so simple a child could drive it? . . . Well—!"

seemed to cling there, his head lax and bobbing, and she realised with sympathy how ill he must be. She knew there was nothing she could do for him but leave him alone in his wretchedness.

She thought how miserable were those who were seaskid down in the hold. It must be dreadful down there.

Finally Mr. Liu turned and, seeing her, managed a little bow; then, looking beyond her, he seemed to stiffen and, gathering his flapping raincoat about him, lurched hurriedly towards his cabin.

It was Nils he had seen, for he appeared now, bareheaded, bulky in his greatcoat. He stood towering above her, the lower part of his face shadowed by the wide, upturned collar, only brow and hair touched with light.

Abby greeted him, but he said nothing. Then he put back one arm and lifted a deck-chair with such a twing that she was abruptly reminded of the wrenched and shattered chair of an earlier morning, yet he set it down beside her own almost soundlessly. He lit a cigarette and sat back.

She turned to him, but he did not look at her, and his

face seemed drawn and tired, a little sulky, so she kept the silence.

"I have been dreaming of home," he said at length. "Home is an island." He paused a long time. "Home is an island for you, too, but Long Island is much too large to be called one." So he knows about Sag Harbor, she thought, and why not, for that is the easiest thing to know. "On mine, wherever you walk, you still know there is sea."

Abby stayed silent, but listening. The home love in his voice reached her, for she could understand this well.

"The house needs much repair," he told her. "The shipping firm can certainly use a bit, so I must make my packet fast." Again the packet of money, she thought uncomfortably, his explanation of why he was exacted a price from the rich Chinese. Then Nils added slowly, "And there's the child to think of."

She was aware of a small turn—twist of surprise. Yet Nils Westerlund was perhaps thirty, certainly old enough to be a father.

"My sister's child," he ex-

To page 50

Don't let a **COUGH** make your child a "shut-in"

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Note the folds and crevices in this enlarged drawing of the throat membrane . . . perfect hiding places for cough and cold germs! Ordinary liquids can't get down into these tiny openings. They merely flow over the surface of the throat.



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2. IN THE CHEST . . . works deep, to relieve congestion and break up bronchial coughs.



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Continuing Appointment In Hongkong

from page 49

plained quietly, "the one that was left."

Abby hesitated, remembering his earlier reaction to her reminder of the Nazi occupation. "He was orphaned?" "She," he corrected gently. "My little niece Hanne. You must help me buy her something splendid in Hongkong." The affection in his voice was deep.

"I must buy a gift for Valborg, too." She fell in with his pleasant plan. "Something special for all three. Perhaps I should wait and send them from New York."

"Six-shooters," he suggested. She turned and made a small face at him, and he smiled at her from the shelter of his upturned collar, a slow smile, engaging and somehow provoking as though he carried a secret, impudent surprise in his pocket. Abby at once felt wary, and he recognised this and his smile became laughter.

"All right," she said with a sigh, though there had been nothing tangible whatever to answer. "I heard your song last night."

"Yes," he returned, "you were meant to."

She knew he was still laughing at her. So what if he does find you amusing, she decided, so easy to tease? You are helpless against it, anyway, and feeling helpless is not so unpleasant. At least it is new.

"I liked your song very much."

"Good," was all he said. "Was I meant to?" she echoed demurely.

He grinned. "That, too." He looked at her thoughtfully. "You'll be leaving Bangkok in August."

She felt no surprise now that he should know her plans; only speculation on which girl in the American legation he had chosen to learn from. Any one of them she thought dryly. It would have been easy, and perhaps he carried an orchid.

"August," repeated Nils. "That will give me time."

She waited and then heard herself ask, as she was meant to, "Time for what?"

"To court you properly and marry you in church."

The enormity of what he said reached her like a slow fuse, then started like a fire-cracker. She felt shocked and stung and painfully routed.

"Please!" she cried, belittled by this joke she didn't know how to take. She sat bolt up, right in her chair. "Don't you talk to me like that!" she protested furiously.

"But that's how it is, Abby," he said easily, almost contentedly. "That's what I want, so I mean to make it come true." He stretched in his chair and nodded in a drowsy, matter-of-fact tone, "You are my love. You are the one."

The cadence of his words swung out to her, but Abby sat

tense and stiff, vexed that she could not meet this with the light riposte it deserved, vexed she had betrayed herself like a child, crying protests. Nils Westerlund knew it and was delighted, and she loathed him. She turned to give him a withering good-night and found his face resting against her chair, quiet, and she leaped up as though burned by the intimacy of his face lying so near her own. His devil's wedge was pale as the moon and he was sound asleep.

She looked down upon him in utter fury. She clenched her hand because, no matter what, one could not slap a sleeping man.

Abby thought someone was calling to her. Not by name, just a plea out of darkness. She woke with suddenness, confused. She felt the dullness of headache shot with a strong sense that something was wrong, that she was needed, and she sat up, listening.

She knew where she was now and there was nothing to hear.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 500 to 1000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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only the steady urge of the ship that was more communication to bone than sound.

The cabin was airless and she realised with surprise that her porthole that gave on the deck must be closed. Puzzling, she rose and pulled at it, then, impatient, threw open the door and the wet night air was like a drench. The sea was choppy and white crests boiled over with shine.

Whose cry had she heard? She wondered back on the panic of her waking. Perhaps one of the little girls had cried out sharply in a dream; perhaps Mr. Liu, weak with seasickness, had moaned. Yet she did not think so. She felt somehow it had come from below. Perhaps a deck passenger in one of the crew's quarters beneath her. She stood, still feeling uneasy.

The moon was down, so it was late. She stayed at the door and now, the first urgency of her waking gone, she knew her head ached and she was swept with cold. Her coat was at hand and her feet found slippers in the dark and she went to the wet rail, turning her face to the wind, the

fringes of her hair streaming damp.

Why should you wake in the night, she asked herself, who never do? Why should you think you heard a cry as sure as the cry meant fear? You stand uneasy, as though in strange waters you hear the warning bells of buoys and know you should close-haul and tuck and make for some harbor. Is Nils Westerlund disturbing you as deeply as this she wondered. A male Looer combing his moonlit forehead drawing you into disaster?

The image was so absurd she felt relieved and let the vague portraits dissolve in amusement. Don't endow the fellow with evil because you had a bad dream. That he disturbed her, she still admitted, but only in an exasperating way.

You are my love. You are the one. They were two beautiful sentences, like his pair of orchids, to be accepted as such. "Court you properly and marry you in church" indeed. That was silly, not frightening. Weather it out, Abby, and soon on dry land you can run for a return of self-assurance and release against the rail, leaning on the wind.

She did not hear him come yet knew it was his arm about her before she turned. "Abby"—Nils' eyes were lost slits beneath the visor of his cap and the big collar of his coat was folded upward around his head like a strange calyx. "Abby, why are you here?" It was a demand.

She did not answer, for he tugged his collar apart and she stood startled by his distorted face. "Are you ill?"

He took her face roughly with both hands and examined it, then pulled her abruptly towards him, and his mouth was warm upon hers, hard and brutal. He loosed her and stared down grimly at her pale shocked face, and then in a kind of excess of feeling rather her against his chest and rocked her back and forth.

The metal button of his coat hurt her cheek, and that small panic seemed to jerk her wrist to the surface. What happens now? she wondered sharply aware of her complete physical helplessness. Yet she leaned against him, pliant, admitting aftermath of response to the kiss.

Slowly resistance gathered in her, but she remained passive, measuring the force of him. Don't struggle, she found she was warning herself, be cautious, bear with this, for she could feel he was racked with tension and she suddenly knew it was no simple tension of love making nor want of it, but something wild and queer and frightening that she did not recognise. So she made no move, let herself be held stiffly and crushed in that rocking embrace for what seemed endless moments until finally his arms slackened and the tension went out like a wave rushing back down the shingle.

She was free to lift her face now and looked up carefully. "Nils"—in spite of herself, she was stopped by the spontaneity of his face—"what is the matter?"

He shook his head and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes, a troubled gesture she was to remember.

"I woke because I heard a cry," she said. "Was it you? Are you hurt?"

He seemed not to hear her. "Stay with me," was his only answer. "I must be on watch." He strode away to the foot of the ladder and waited.

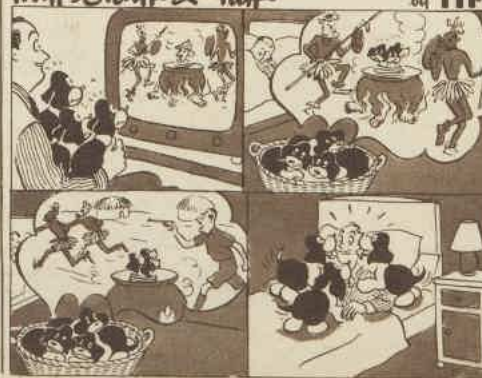
To be concluded

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff & Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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Continuing . . . Martha

from page 5

black pigtails. Jennie shot up, rubbing her sleepy, reddened eyes.

First she saw Martha kneading the bedclothes with her ecstatic paws. Then her eyes rested on Sally for a long, puzzled moment. Finally a look of ineffable delight came over her tear-stained face.

"Daddy! You did it!" she breathed.

"You approve?" asked her father.

She nodded emphatically and tumbled back on her pillows and was asleep.

Alan Sutherland took Sally out.

"Well?" he said quizzically. "Was that almost worth losing your job for?"

"You must have thought me a fiend," Sally burst out miserably.

"On the contrary. You hadn't seen Jennie. Now I'll take you home."

Like Jennie, Sally was too tired to reflect any more on the events of the evening. In spite of her hard, chilly bed, of which she was likely to think with longing before many days were past, she fell asleep at once.

In the morning, prepared for Margot's and Sydney's wrath but strangely blithe about it, Sally found that two things had happened. The first was that Margot had quarrelled finally with Sydney and had walked out. She had caught the early train, said Sydney, who was almost in angry tears, and Sally would have to stand in for the performance that evening.

The second thing was the note from Alan Sutherland.

"I promise to deliver at the theatre before midday a nice, plump, amenable, theatre-conscious cat, and I hope this will keep you out of trouble. Will you have lunch with Jennie and me today?"

Sally scarcely heard Sydney's nervously irritable voice. "We'll have to rehearse all day. Thank heavens there's no matinee. You'd better send out for sandwiches. There'll be no time for lunch."

"No time for lunch!" Sally repeated in dismay.

That brought Sydney's wrath directly on to her.

"My dear girl, here you are with a chance in a thousand, and you only think of your stomach! Your stomach! Dear heaven! And where's that blessed cat?"

So there she was, realising a dream at last and finding it peculiarly earth-bound.

Sydney was too upset about Margot to worry about Martha's disappearance. When Sally confessed he merely ran his fingers distractedly through his hair and said, "Well, it's up to you to find another cat. Now let's get cracking. The house is sold out for tonight. We have to give some sort of a performance."

In a five-minute interval Sally contrived to telephone Doctor Sutherland's house. She explained what had happened, and the woman, presumably the housekeeper, who answered the telephone said, "Oh, dear, Jennie will be disappointed. So will the doctor."

Ridiculously pleased, Sally said, "But Jennie would scarcely remember me."

"Wouldn't she, then? She's done nothing all morning but talk of you. Perhaps tomorrow then, Miss Drew."

"I'm afraid not," said Sally sadly. "We close tonight and we all leave on the early train in the morning. I'm so sorry."

"Dear, dear! So are we."

It was on the tip of Sally's tongue to ask an outrageous

question, "When is the doctor's wife coming back?" But she could not. After all, what concern was it of hers? Tomorrow she would be miles away, and the stiff-pigtailed child, the man with his ruffled brown hair, and the serene, smiling Martha would belong to the past.

Absorbed with these thoughts, Sally went through the motions of the part absently, and during the day Sydney alternately cursed and beseeched. At last he gave up in despair.

"Miss Drew, a good actress' heart is in her work. That's elementary. Maybe you just haven't got a heart. But forget it. Break it up. Spend the next hour saying your prayers. And by the way, has someone found a cat yet?"

Sally wearily shook her head. She felt she couldn't care less. Here was her chance and she was making a mess of it because, as Sydney truly said, her heart was not in her work.

She went into Margot's dressing-room, which was now her dressing-room, and there was Martha sitting on the dressing-table patting a lipstick with a mild, incurious paw.

She had a note round her neck.

"By the special request of her owner, Martha is to have one more stage appearance. Jennie and I will be in the front row tonight."

Alan S.

Sally picked Martha up in her arms and hugged her joyfully. Martha responded with her ecstatic soprano purr.

"Now I'll be able to act," Sally declared confidently.

Five minutes later the door opened and Margot walked in.

She was smiling, she was penitent, and she was very, very pretty.

"Sally, what a beast I am not giving you your chance. But Sydney was so pleased to see me he almost burst into tears, poor darling. I gather you've had quite a day."

"Quite a day," Sally echoed dryly.

Margot tossed off her hat and kicked off her shoes.

"So have I. This morning I really meant not to come back. Sydney was so utterly infuriating. But somehow I got to thinking life would be pretty dull without someone to fight with. Anyway, here I am. And Sydney did say you were a bundle of nerves all day. So you don't mind too much, do you, darling?"

"I don't mind," said Sally. Perhaps she didn't. Perhaps there was more truth in her words than she could at that moment realise. She watched Margot pick up Martha and heard her saying, "Well, thank goodness you're still with us, old girl," and she wondered what Jennie and her father were going to think that night when after all it was Margot who carried their treasured pet on to the stage.

Even that failed to matter, for Jennie and Alan were not in the front row. There were two seats eloquently empty. Sally wanted to laugh. It seemed as if nothing at all mattered.

After the second act there was a telephone message for her. Doctor Sutherland had been called into the country on an urgent case and wouldn't be back until after midnight. Would she leave Martha at the theatre and he would see she was picked up in the morning.

"Is that all?" Sally asked,

To page 57

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GET FAST RELIEF WITH

BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS

AS09

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British comedy with an Eastern accent



NAVY RADAR OFFICER Sylvester Green (Donald Sinden), centre, the supposed inventor of a secret weapon of war, is kidnapped and held prisoner in a land of crazy intrigue with Oriental beauties as his gofers in the Pinewood comedy "You Know What Sailors Are." Comedienne Dora Bryan is on the left.



TROUBLE-SHOOTERS to the rescue (above). Betty, a W.R.N.S. officer (Sarah Lawson), who is in love with Sylvester, and naval officer Smart (Australian Bill Kerr) try to find a way into the Agrarian palace.

RIGHT. Serious view of forbidding rockets lining the frontier of a neighboring State is taken by Professor Pfumbaum (Martin Miller) and the harassed Agrarian president (Akin Tamiroff).



★ A practical joke that is mistaken for a secret weapon of war has the Royal Navy in an uproar in the technicolor comedy "You Know What Sailors Are." The ruler of a mythical foreign State, who needs the weapon for protection against enemies, kidnaps the prankster (played by Donald Sinden in his first comedy role), and keeps him under close arrest in the palace until peace is restored in the last reel.

②

LAVISH BANQUET given by the president of the mythical country of Agoria (Akim Tamiroff), his English wife, Gladys (Dora Bryan), and three beautiful daughters honors their English prisoners, Donald Sinden and Bill Kerr. The men are overwhelmed by the attentions of lady gofers.



EASTERN DANCING GIRLS perform for guests. In order to sneak into the palace where her unfortunate boy-friend, Sylvester (Donald Sinden), is held prisoner, Betty (Sarah Lawson) dons a costume and joins the dance.



IN SEARCH of his missing friend, Navy type Smart (Bill Kerr), in the guise of a tailor, makes his way through the palace after dodging force guards. He is distracted at every turn by glamorous palace dwellers and almost forgets about rescuing luckless Sylvester.

Which Twin has the Toni

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1. **FAITHFUL** Bolter (Victor McLaglen) tells exiled King Aguar (Donald Crisp), right, and Prince Valiant (Robert Wagner) that usurper Sligon is seeking to destroy them. Val is sent to King Arthur for help.



2. **RECOUNTING** his adventures to King Arthur (Brian Aherne), Val tells of a plot by the Black Knight to overthrow Arthur. Val is made Sir Gawain's squire.

COMIC STRIP ADVENTURE



★ Based on a famous American comic strip by Hal Foster, Fox's technicolor CinemaScope adventure "Prince Valiant" is set in the days of King Arthur and his knights.

Young Robert Wagner takes the title role and Janet Leigh plays Princess Aleta. Included in the huge cast of 1700 players are James Mason, Sterling Hayden, Debra Paget, Donald Crisp, Victor McLaglen, and Barry Jones.

The story was filmed in Hollywood and in England, Scotland, and Wales, where five famous castles were used as background settings.



4. **RECOVERED** from his wounds through the care of Princess Aleta (Janet Leigh), Val soon falls in love with her.



5. **TOURNEY** for Aleta's hand is won by Sir Gawain (Sterling Hayden) after Val is defeated by Sir Brack.



3. **HUNTING** one day with Sir Brack (James Mason), King Arthur's half brother, Val is set upon and badly wounded by attacking bowmen a few moments after Sir Brack leaves him.



6. **CAPTURED** by Sligon's men when summoned by his father, Val is taken to Scandia, where his parents are already held captive. The raiders also kidnap Aleta and carry her off.

7. **ATTACK** on castle led by Bolter frees Val. Val kills Sligon and frees King Aguar, the Queen, and Aleta. Val and Aleta return together to Camelot.

8. **DENOUNCING** Sir Brack as the Black Knight, Val kills him. Knighted, Sir Valiant claims Aleta as his bride.

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Plan practical ways and means on May 11, watch out for snags on May 13, when you might be tempted into extravagance. May 16 is likely to bring pleasant outings.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If you're after the f.a.d., May 12 smiles on business affairs, but if it's love you're seeking, May 14 is kind to lovers, both young and no longer quite so young.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Few natives of Gemini are willing to be sat upon, especially on May 13, when tempers reach boiling point. A fascinating new project may enliven May 16.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Clubs could be important on May 11 and 12, when clever, novel Cancer ideas may win

★ *As I read the stars* ★
By EVE HILLIARD ★

the day. Avoid rash promises of time and energy on May 17.

LEO (July 23-August 22): You might take a step up the career ladder on May 11, with increased pay or better working conditions. Listen, and say as little as possible on May 13.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Gain information, examine critically any scheme which is presented to you on May 12. You may find supporters among friends on May 16.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): There is danger of breaking or mislaying an article

you value on May 11. Benefits (May 14) are likely through women friends.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Don't "have it out" with your best beloved on May 13 or a real breach may develop. Wait until May 15; there is a reasonable explanation.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You may advertise your ability or your needs on May 12 through letters, phone calls, interviews, but don't expect immediate results. The morning of May 15 is excellent.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Your luck is still in this week, for May 11 pushes your business interests, while May 16 goes social. If eligible, a romantic interlude.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Keep your affairs to yourself, acting upon your own judgment on May 14. On May 17 another's loss is likely to be your gain, but don't crow about it.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Since you're determined to carry out your ideas on May 15, you may enjoy the process but face criticism. May 17 for a fresh start.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 12, 1954

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Brasso keeps all brass
and copper shining
like the sun.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ It Should Happen to You

"It Should Happen to You" is another slick comedy from the trio which made "Born Yesterday" and "The Marrying Kind"—comedianne Judy Holliday, playwright Garson Kanin, and Columbia Pictures.

Judy, in a role which is a replica of the previous two, is a joy to watch as a not-so-dumb-blonde with more than a touch of megalomania.

The story itself is a satire on the advertising and real estate business. Television also comes in for a bit of barbed comment.

Determined to make a name for herself, unemployed New York model Gladys Glover (Judy Holliday) spends her bankroll on renting an enormous hoarding in Columbus Circle, on which she emblazons her name in letters 14 feet high.

Through this bit of enterprise Gladys becomes a famous model, constantly acquiring

more hoardings, more contracts, and more problems.

How to get Gladys off the celebrity razzle-dazzle and into the right fellow's arms is Mr. Kanin's problem.

His method is perhaps the least adroit part of the picture. Revolving around Judy romantically are Peter Lawford's smooth advertising tycoon and newcomer Jack Lemmon, a promising young man with a likeable personality.

Michael O'Shea does a really winning take-off of a high-pressure press agent.

In Sydney—State.

A VERY chastened Dennis

Price is back on the set at Elstree after being found in a gas-filled kitchen. "I wish I could tear that day out of my life," he said. Price, who never really recovered his star status since the film slump, had hundreds of encouraging letters from other stars and from admirers. Now he plans a comeback in good, robust costume films or solid acting roles. His first offer has just come in. It is for a leading part in "That Lady" with Olivia de Havilland.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring David Niven, William Holden, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Captain's Paradise," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Yvonne de Carlo, Celia Johnson. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "All the Brothers Were Valiant," technicolor period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ann Blyth, Stewart Granger. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "The Juggler," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale. Plus ★ "All Ashore," technicolor musical comedy, starring Mickey Rooney, Peggy Ryan, Dick Haymes.

LYRIC.—★★ "Easy to Love," technicolor musical, starring Esther Williams, Van Johnson. Plus ★★ "Act of Violence," drama, starring Van Heflin, Robert Ryan. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—★ "The Master of Ballantrae," technicolor period adventure, starring Errol Flynn, Beatrice Campbell, Anthony Steel. Plus "C-Man," drama, starring Dean Jagger, Lottie Elwen, John Carradine.

PLAZA.—★★ "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Terry Moore, Robert Wagner, Gilbert Roland. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Red Garters," technicolor musical Western, starring Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Jack Carson. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "King of the Khyber Rifles," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Tyrone Power, Michael Rennie, Terry Moore. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "An Artist with the Ladies," French-language comedy, starring Fernandel, Renee Devillers. Plus "All Hallow'en," ballet fantasy, starring Sally Gilmour.

STATE.—★★ "It Should Happen to You," comedy, starring Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon, Peter Lawford. (See review this page.) Plus "Sky Command," war drama, starring Dan Duryea, Frances Gifford.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Knights of the Round Table," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Three Forbidden Stories," Italian-language drama, starring Eleonora Rossi, Gino Cervi. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★★ "The Big Heat," drama, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame. Plus ★ "Ambush at Tomahawk Gap," technicolor Western, starring John Derek, John Hodiak.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Saskatchewan," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters. Plus "The Glass Web," drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Kathleen Hughes, John Forsythe.

PALACE.—★ "Laughing Anne," technicolor period drama, starring Margaret Lockwood, Wendell Corey, Forrest Tucker. Plus "Man Crazy," drama, starring Neville Brand, Christine White.

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Continuing . . . Martha

with a sense of devastating
anti-climax.

The girl who had answered
the telephone looked at her
inquiringly. She had thought
the message was plain enough.

"All right. Thank you,"
said Sally, and, suddenly revert-
ing to Margot's vehement
speech, she said feelingly,
"Thank heaven this awful tour
is over."

It was not an urgent case
but something to do with his
wife, Sally guessed, wonder-
ing why she should feel so de-
pressed because Alan Suther-
land had not sat in the front
row that night. Perhaps his
wife had come home unexpect-
edly. Perhaps Jennie had told
her of the nocturnal visit.

Anyway, Sally told herself,
thumping her pillow angrily, it
was not a thing over which to
lose sleep. She was exactly
where she had been twenty-
four hours earlier. She had
nearly had to stand-in for
Margot and she had nearly
fallen in love. But neither had
actually happened. So there
was nothing to be gained by
fretting.

For all her sensible injunc-
tions, Sally did not sleep. At
six o'clock she was still awake
and worrying about Martha,
who must have spent a lonely
night in the hated travelling
box. Gentle little Martha, who
was no understudy, even for an
unreliable ginger tom. Lucky
Martha, who would follow her
destiny and have her babies
as if her stage career had never
existed.

"I wish I were Martha,"
Sally said to herself, and sud-
denly she knew she couldn't
leave until she had seen that
Martha, shut up in the theatre,
was fed and happy. That was
the least she could do for the
gentle, obliging little animal.

She had an hour before the
train left, just time to slip down
to the theatre and then return
for her bags and to settle her
account.

It was growing light, and
now nobody could take her
unawares as she went down the
alleyway and through the
stage door. She felt curiously
lonely. It could have been fun
knowing Alan Sutherland and
Jennie. Some day she would
stay in one place long enough
to make permanent friendships,
perhaps even to fall in love.

That day seemed a long way
off. Dejectedly Sally opened
the door of Margot's dressing-
room and switched on the light.

Then she gave an exclamation.

Martha, hearing her had
made a sound between a cry
and a purr, a pleased and yet
distressed sound, for obviously
Martha hadn't much cared
about having her kittens in the
travelling box. She would
have preferred, her eyes told
Sally, to have chosen her own
nest.

However, there it was. She
had four coal-black replicas of
herself, and as Sally opened the
box and bent over them in
delight, Martha's last mis-
givings disappeared and she be-
gan to purr in her loud, rap-
turous soprano.

"Well, that settles it," said
Sally excitedly. "I don't leave
here until I've taken you home."

Martha kneaded her paws,
and looked up at Sally with her
blissful smile.

"Even if I miss my train,"
Sally added emphatically.
"You're my responsibility,
Martha Sutherland, and home
you go to your mistress!"

The travelling box was too
heavy to carry, but Margot's
gay raffia shopping bag hang-
ing in the wardrobe served the
purpose very well. Sally trans-
ferred the whole family into it,
and set off eagerly, her
jaded spirits forgotten.

Jennie would be so excited.

[from page 51]

It was a lovely, satisfying end
to the play, to the tour. Sup-
posing Doctor Alan Suther-
land's wife opened the door.
Well, she could easily explain
why she had come.

It was Jennie who opened
the door. Although it was only
half past six she was dressed
in a coat and beret, her pig-
tails tied neatly with blue rib-
bons.

"Oh, Miss Drew!" she cried
with pleasure. "But daddy and
I—"

"Look what I've brought
you," Sally interrupted breath-
lessly. She opened the shop-
ping bag and showed Jennie
Martha's neat head and the
four other miniature heads.

Jennie squealed. "Kittens!
Oh!"

The deep voice of her father
sounded. "What has Miss
Drew brought us? Oh, dear
me! Poor little Martha."

Sally said, "Lucky Martha.
Look how happy she is. I had
to bring her. I couldn't leave
her in that horrible box an-
other minute. Wouldn't you
like to show them to your
mother, Jennie? I'm sure she'd
love to see them. Now I must
fly to catch my train."

Something in the silence of
the two held her. She looked
from Jennie to her father, who
also, she noticed, had on an
overcoat.

"Goodbye," she said uncer-
tainly.

"But, Miss Drew!" That was
Jennie in perplexity. "I can't
show them to my mother be-
cause she went to heaven when
I was a baby."

"Oh! I didn't know. I'm
sorry!"

"I should have told you,"
said Alan Sutherland in his
deep, pleasant voice. "But one
gets a little tired, perhaps, of
sympathy."

"I—I understand."

"Do you?" His blue and
very keen eyes searched hers.
What he saw must have
pleased him for he began to
smile.

Jennie and I were so dis-
appointed we had to miss the
play last night, so we planned
to see you off on your train
this morning."

"To—to see me off!" Sally
was stuttering again.

"Well, it was Jennie's idea.
Ever since I brought you in
the other night she's been at
me. You see, I promised a long
time ago to bring home and
show her the first girl I liked
within half an hour of meet-
ing her."

Jennie nodded vigorously.

"It was a solemn promise."
Then she added wistfully,
"Must you go on that train,
Miss Drew?"

"My name's Sally," said
Sally. "Why, yes, I must. But
— She stopped as Martha,
climbing delicately out of the
shopping basket, took a kitten
in her mouth and laid it at
Sally's feet.

Alan Sutherland gave his
deep, attractive laugh:

"Surely that's a hint that
there are other things besides
the stage. Do you know I've
sat through that not very bril-
liant play fourteen times?"

"Fourteen! Oh, not four-
teen!" Sally began to shake
with laughter.

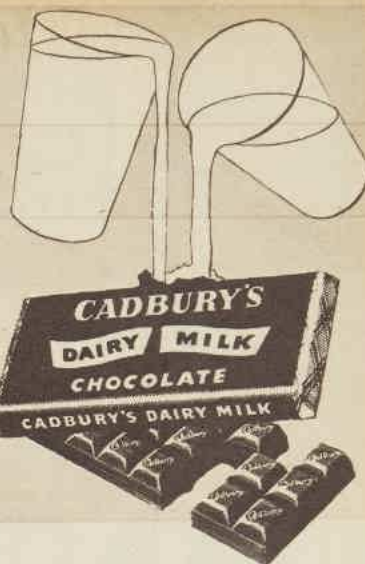
"Must you go on that train,
Sally?" Jennie pleaded.

"Yes, I really do have to."
She met the man's blue, direct
gaze. "But I'll be back."

"That's a promise," he said.
"A solemn promise!" said
Jennie.

Martha took another kitten
from the shopping basket, and,
looking up, gave her bland,
sweet, and secret smile.

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What do you know about wool, dad?

Give up, dad. He can probably tell you the answers on that wool project! All the facts. All the figures.

And mummy knows the answers about wool, too. Practical answers. Wool is the most natural cloth to wear in winter. That's why we've all got wool dressing gowns. They're warm. They

keep their shape. They look good and feel good; they are good. They're flame-resistant. They wear longer. And that one that mummy is wearing, dad. She doesn't have to panic if the neighbours suddenly call in. Mrs. Neighbour will no doubt admire that perfectly correct house-gown and wish she were as cosily, smartly attired.

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C45

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 12, 1954

A CAR stopped outside. Aunt Bet heard the talk and the laughter. The crunching of feet on the gravel walk.

She switched on the lamp at her bedside and strained towards the small enamelled clock, trying to focus without her glasses. It looked like half-past four, but she couldn't be sure.

Half-past four. What do young people find to do at such an hour? Not that she worried. Aunt Bet was used to young people and their ways; she merely wondered.

She recognised her niece Margaret's voice and Sue Decker's shrill, half-hysterical giggle, and made a little face as she turned off the light and lay back on her pillow.

That girl! Everything in the world, more suitors than you could shake a stick at, and still breaking her silly neck to get Margaret's beau!

He was out there now, with Margaret, and that nice Joe Atwell. As far as Aunt Bet was concerned, Sue could have the Raleigh boy. Margaret would do far better with Joe, or any of a half dozen others.

They were coming in now. She could hear the faint squeak of the front door, and the giggling as they tip-toed through the hall on their way to the kitchen. Always giggling. She tried to think back to when she was nineteen, but she couldn't remember the giggling and the silly nothings that amused her nieces so much.

Still, they were good girls. Especially Margaret. And Margaret would clean up the mess in the kitchen later so that her aunt wouldn't have to do it in the morning.

Morning. Aunt Bet sighed and closed her eyes. It was practically morning now. And in two or three years she'd have to go through it all again with the younger sisters, Natalie and Barbara.

For that matter, Natalie and Barbara were pretty well into it right now with Margaret. Margaret handed down the suitors she couldn't use.

But with all the boys to choose from Margaret had to pick out the Raleigh boy. When a girl has half the eligible men in a community at her feet, is there any sense in her picking a nobody who just happens to be good looking and plays football?

Aunt Bet sighed and turned over. It was a question that had no answer.

Downstairs in the white, spotless kitchen Margaret and the young man in question were busily cooking ham and eggs, while Sue and Joe balanced on the edge of the sink and shouted and giggled over the single highball they were consuming with two straws.

"Good liquor," Joe said judicially.

"But not enough of it," Sue said.

"It's all you're going to get. . . Hey, don't drink so fast! Hey, stop! Maggie, look, she's getting it all!"

Margaret smiled, without turning, and went on basting the eggs. "Can't help it. That's all there is. Anyway, you've had enough. Too much."

"I have not."

"Too bad she drinks," Joe said. "She's a nice girl otherwise. Her parents are nice people, her friends are nice, especially Joe Atwell and Maggie Wickham—"

"Listen. I have not had too much. I can say—"

Ken Raleigh, who'd been making toast in the oven, turned around and looked with distaste at the noisy giggling girl kicking slim, nylon-clad legs on the kitchen sink.

"Oh, pipe down, Sue."

Instantly Sue slipped from her perch on the sink, went and stood quietly by the back door.

Margaret frowned. Now Ken had done it again. Hurt Sue's feelings. Why couldn't he see she was showing off just for him? But no, he had to go out of his way to be nasty.

"Come on," she called, rattling the coffee pot, making a lot of noise to cover the awkward moment. "Come on, everything's ready. Joe, you bring the cups, and Sue, get some jam. Get the hot plates, Ken."

Sue came, but grudgingly. She couldn't hide the hurt in her dark, mobile face. Her scarlet mouth drooped, she watched Ken broodingly out of dark brilliant eyes.

Ken watched Margaret. He watched every movement of her quick, capable hands, every turn of her fair, lovely head.

She was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. She was more than pretty—there was something serene and satisfying about her.

Sue was probably just as pretty, in her own way. Lots of fellows thought she was prettier, but he couldn't see it. Too sloppy, for one

OFTEN A BRIDESMAID

By
Hazel
Livingston



It was a beautiful wedding, but Margaret was not taking the part she expected to fill.

thing, and too fidgety. Rumpiling up her hair, making faces, giggling at the top of her lungs. Why couldn't she be quiet like Margaret?

Margaret had ridden in the rumble with him and she didn't look windblown. She'd tried ham and eggs and she looked as though she'd just jumped out of a bandbox.

He loved the way her pale, blond hair sprang back from her broad, white brow. He loved the way the quick color came and went in her cheeks. He loved her delicate slowness, her clear blue eyes; he loved everything about her.

He loved her so much that it hurt. He wanted to talk to her alone, he wanted to tell her, and there the other two, Sue and Joe, sat guzzling second and third cups of coffee, making more and more toast, smearing on more and more jam. Good heavens weren't they ever going home?

Joe yawned and the grandfather clock in the hall chimed the half hour.

"If that's half-past five, it's time we were on our way," Ken said, giving Joe a meaning kick under the table.

"That's right," Joe said obligingly. Sue wailed, "Oh, dear!"

"Here's your coat. Come again some time, Miss Decker," Ken said, wrapping it over her shoulders and steering her towards the door.

"Oh, all right—if you insist, meanie! Good-bye, Maggie, darling, thanks for the snack. See you tomorrow!"

With Ken on one side, Joe on the other, linking arms with them both, Sue was her flaming, vibrant self again, fresh as a daisy at half-past five.

"Good-bye—good-bye!" Smiling, Margaret stood at the door, ready to close it after them.

Ken extricated himself from Sue's grasp. He stepped back inside the door. "Just a minute, Maggie. Something I forgot to ask you about. Go ahead, Joe; don't wait for me."

"Not wait? Of course we'll wait!" Sue was all ready to follow Ken in, but Joe knew what Ken wanted and dragged her off.

"We won't wait. Let him walk."

"Joe, I never heard of such a thing. Or

course we'll wait, Joe, let me go! Let me go! You're hurting me!"

Joe picked her up, carried her squealing down the stairs.

"Not so loud—you'll wake everybody up!"

"I can't help it—he's hurting me! Let me go! Let me go!"

"Oh, Kenny," Margaret begged, "Go with them. Tomorrow's time enough. Come over tomorrow—"

"I'm going to tell you now!"

Ken banged the door shut, leaned against it angrily. "Hang that woman! What's the matter with her? Is she losing her mind? She used to be fun, but it's getting so now she's nothing but a pain in the neck!"

Margaret sank down on the stairway. She was tired and she wasn't very happy. She knew, if Ken didn't, that love was the matter with Sue.

Sue was half crazy with love—hardly knew what she was doing—didn't care. And a nice

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When You're **TIRED, IRRITABLE, NERVY**



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and take

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OUR COMPLETE NOVEL . . . OFTEN A BRIDESMAID, by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

...ation that is—your best friend
...ing her heart out for your best
....

She put her head in her hands.

"Well, what's up, Ken? Tell me and
... you must go, for it's really
... late and I'm tired—"

"Margaret," he said, "Margaret."

Of course she knew it; she'd al-
... known that Ken Raleigh loved
... She'd always loved him. But it
... was a fact thing, something they'd
... never spoken of, except in a joking
... way. They'd been afraid, afraid to
... really face it. There had been too
... much between them—studies, de-
... gress, careers.

But Ken was past thinking, past
... planning.

"Margaret!" he said again. His
... strong arms closed around her.

Twice Aunt Bet padded to the head
... of the stairs, looked down on the
... silent two, entwined in each other's
... arms, in the dim light of the hall
... below. Twice she padded as quietly
... back to bed.

Margaret in that boy's arms. Her
... sister, Margaret, letting the Raleigh
... make love to her. The son of the
... wanted up little old man who sold
... butter and eggs and canned tomatoes
... and coffee and cheese. A Raleigh as-
... suming to a Wickham!

But what could she do? Alex, her
... brother, the girls' father, wouldn't
... know what to do. He'd be sure to do
... the wrong thing, especially if you
... were him out of a sound sleep.

Quietly she tiptoed back to her
... room, avoiding the squeaky board just
... at the head of the stairs. Then she
... slipped into her room, a little, tired
... girl.

Of the "three pretty Wickham
... girls," Margaret, the eldest, was ad-
... mittedly the prettiest.

She had everything, as the other
... two thought, resentfully, sometimes.
... She was Natalie (two years her
... senior), said, enough to make you
... think she was so perfect. But then,
... her honest little Babs insisted, you
... didn't look it against her, because
... she didn't try to be. She was just
... what that way.

To three girls in a motherless
... household the young Wickhams got
... along surprisingly well.

They actually enjoyed each other's
... company, and everyone they knew en-
... joyed theirs, and the Wickham house
... had a perpetual "party" air.

After greeting them Alex Wickham
... would return to his book and his pipe,
... and intrude no more on the young
... people's company. The perfect story-
... teller, father, and Aunt Bet, who had
... loved after him and the girl since
... her mother died, was the perfect
... mother.

The Wickham girls just didn't
... know what it meant to lack boy-
... friends. They had literally more
... than they knew what to do
... with.

They passed them down, from Mar-
... garet to Natalie, to Barbara, and on to
... the host of admiring, envious, polite,
... envious girl friends who knew that
... some what might, no friend of the
... Wickhams need be an "extra."

Actually there was only one boy
... whom had never been any other—
... Margaret, Aunt Bet might write
... her hands at the thought of a Raleigh
... marrying to a Wickham, but Mar-
... garet's contemporaries considered him
... the prize of prizes.

Margaret looked in his reflected
... eyes. She didn't worry that so many
... were mad about him, that her
... friend, Sue Decker, would have
... taken him in an instant if she could.
... She made no secret about it. She
... loved about it so much that hardly
... anyone believed her. She was pretty
... popular, pampered by elderly, wealthy
... aunts. She'd always had everything
... she wanted, and it was considered
... one of her line that she saved about
... twenty, who in his turn, made no
... secret of the fact that he actively
... loved her.

She, who couldn't do anything alone,
... thought her things over to the Wick-
... ham to dress with Margaret for the
... wedding ball.

She ought to hate him," she was
... saying, dropping flame-colored chif-
... fons over her head and wriggling into
... her light bodice. "The boy has no
... manners. Simply none! But that's
... what makes him so fascinating."

Really, though, you two are so unlike
... that I really can't see—"

"You can't see what I see in him.
... Or what he sees in me," Margaret
... said, smiling. "You've gone into that
... before. Move over, darling, and give
... me a chance at the mirror, I'm going
... to a ball, too."

"Yes—with Kenny. Oh, Maggie, I
... know he's yours. But you wouldn't
... mind if he'd give me just a little love,
... would you? Such a little. You'd never
... miss it. Maybe if I bleached my hair,
... Look—wouldn't I be devastating with
... light hair and dark eyes?"

She eyed herself critically in the
... mirror. "I'd put you in the shade.
... Only I'd be a fool to do it, because
... I'm the dark, Latin type, with more
... allure, if he'd just notice it. How did
... you make him notice you, you Nordic
... iceberg? Tell me! Come on, Maggie
...—nice Maggie—"

The door opened and Natalie and
... Babs came in.

"Now what do you want?" Sue
... interrupted herself to demand, half
... jokingly, half angrily.

Natalie, the pert one—the plain
... one, some unkind ones said—closed
... the door firmly behind her and
... grinned.

"I want to dress here. Babs also
... wants to dress here. We want Maggie
... to do our hair. Any objections?"

"Plenty! If I ever have another
... friend with half a dozen insolent
... little sisters tagging after him all the
... time! Oh, why talk to you? Why
... talk about anything? Margaret,
... they're too young to go. If you let
... them dance with Ken! You won't,
... will you? Because if I see Ken so
... much as look at either of them—"

Margaret, used to the bantering,
... went smilingly on with her dressing.
... She was trying to pin Ken's corsage
... of pinky purple orchids on her new
... white net.

Natalie, fidgeting for help with her
... double row of stiff little curls, said
... irritably, "Oh, we know you couldn't
... bear it. So does Kenny. For heaven's
... sake, why don't you forget him!"

"Of course, you know it. Of course,
... Kenny knows it!" Sue retorted gaily.
... "Don't I about it to the world?
... Doesn't everybody know he's my secret
... sorrow? Doesn't Maggie? Doesn't he?"

There was a catch in her high, ex-
... cited voice. Her mouth twitched.
... She snatched the orchids from Mar-
... garet's hands and flung them in
... Natalie's face.

"Get out!" she cried. "Get out!
... Do you hear me!"

"Well!" Natalie cried. "Well, of
... all the—"

"Shh—!" Margaret begged. "Please
... go—both of you. And I'll come and
... help you in a minute. Sue—Sue,
... darling, don't cry. It's nothing. The
... flowers aren't hurt, and neither's
... Natalie, and you want to look lovely
... for our dance. Ken and Joe will be
... here any minute. Sue! Please—for
... my sake!"

But Sue, who in all her 21 years
... had never had to play second fiddle,
... threw herself on the bed, in all her
... crimson chiffon gown.

"You don't know," she said thickly.
... "You don't know because you never
... wanted anybody but Ken, and you
... always had him. But I love him, too.
... I love him more than you do. I love
... him terribly, and I can't forget him
... and I won't give him up to you!"

Breakfast was later than usual on
... Sunday morning, and only Margaret
... dressed for it. Babs came, yawning,
... in a red silk kimono, and Natalie,
... who complained of her head, was
... wearing pale blue pyjamas.

Their good morning kisses to their
... father and Aunt Bet dutifully dis-
... tributed, the three girls settled down
... to their breakfast, with no apparent
... desire to talk.

"Did you have a pleasant time,
... dears?" Aunt Bet inquired.

"Perfect!" Margaret murmured.

"Perfect!" echoed Natalie and Babs.

Aunt Bet, who would have liked a
... few details, sighed faintly. There was
... plenty to talk about last night. She'd
... heard them whispering on the
... sleeping porch until nearly daylight.
... And now all she could get out of
... them was the stock answer to all
... questions as to what sort of time
... they'd had—"Perfect!"

"I thought Sue Decker looked very
... nice last night," Aunt Bet began ex-
... perimentally. "That color suits her."

"Handsome is as handsome does,"

Natalie observed.

Babs choked over her coffee and
... had to be patted on the back.

"I thought we agreed to forget it!"
... Margaret said hotly.

"You can if you like," Babs retorted
... just as warmly. "But I said, and I
... say again, that you're a worm to put
... up with her. I don't like her and I
... don't trust her, and she's a hussy
... and a—"

"Snatcher!" Babs cut in. "A body
... snatches! Aunt Bet looked over her
... glasses, and faintly shook her head.

"She doesn't mean anything," Mar-
... garet said defensively. "She's spoilt,
... of course, but it isn't her fault. When
... you have a father who can give you
... everything in the world you want—"

ALEX WICKHAM rattled
... the papers, cleared his throat. "May
... I ask if your father has failed you
... in any important matter?"

Margaret rushed to kiss the top of
... his head. "Darling, you know I
... didn't mean that. The Deckers are
... just rotten with money, that's all,
... and they've tried to buy everything
... for Sue—"

Aunt Bet said in her soft, deliberate
... voice, "Money doesn't buy happi-
... ness."

"It buys nearly everything else,"
... Natalie said dryly. "Maggie, you have
... to admit she was a knockout in that
... dress, and as for her wrap—"

"Yes," Babs took up the cry. "Her
... dress was a marvel. Listen, it came
... from Maison Claire, and it was the
... original model, not the copy. With a
... dress like that anybody'd look like
... a million!"

"You were not satisfied with your
... gown, Babs, my dear?"

It was Babs' turn to rush and caress
... her father. "My darling blue? Of
... course! I love it!"

Aunt Bet said, "It's a great strain
... outfitting three young girls. I don't
... know how your father does it. I
... said I don't know how you do it,
... Alex. Really, I don't."

Alex Wickham acknowledged the
... compliment with a faint nod of his
... handsome head. His ego satisfied,
... he returned to the paper.

Daddy disposed of, Babs came back
... to the case at hand. "What I can't
... see is why Sue is so set on Ken.
... Everyone knows he belongs to you—"

"It's because he's mine that she
... wants him," Margaret said without
... malice. "That's exactly why. I
... really think that Ken Raleigh is
... the only thing in life Sue knows she
... can't have. And that, of course,
... makes him priceless. The fact that
... he's mine, and that he positively
... hates her, doesn't bother her at all!"

"But I still can't understand it,"
... Babs insisted. "Ken is Ken, and all
... that. But you know what the Deckers
... are. And for that matter, you could
... do better, Maggie—"

"Oh—could I?"

"Well, financially and socially—"

"After all, those things are im-
... portant," Aunt Bet said. Her thin,
... handsome face was puckered by
... anxiety. "And when a girl sees too
... much of one young man and says,
... even in fun, that he's hers, other
... young men are inclined to—"

Margaret hadn't meant to tell.
... She'd meant to keep it a secret a
... little while longer. But dear Aunt
... Bet, so worried, so afraid that Ken
... would chase the others away—

"We're engaged!" she cried. "Ken
... and I. We—"

"When?" Babs and Natalie shrieked
... in unison.

"Oh, night before last we talked,
... and sort of planned—"

"So that's why you weren't worried
... about Sue!" cried Babs, to whom
... an engagement was as final as a
... wedding vow, which was the safest,
... surest thing in the world. "Because
... you had it all settled!"

Aunt Bet had her thin, heavily
... ringed hand at her throat. Her un-
... happy eyes sought her brother's. Alex
... Wickham cleared his throat. He
... said, "Are you serious about this,
... my dear?"

"Serious!" Margaret cried. "Ser-
... ious! I'm telling you I'm going to
... be married!"

"To young Raleigh?"
... "Well, Daddy—who else... I mean,
... I thought everybody knew—that it
... was pretty well understood that some
... day we—"

Some of the light had gone out of
... Margaret's eyes. Hurt, puzzled, she
... looked from her aunt to her father
... and back again. "Don't you like
... him?" she asked, her voice breaking.

Aunt Bet continued to clutch at her
... throat as though her black velvet
... ribbon were too tight.

Alex Wickham rose and drew his
... eldest daughter into his arms.

"Of course, I like him," he said.
... "He's a fine lad, and I know I shall
... be very proud of him—of you both.
... But you're very young, and I thought
... that other things would come first.
... Perhaps a trip. See a bit of life
... first, you know—"

"And at nineteen a young girl is
... inclined to forget," Aunt Bet put in
... hopefully, "that material advantages
... do matter."

"If that's all that's worrying you!"
... Margaret wiped wet eyes with the
... back of her hand, beamed on her
... drooping aunt, her anxious father.

"You scared me," she went on. "I
... thought you didn't like him or didn't
... want me to get married, or some-
... thing. Goodness, I don't care about
... material advantages, as Aunt Bet
... calls them, or travel either. Besides
... we'll have all that later. Daddy—
... say you're glad. Come on—say it—
... please."

Alex Wickham avoided his sister's
... eyes. He looked down at his radiant
... daughter and, in spite of himself, he
... smiled. "My dear child, if you're
... happy I must be glad."

Babs and Natalie, slightly awed by
... the serious tone the conversation had
... taken, took the opportunity now to
... cheer. But Babs thought, I hope she
... doesn't weaken and let Sue be a
... bridesmaid.

Except for the family, they decided
... to keep it a secret, after all. Ken
... didn't even tell his own mother and
... father.

"Time enough later," he said.

And Margaret, who had all her
... life associated stoop-shouldered thin
... little Mr. Raleigh with what to have
... for dinner, was just as glad that she
... didn't have to become a prospective
... daughter-in-law to him yet.

As for Mrs. Raleigh, that small,
... grey ghost of a woman whom she
... sometimes encountered in the store,
... it was even harder to think of her
... as Ken's mother. She'd get to like
... them later on, of course, but for the
... present they were aliens, and it was
... just as well that they didn't know.

More than once, however, she was
... tempted to "put Sue out of her
... misery," as Nat maliciously advised,
... and tell her.

As usual, the Deckers were going
... to spend most of the summer at their
... place at Lake Tahoe. For years Mar-
... garet and Ken had spent a week or
... two as Sue's guest during the holi-
... days.

But this year Ken wanted to work
... straight through the summer, and
... Margaret was vague about her plans,
... and Susan was miserable.

"It will be a total loss if you and
... Kenny don't come," she told Margaret
... at least once every day. But despite
... all arguments Margaret remained
... firm and settled down with her sis-
... ters, while the Deckers went off to
... the Lake.

As the days went by, the girls be-
... came aware of some tension worry-
... ing both Aunt Bet and their father.

"You may as well tell us the whole
... story," Margaret said at length to
... Aunt Bet. "Something's wrong.
... What is it?"

When Aunt Bet only shook her
... head and wouldn't answer, Margaret
... said, "Then I shall ask daddy to-
... night."

"Oh, no!" Aunt Bet cried. "Oh,
... no—you mustn't!"

And then she told. She didn't un-
... derstand it very well herself, but it
... had something to do with shares.

"I'm afraid," Aunt Bet said, "I'm
... dreadfully afraid, my dears, that the
... capital—all the capital is gone."

The three young Wickhams looked
... at each other. They looked at Aunt
... Bet.

"It isn't fair!" Natalie cried
... hoarsely. "We didn't want to specu-
... late. We didn't mind being poor. We
... never complained. But when daddy
... goes and speculates and loses every-
... thing, then it's too much—it's just
... too much, and I don't care—I don't
... care—"

"Oh, hush, Nat. Aunt Bet, we still
... have our income. Haven't we?"

"What income, Margaret?"

"Why, the income—the salary daddy
... gets, from the firm."

Aunt Bet took her time to answer.

She twirled the rings on her thin
... fingers, touched the velvet ribbon at
... her throat.

"The firm... the position... I'm

afraid, my dears, that it hasn't been
... actually remunerative for several
... years. Your father... he's not a
... young man, you know. The position
... with Holmes & Stokely was really
... more a matter of prestige and a place
... from which he could operate."

She went on, "He's been very suc-
... cessful all these years, you know. It
... wasn't his fault about the shares. They
... were expected to make a fortune for
... him—for all of us. But we all make
... mistakes—and we can manage... we
... can manage..."

The tears rolled down her furrowed

cheeks, her hands shook.

Babs put her warm, firm hand over
... her aunt's cold, trembling one. She
... was thinking of Ken and Margaret.
... They couldn't, as they planned, be
... married this year.

Margaret told Ken—she knew her
... father would wince with pain if he
... knew that what he euphemistically
... referred to as his "affairs" were be-
... ing discussed with a stranger.

Ken could hardly believe it. He'd
... never liked Alex Wickham, but his
... dislike had been mixed with a deep,
... if reluctant, admiration.

He'd known that Wickham wasn't
... rich, but he could no more disasso-
... ciate him from security, and a certain
... amount of mellow luxury, than he
... could think of the Wickham house
... without its silver candelabra, its
... thick oriental rugs, its wide lawns,
... and the old magnolia trees.

So he'd lost everything, the con-
... descending old codger, who wore
... dinner jackets even when there
... wasn't company, and talked about
... India as if it were right across the
... border and you were supposed to
... have been there, too!

Well, serving him right, Ken thought,
... for thinking he was better than any-
... body else! And he thought of his
... own father who was still doing well
... in the grocery business, even if the
... chain stores were stealing some of
... the trade away, and it came to him
... that it was lucky Margaret had
... someone to turn to, someone who
... could really take care of her.

"Well, that settles it," he said,
... aloud. "We'll get married right
... away."

"Oh!" Margaret said. She looked
... at him, her heart in her eyes. "But
... Kenny—I can't—we can't—"

"Why not?"

"Well, how could we live?"

He said, "Of course, I don't get very
... much, but I reckon we can manage.
... It won't be so very long before I'll
... be sitting pretty in the stock and bond
... business, and with my contacts I'll
... have 'em licked!"

"Of course!"

They talked about it. They even
... went out and looked at apartments.
... Ken was crushed by prices. He
... wouldn't consider a really cheap place.
... "I want you to have something
... nice," he told Margaret, doggedly.

Dear Kenny... Margaret's heart
... ached for him. For herself. For all
... lovers. Tears welled in her eyes as
... they sat together in the old car be-
... tween sessions with condescending
... landladies or drove up to the hills to
... talk it over.

She knew—she really knew from
... the first that they'd have to wait. It
... wasn't only Ken's small salary. It
... was her responsibility to the family,
... too.

With Margaret walking around in a
... daze—"practically unconscious," as
... Natalie said—and Alex Wickham going
... around exactly as if nothing had hap-
... pened, and nothing need be done, it
... was on Aunt Bet whom the burden
... of management fell.

It was she who saw that Babs must

Eight Kiddies under 15!

Mrs. Farrar of Chapel Road, Bankstown, N.S.W., has a big family of 11 to care for... twins Mark and Anne, Lynette, David, Brian, Vicki, Robyn, Sandra, her mother and husband.

RINSO'S AS GOOD AS ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS ON WASH-DAY! THOSE BIG, THICK SUDS WHISK AWAY DIRT QUICK-SMART... GET WHITES AND COLOURED BRIGHT AS A BUTTON!

NO OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS FOR ME! I WASH-UP THE MODERN WAY... WITH RINSO, THOSE LIVELY SUDS GET DISHES DONE IN HALF THE TIME.

Rinso's thicker, richer suds take the hard work out of wash day!



NOT ONCE, but three times a week, Mrs. Farrar pegs out line after line of whites and coloureds for her big family of 11. Ask her how she keeps every single article looking brighter than new, despite constant washing, and she'd point to the Rinso on the laundry shelf. After meals, too, you'd see a sink piled high with big, thick Rinso suds, for bar-soaps just aren't quick enough to cope with their big family wash-ups. Like thousands of Australian families, the Farrars have proved that Rinso's thicker, richer suds are best for everything — whites, coloureds, dishes.

RINSO is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines



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OUR COMPLETE NOVEL . . . OFTEN A BRIDESMAID, by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

stay on at school, that Natalie would have to go to a business college.

With Natalie's temper none the less after her daily battle with stenographic pothooks and typewriter exercises, there wasn't much household help to be had from her.

Babs meant well, but she was never around when Sue was needed. So it was on Margaret that the real burden fell of helping with household chores.

Quietly, without apparent effort, she kept up some semblance of the old pleasant standard of living. It never occurred to any of them that she was doing it all, or that she was doing anything remarkable. They just accepted the fact that "Margaret was the efficient one."

Margaret lost weight and her eyes were often heavy from lack of sleep. "If you wouldn't get up so early!" Aunt Bet would wail.

"If you'd go to bed earlier," her father would say gently. But her evenings were her only time with Ken. Scarcely a night but he was with her. Ken was so full of his plans that he was not interested in Margaret's news of her day in the fashionable dress shop where she worked.

"You can't expect me to get a thrill out of women's clothes!" he'd say.

So it was his future that they usually talked of. After all, it was her future, too, she knew. So many ups and downs. All ready to start in with Slade and McSorrell on the first.

Then J. H. Hynes, the rival bond house, would make a tentative offer for September. Ken's interest in Slade and McSorrell would cool and everything would be J. H. Hynes until one of the Slade and McSorrell boys would whisper that something pretty good was about to break.

It was hard on him. It was also hard on Margaret.

It was spring before the big opportunity really came, and in a form that neither of them had ever expected.

She was finishing the dinner dishes in the kitchen, and Babs, with a French grammar propped up in front of her, was polishing silver.

Ken burst in, hair on end, tie a little awry, shouting "Maggie! Where are you? Maggie!"

One look at him, and she knew.

"Maggie, I've got it! I've got my job!"

Down went the dish mop. "Ken?"

Reluctantly Babs laid down her silver polish, picked up her book. It was evidently going to be a kitchen session.

"Farewell," she said over her shoulder, but they didn't even hear. "And it's better than I ever dreamed. They've offered me an appointment in Honolulu!"

Margaret saw Waikiki beach. She saw white sand and coral reefs. She saw leis and hibiscus and jasmine and tiki masks. She saw herself and Ken sitting out on the boat, the handsomest couple on board. She saw the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, heard the sad sweet strains of the Hawaiian band.

"Ken—I just can't believe it!"

"Don't cry—it's good news!"

"I know, I'm so thrilled I can't help it. Oh, Ken, I never even thought of such a thing. And it's the one place—"

"Me too. Well, we'll see it now."

"But how did it happen? And is it Slade and—"

"Those babies? Should say not. Babs, of course. The fellow they had out there didn't fill the bill and a fellow very close to J. H., a good friend of mine, told them I was the logical one. With my contacts—"

"But will they knitter in Honolulu?" Margaret knit her brows anxiously. "I should think—much as I'd like to go to the islands—that you'd be more valuable here, where everyone knows you."

"Ken's handsome face clouded. He said, 'You think they never heard of me in Honolulu, is that the idea?'"

"Well, but here, where you really know people personally and they want to help you—"

"Honolulu's an island, but it isn't a desert island. They have newspapers and radios and moving pictures and books. They get the news, and a representative half back with it over like a tidal wave in a place like that, where it's a kind of a half

summer resort, and a lot of gay life, and rich women—"

She couldn't suppress the giggle. "Oh, that's it?"

He wasn't amused. "It's part of it. A very serious consideration. What's the matter with you lately? It's my big chance and you take it all wrong. Your big chance, too, for a fellow needs a wife in a job like this one. Someone to entertain, be nice to people—"

"I know. But you know I can't go now, when you go, and when I think you're there, and me here, and all those miles, and that ocean between us."

"Who said anything about waiting? You're going, too!"

"Oh, Ken, I can't. You know I can't. How can I—possibly?"

"You're going!"

In his arms, her head bent back and his laughing, eager lips on hers, she laughed and then clung to him as tightly as he clung to her.

"It's a go? We sail on the Lurline two weeks from to-day. Think of it! Two weeks from to-day!"

Of course she knew she couldn't sail with Ken in two weeks! It was absurd, it was impossible.

But not so impossible as letting him sail without her.

Also, they'd have to be married first. They shouted with half hysterical laughter, when they thought of that. Here they were on the boat, moving in at the Royal Hawaiian, practically, and it hadn't occurred to them that they had to get married first.

It was Margaret who thought of it, and the idea sobered her. It sobered Ken, too. He had poked his head in at home to shout the good news to the family, and they'd been much impressed, especially his mother. But he hadn't mentioned that he was taking Margaret with him.

There was the matter of her passage. He'd have to make reservation. The money part troubled him, too. Well, he'd have to manage some way.

"Maybe I could come later," she suggested placidly.

"That's out, Maggie. You've got to come with me."

She couldn't. She'd have to. Well, they'd take a couple of days, and think it over. What was there to think over? It was getting late, and it had been a particularly trying day. Margaret ached with weariness.

"Darling, I'm so tired. Let's not talk any more to-night."

"I'm tired, too. But I want this settled. You don't seem to realize! I've got money to raise, I've got a ring to buy—"

"You sound as if you didn't want to."

"Don't be silly. What I mean is, there's so little time—"

"That's it. I really don't see how I can possibly make that boat. But if you go ahead, and then I follow—say in June—"

"I said that was no good!"

"But why not?"

"Because I don't."

"But you must have a reason!"

"I have lots of them. I want you with me."

"And I want to be with you. But—"

"If I can manage the 'buts,' you can. This is very serious, Margaret. It's my big chance, and I've got to go into it right. You come with me, and we have our honeymoon on the boat, and all that, and then you can settle down to looking for a house for us and I can settle down to business. See the idea?"

"Yes, but—"

He was scowling now. He went on. "It's enough to make a man wish he'd never got a job with J. H. Hynes, one of the biggest bond houses in the country. The way you act—"

"Oh, Ken—stop. I tell you I'm tired. I'm dead on my feet—"

"Then stop arguing! It's all fixed."

"With you. But you aren't considering me. I've got fixing to do. What about my family?"

"Your family. Two able-bodied sisters, and an able-bodied father."

"But, Ken, you know that—"

"Yes, I know. I know. I know that I don't have to support my dad, and he's older than yours. He works."

"Daddy works, too! He works hard!"

"Then why doesn't he make something, and take care of his family. Why should you—"

"Leave Daddy out of it. This is between you and me."

"Why don't you leave him out of it? It is between you and me. You promised to marry me, and told me you loved me. Now you talk family. Make excuses. Well, I can't stand it. You love me, or you don't love me. If you do—"

"Kenny, what's wrong with you? You never used to talk like that. You make me furious!"

"I never used to make you furious." He looked at her tiredly. For a moment it seemed that he was frightened; afraid that something dear and precious was slipping away from him. For just a moment.

"Well, yes or no?" he asked almost flippantly.

"If that's all you care—"

"What do you want me to do, break down and cry?"

She stood silent, afraid to trust her voice.

"You won't?"

"I can't, Ken."

"Well," he said, "that's that."

He opened the screen door.

She let him get as far as the side lawn, and then she tore after him, running, stumbling, almost falling in the darkness.

He heard her coming, and he didn't stop. He walked on slowly, deliberately, towards the street.

"Kenneth!" she screamed.

He turned slowly. They were under the magnolia tree now, and it was too dark to see his face. "Kenny, I can't let you go this way! What's the matter with us? We must be crazy!"

"We!" He laughed, shortly.

"I, then. Maybe I am. But I don't want to say I'll come, and then fall you at the last minute! I'm trying to be fair—"

"Margaret, we've been all through this. I thought you might have changed your mind. If you haven't—"

He paused.

"If I haven't, it's all off? You won't wait for me?"

"That's what I mean."

She couldn't believe it. She waited, breathing hard. When he still didn't speak, she tried again. "You can't mean that. Kenny—kiss me, and tell me you don't mean it."

He said something she didn't hear.

"What? What did you say?"

"I said I was through," he shouted. "Through, through, through!"

AFTER a long time Margaret came into the house. She walked right through the hall, and up to her room.

The others were very kind to Margaret in the days that followed.

She didn't know half that was going on and so didn't appreciate half of the kind things they were doing for her. Such as Aunt Bet's setting the table and Natalie's taking over the dish washing.

She got up, and went to work, and came home, and had dinner, and went through the motions of being nice to the usual boys that were as usual all over the place, and waited for the clock to strike 10 so that she could say, "I'm tired to-night. Mind if I go up to bed?"

Every night when her eyes closed it was with the thought—he'll come to-morrow. He won't be able to stay away another day. Every morning she woke, thinking this is the day. All day she waited for the telephone. All evening she waited. On the ferries, in the street, she walked about looking for him.

He might just happen to take the same boat she did, he might be on his way to see her at the shop while she was out to lunch. Hurry, hurry back—

"Any message for me, Miss Grace?" There was never any message. Never any Kenneth. He was, indeed, through.

"Where's Ken?" people asked, when they didn't see him at the house.

"Isn't it perfectly wonderful about Kenneth!" they said, when the news of his sailing got around.

And then they looked at her, waiting for her to say something and she'd have to try, though her throat was always dry, and the words came with difficulty.

Of course, it was Sue who really got the news that they had quarrelled. There was no keeping Sue away, she burst right in, and cried

and prodded and asked questions until Margaret said in desperation: "Sue, I tell you I don't know anything more about it than you do. I haven't seen him for a week. I'm not going to see him!"

Sue's pointed red tongue came out. She licked her lips. "You aren't going to Dorothy's party Friday night?"

"No, I'm going out—with a new man, Lane Penney."

"Why don't you bring him to Dorothy's? She won't mind an extra man!"

"We're going to a show."

"But Kenny will think it's awful funny."

Silence from Margaret.

"Margaret Wickham, I simply can't believe it. It can't be true. You and Ken—Maggie!"

"Yes, it's true. It's all off!"

But even as she said it, she wondered. It couldn't be. Not after all those years. They quarrelled only because she couldn't marry him, and sail with him on Saturday!

What a fool she'd been. What a complete idiot, to let her silly pride keep them apart.

Twice she dialled the wrong number. Then his mother answered, her voice thin and far away. "Hello?"

"May I speak to Kenneth, please?" Margaret's voice was trembly, but she was smiling a little. It would be soon now. He'd come, and she'd tell him.

"Kenneth isn't home."

"Oh! . . . hurry, hurry, before she hangs up the receiver! 'Do you expect him home soon?'"

"I don't know. Any message?"

"Yes, please ask him to call Margaret—Margaret Wickham."

"I can't hear you. What was the name?"

Margaret shouted, "Margaret Wickham—Wickham—"

She was scarlet and trembling, as she hung up. She felt so silly. Like a lovesick fool pursuing a popular man. That tone in his mother's voice. How many messages she'd taken, from girls. And the name Margaret didn't mean any more to her than any other name. Well, there was one thing about Ken, he didn't talk.

Quietly, patiently she waited.

Eight o'clock. Eight-thirty. Nine.

He couldn't have got her message. His mother forgot to give it to him. Maybe she never gave him messages from girls.

Nine-thirty, and she tried again. Again Mrs. Raleigh answered. In her best business tones Margaret said, "This is Margaret Wickham again. Did Kenneth come in, please?"

"He's gone now."

"But he did come in—he got my message?"

"Yes, didn't he call you back?"

"No, he didn't. Are you sure you gave him—"

"Yes, I'm sure. I'm sorry. Maybe he'll call you later."

She could feel the finality in the woman's tone, and she cried quickly, "Oh, please, when he comes in have him call me—even if it is late. It's very important. Please tell him I'll be home—"

There was the unmistakable sound of a sigh at the other end of the wire, and then, "What was that number again?"

Margaret gave it, feeling sick.

He won't call, she thought, he won't call—and she sat, pretending to read, waiting, listening, hoping, despairing, hoping in spite of everything until 2 o'clock. Then she went to bed, and lay with the door open, listening.

Right until the Lurline sailed, on Saturday at noon, she hoped. She sent a book, and a note—"Kenny dear, if you open this before sailing, please call me. I'm at the shop. They'll be glad to call me to the telephone. I do so want to say goodbye."

"MAGGIE."

And when the noon whistles blew and people began going out and still there was no word, she could bear it no longer. She called the navigation company.

"Is the Lurline sailing delayed?"

A click at the other end of the wire. Then a crisp voice. "No, madam. She sailed at 12 noon, on schedule."

Margaret sat by the telephone, at one end of the deserted workroom. She felt too ill and weak to move.

In June, almost two months to the day since Ken sailed, Sue called in to say that her mother had decided to have a cruise holiday this year, and her father had taken passage.

Her mother! A lot her mother ever had to say about where the Deckers spent their holidays. Or her father, either!

Sue was pursuing Kenneth, and she wasn't fooling any of the Wickhams!

They asked her to dinner, because they had to make some sort of gesture for the going away.

"We may as well make a dinner party of it, and ask a couple of men, too," Margaret said gloomily. "We haven't entertained anyone for ages, and I, for one, am beginning to get self-conscious about never paying off."

After an argument that at times threatened to be a battle, they decided on Lane Penney, who was so diverting that he might actually take Sue's mind off Ken and divert her permanently, though that was probably too much to hope—on Sue's old "steady" Joe Atwell, who had always had an eye for Margaret, and two runners-up—Perry Dryer and Fred Lacey.

It was like old times. The long lace cloth, the best china, the ruby glass. Alex Wickham, who could look casual and lazy in a dinner jacket, mixed the cocktails and made the younger men feel men of the world with him. Aunt Bet trailed her amethyst chignon to impress Sue, and the three Wickhams with their three tones of blond heads were at their best in the shades of yellow they wore so well.

Sue, christening her best new dinner dress of stiff rose brocade, had the spotlight, and whenever Sue had the spotlight she was happy, and kind, and good. She was deferential to Aunt Bet, she flirted with Mr. Wickham, she was at her gay, laughing best.

She was mad with excitement, thrilled with power, flashing with youth and beauty, and looking at her Margaret's heart sank. For she knew Ken. Ken was practical. He wasn't like herself, he wouldn't brood and grieve.

If he couldn't have what he wanted, he'd take the next best, and having made up his mind to it, he'd soon convince himself that it was the best after all. Nor would it be hard for anyone to convince himself that Sue was best. She was pretty, gay, daring, different, and—last, but not to be overlooked—she had money.

It was weeks, months even, before the Wickhams knew just what had happened in Honolulu. There hadn't been much in Sue's scribbled letters. All adjectives, and careful, very careful reference to Ken, who was getting along so well and just as darling as ever.

Natalie had a really good position with an insurance company, and Margaret was beginning to think she was cut out for business after all.

But something was gone. She didn't know what. Maybe it was because she didn't care about anything any more. She went out, was gayer than she'd ever been. Kept late hours, found it harder and harder to get up in the mornings.

Then Sue came back, and everything was changed.

She burst into the house about 9 o'clock on a warm September evening when both the girls were out, and Margaret had promised herself a quiet evening in bed, with a book.

Flinging open the front door that the Wickhams never locked, she called, "Maggie—are you home?"

And then threw herself, silver lame coat, white satin, and orchids, into her friend's arms.

"Sue!" Margaret could only gasp. "Sue, where did you come from? Why, I didn't know you were home!"

With a silver sandal. Sue kicked the living-room door shut. "Are you alone? Who's in there?"

"Why—only Daddy, reading by the fire. The girls are out, and Aunt Bet's upstairs. I was just going up myself. Why? What's all the mystery? Sue! You're crying—what's happened?"

Sue said frantically, "Can I stay? Nobody'll know I'm here."

"Of course you can stay. But Sue, begin at the beginning and tell me.

Is it your mother? Is somebody sick?"

"No, no—of course not. Why should she be sick, I'd like to know! Oh, Maggie, Maggie, I'm desperate—what shall I do?"

"But what's wrong? What's happened?"

"It's Kenneth," Sue sobbed. "They've parted us."

Ken . . . Margaret closed her eyes, and felt the hall whirling crazily about her. With an effort she pulled herself together, turned to the other girl with a desperate attempt at attention.

Sue was talking rapidly, desperately almost. Margaret must forgive her, but she knew she'd always loved Ken, and Ken, poor dear, was so low because Margaret had failed him . . .

I failed him! That's good! Margaret thought.

"I tried to cheer him up," Sue went on, "because I knew it was unnatural for a grand fellow like that to be so cynical and everything, and we talked it all over, and he admitted he never understood me before, and I don't know just how it happened, Maggie, but I . . . he . . ."

I know, Margaret thought. I know exactly.

She saw the summer moonlight, the sea, the flowers, the hotel terrace. "You don't have to tell me, Sue. I know. Ken fell in love with you. He asked you to marry him."

"Oh, Margaret! How did you know?"

"I don't know; I just guessed."

Then Sue wept again, and it was a long while before she got on with her story. After Ken admitted that he loved her, after they were engaged, it seemed futile to go on with the cruise. It would be wasted time, without Ken.

So she told her mother and father, and her father had always been so perfect about everything, but he was mean because some business things weren't going so well and he hadn't wanted to come on the trip at all.

So he got into a great rage and he and her mother had a terrific quarrel.

Poor Pops, he couldn't realise she was a grown woman and not a little girl any more. And so she had to tell him she was free, white, and twenty-one and could marry whom she pleased.

Pops, who was always so sweet, just blew up and went all to pieces, and he ran Ken out of the hotel, making a terrible noise about it, so that it got into the paper and everybody talked about it, and it was terrible.

And he cancelled their passage, and wouldn't even let her say goodbye to Kenny. And she'd locked herself in her cabin and cried all the way home and never eaten a thing, and tried to jump overboard when she found out the radios she'd ordered sent Ken each day were never sent because Pops had countermanded the order.

By the next night the whole family had the news that the Deckers were back in town and Margaret was forced to tell them all about Sue's visit.

"So she got him," Natalie said. Alex Wickham cleared his throat. He said: "I can't say that I blame Mr. Decker for his stand. The young man was not just what I'd hope for in a son-in-law."

"By no means," Aunt Bet said fervently.

"And it's all off?" Babs asked hopefully.

Margaret looked from one to the other. She knew what they were thinking; knew how they were trying to spare her feelings. She laughed. "Oh? Who said so? Don't you know Sue well enough to know she'll get her way?"

"But if her father refuses his consent—" Alex Wickham began stiffly. "And his support—" Natalie cut in.

Margaret pushed back her chair! "Will you excuse me? I'm meeting Lane Penney and I've got to dress. Babs, you do the dishes to-night, will you? And, please, don't everyone be little Ken on my account. I don't want him, and Sue does. I hope they'll be terribly happy, and if he were to come home to-morrow I'd

be glad to see him and I'd tell him so, too!"

She felt rather proud of that speech. As she said it, she almost meant it. But she certainly didn't expect to see Ken on the ferry less than two weeks later.

It was the 6 o'clock boat. Margaret sat on the upper deck, enjoying the first evening coolness and the chance to read the paper in quiet. It wasn't until they were standing, and the boat was nosing into the pier, that she noticed the sunbrowned young man just ahead of her. She stared, and he turned.

"Margaret!"

"Ken! . . . But how—when—"

"Just now. Just off the boat. Which way are you going? Home?"

She nodded, and he took her arm as they went towards the waiting trains.

"I'm going home, too. Surprise the family. They don't know I'm coming."

She was breathing more naturally now, and he was beginning to show his embarrassment.

"Well—" he said. She knew that he was going to say something about looking for a fellow in the smoker, and leave her.

"Come and sit with me and tell me about it!"

She hurried ahead and he followed with his heavy suitcase. When they were seated in the train she said: "Kenny—this is funny! We're supposed to be furious with each other—and I forgot and spoke to you! But, anyway, I couldn't very well stay mad at anyone who's marrying my best friend, so we may as well bury the hatchet, and—"

"Kiss and make up and everything," he agreed, grinning nervously. But he felt better. He wiped his forehead. "So Sue told you."

"Naturally. She was so upset. She'll be alive again, now that you are back. She knows of course?"

He wriggled uneasily. "No—no. Not yet. The fact is, well, with one thing and another, I was more or less let out."

"Oh, Kenny, your wonderful job! All because Decker—"

"Well, to be frank, it wasn't only that. It brought it to a head, you might say. You were really right about it, Margaret. It wasn't the place for me. I should have started here. A man who is a big shot here is just another dance partner here. I wish I'd never gone. But, of course, it was good experience. I'm going in with a different outfit here."

"Sue will be glad, anyway."

"Maybe. It's awkward, though. She's so intense, and she wants to get married right away, and, gosh, Maggie, how can I? I haven't even a job, unless I go to work with my father, and that's the last thing I want to do—go in the grocery business."

"Oh, Sue will win her dad over, and get him to settle something on her."

"Maybe. But it doesn't look much like it now."

Margaret looked at him. Good heavens, he meant it. He wanted the Deckers to settle something on Sue.

Feeling sick again, she leaned back tired in her seat. She thought, he can't mean it! And she knew he did. She edged a little away from him. A man who takes money from a girl . . .

It was a relief to everyone when Sue finally won over the family and she and Ken were formally engaged.

Most of the previous love trysts were held in the Wickham house, with Margaret determinedly loyal to Sue, and the other Wickhams determinedly loyal to Margaret.

How they got through, with Sue's tears and ecstasies, and their own bickerings, was a marvel to all. What went on at the Deckers' could only be surmised.

But in January father Decker, who had publicly announced that he'd take a shot at young Raleigh if he found him prowling around the place, and mother Decker, who had tearfully told her friends she'd rather see her baby dead than married to a nobody like that, gave up the struggle, and ordered the wedding invitations.

"When Pops found that Ken and

I didn't want a thing from him, and that we were really going to live on Ken's salary, he couldn't believe it."

Sue told Margaret exultantly.

"One can scarcely blame him," Margaret answered dryly, for she was thinking of Ken's little slip about hoping for an allowance, and it was impossible to think of Sue, who had always had everything, doing with less.

"Ken is so high minded," Sue rattled on, "he couldn't bear to think of me going without things and he wanted me to wait. But it will be fun. Anyway, when Pops saw that it was all true love and he couldn't stop it, why he said he'd see we had a decent wedding anyway, and he'd give us a house, and I said all right, we'd take that much. Just a little house, because I'm going to do all my own work—"

"But you don't know how! How can you possibly—"

"Oh, I can learn. And what I really came over to tell you is that I want you for bridesmaid. Just you. Nobody else. It's going to be awfully nice, and terribly simple. Me in chalk-white, princess style, with yards of veil and Madonna lilies, and you in green."

"But Sue, you know I work, and I don't see how I—"

"Now listen, Maggie, you'll have an enormous blond straw hat, with streamers and daisies. . . . I want it in the garden, just terribly."

SHE might intend to lead the simple life, but that didn't prevent her from spending her father's money lavishly on a trousseau.

Excultantly, she dragged out much of the loot to show to Ken ahead of time. "Look—a camel's hair coat—so I can have something to put on five years from now—because, honey, we'll never be able to buy any clothes. And this pair of silver foxes. I'll look dresy in them over my kitchen aprons. Aren't I the clever fixer!"

Margaret, helping with the wedding invitations, scowled over Mrs. Decker's address book. Undoubtedly Sue was being smart to get so many things that would last indefinitely, but why brag about it to Ken? Why keep reminding him he couldn't buy her anything?

They were always forgetting her, and discussing their most intimate plans when she couldn't help but hear. It was embarrassing and it made her want to shake Sue.

"They were at it again," Sue was saying. "I'll scrub and sew and wash and cook for you, sweetheart, but you must cut out drinking and smoking, and so will I, and—"

"I'm not going to give up smoking, and I don't spend enough on drinking to make any difference. Besides, you don't want to give up smoking yourself!"

"I do!"

"Why?"

"Because we're going to be poor!"

"We won't do so badly, especially if your father buys a house for us. My mother sets a fine table on very little money—"

"If you're comparing me to your mother—" Sue began angrily.

"Well, if you two are going to fight, I'm going home. It's late, anyway."

Margaret said, slipping an elastic band around her addressed envelopes, and preparing to leave.

"I'll walk home with you," Ken said. But she had to wait, uncomfortably, while they killed and cooed and said good-night. And it hurt, that Sue, the jealous, didn't mind Ken walking home with her in the dark of an April night.

So many things hurt Margaret these last days before Sue's wedding. The innocent surprise of old friends who hadn't heard of the change in brides. The Deckers' ill-concealed superiority. Her own family's stiff-necked pride. Her place as bridesmaid.

But when the day came, sunny and warm as Sue had confidently expected, when she was dressed in the flattering green dress, with its picturesque hat, and Sue's old beau, Joe Atwell, whom Ken had chosen for best man, showed that he considered her several degrees more interesting

than the bride, self-confidence came back.

She was a beautiful bridesmaid. It was a beautiful wedding. The bride, tall, ethereally slender, her face whitely, beautifully alight, was a bride to stir anyone's heart.

"Isn't it beautiful?" people whispered over the breakfast creamed chicken and mushrooms. "She's giving up everything for him!"

"They're going to live on his salary. Imagine!"

Oh, yes, everyone knew. Sue had told everyone. The words, the surprised, delighted laughter rippled right up to the bridal couple. "Sue—tell me—you're not really!"

"I am! I'm going to do it all myself. I'm going to cook and scrub and slave—and—Ken, where are you going? Ken!" She couldn't bear him out of her sight, and he couldn't bear to stay and hear.

"Ken isn't enjoying his own wedding much," Joe said regretfully. "Sue ought to keep her mouth shut!"

"Oh, Sue doesn't mean anything," Margaret said. She had to defend Sue. She had to stay on Sue's side. She didn't dare . . . she didn't dare let herself be sorry for Ken.

Because Sue insisted on it, Margaret went upstairs while Sue changed into her going-away dress.

"How did it go? Did I really look all right?" Sue demanded, slipping out of white satin into beige homespun.

"Too lovely. Everyone said so, dear," Mrs. Decker said.

"You really thought so? Did you, too, Maggie? Well, it was a nice dress. But my in-laws! I feel I can bear Papa if I have to, but if Mama comes snooping around my new house—"

"She won't, dear. Don't excite yourself. I hope you didn't have too much champagne, you know it doesn't agree with you. The last time—"

"Oh, Mother, don't start upsetting me. I guess I can have a glass of champagne on my wedding day, and I can speak my mind about my in-laws right to my own mother. I should hope so, anyway. Because if I can't—now look! The hooks on this awful dress aren't even. My dress that I've got to wear and the hooks—"

Mrs. Decker moaned, looking at Margaret, who pushed Sue's trembling, fumbling hands out of the way and murmured, "Please, Mrs. Decker!"

The hooks were all right, of course. There were three long sighs of relief, and Sue began to giggle nervously.

"Don't mention it to your father," Mrs. Decker said, lowering her voice to a whisper, "but here's a little change, dear." She opened Sue's new bag. "I do think, on a honeymoon—"

"The best is none too good!" Sue finished for her. "Thanks. Pops broke down and gave me a cheque, too, and I think I'll change our mind and go to Del Monte instead of up the Redwood highway—"

"You're very wise, dear—very wise—"

"Because, after all, I have a trousseau and heaven only knows when I'll have another chance to show it off. But don't tell Pops I told you, because he told me to press it into Ken's hand and say nothing."

"Oh, I won't."

"Of course, not!"

There was a discreet tapping on the door. "Sue! Nearly ready? Joe's got our car around, back of the garage, and if you're almost ready—"

"Come in, darling. Kiss me. Kiss me. Well, that's more like it, only you've got to wipe off the lipstick. And when we're safely on our way I've got something to tell you, only I can't tell you now, 'cause it's a secret!"

Margaret saw his happy, half-embarassed blush, his slightly open mouth, his grey eyes, clear and bright like an excited child's. She looked away quickly, wanting to cry. I'm tired—if I can just get away soon and go home and sleep—

But there was no getting away. Daddy couldn't be dragged away from the champagne, and Joe Atwell, his duties all discharged, was ready for a really good time with the bridesmaid.

It was six o'clock before she could leave, and then she had to promise

Joe to meet him at eight, and go somewhere where they could have dinner and dance.

"A very nice wedding," Alex Wickham decided, as he finally took his place in the back seat of the car with Aunt Bet.

"Margaret looked sweet," Aunt Bet agreed, less kindly.

Margaret laughed. They all laughed. Aunt Bet wiped the tears from her faded eyes. "Oh, I forgot to bring home my wedding cake!"

Even when the wedding was over, and Ken and Sue were off on their wedding trip, Margaret couldn't forget them.

When she got Sue's postcard, "Having a fine time; wish you were here!" she laughed but she wanted to cry.

It was Margaret with Mrs. Decker and one of the Decker maids who went to make the new house gay for the newlyweds' return. Mrs. Decker walked through the rooms, sighing, and shaking her head. "Oh, it isn't what I had in mind for her, it isn't at all!" she mourned.

It looked pretty good to Margaret, Brand new, Spanish, with a patio, and sun-decks overlooking the bay.

Mrs. Decker chattered in her careless, wounding manner. She didn't know why Sue had her mind so set on Kenneth. He was a nice boy, of course, but . . . and hadn't she heard that he'd been almost engaged to Margaret at one time? Well, those affairs do blow over, don't they? That's what she'd hoped for for Sue, but Sue, of course, was different—all heart and no head.

"You, I imagine," she told Margaret, "will be far more sensible. I suppose it will be Joe Atwell. It seems funny, you and Joe now, when it used to be my Sue and Joe. Well, he's a nice boy, and you won't have to have your father give you a house and pay for the honeymoon, when you marry Joe."

Margaret smiled. It was true. It wouldn't be long until Joe asked her. She knew the symptoms. But Lane Penney was displaying the same symptoms. And he, if Mrs. Decker only knew it, was an equally desirable catch.

Aunt Bet didn't know just how they'd manage if Margaret married. Alex still made a show of asking for the bills, and they all kept up the fiction that he paid them, but it was Margaret's money, of course.

Margaret was a funny girl! Two highly eligible young men pursuing her, and she wasn't any nearer making up her mind than she was last summer.

Aunt Bet herself favored Joe Atwell. She'd always had a soft spot in her heart for Joe, ever since the first day that Sue brought him to the house, to a party.

Once she protested tactfully: "Do you think you ought to disappoint Mr. Atwell so often, dear?"

"Disappoint him! I'm going out with him!"

"Yes, I know, dear. But I heard . . . I just happened to overhear you tell Susan you'd spend the evening with her, and I thought—"

"But I'm taking Joe!"

"Yes, dear. But when a young man is interested in a young girl, does he want to spend the evening with a married couple? Wouldn't it be just a little bit more flattering if you went somewhere just with him?"

"Oh, bother! People aren't romantic that way any more! We live crowds. Kenny and Sue are fun. There's always somebody there, and we clown around. Now I must fly."

Aunt Bet watched her as she laughed and ran upstairs to dress. She shook her head. She thought: Someone ought to say something to her! People will notice that she's always with Kenneth, and pretty soon they'll talk!

But not even Aunt Bet knew what these visits meant to Margaret and Ken.

Now that Ken was hers, Sue couldn't resist working on Joe. That he was Margaret's now made the game more interesting. And there was no getting away from it. Sue could be interesting when she wanted to be. And demanding, too!

"Joey, you used to be the champion ice-cracker! Such a way with an icepick. Do you think you could fix some very, very nice shaved ice, so that I could mix a very, very nice

OFTEN A BRIDESMAID, by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

drink? Oh, not you, Kenny precious!—Kenny drinks so much better than he mixes—Come on, Joey—mama'll show you where to find the makings."

On one pretext or another she managed to get Joe into the kitchen with her, and never guessed that it gave Ken the chance he wanted to talk to Margaret.

He was always trying to get her into corners. He didn't want to complain; he wanted to talk. Maggie understood how he felt about everything, but were all women sort of funny about some things?

Sue was a great girl, but he guessed his mother had spoiled him, because she was always so even-tempered and cheery, and Sue would be shouting and roaring with laughter one minute, and the next she'd be in the bedroom with the door locked, crying her eyes out, and he never knew what to expect when he got home, and whether there'd be anything to eat in the house, and—

"It's you that's spoilt, you big mama's baby," Margaret said to-night, and wished that Sue and Joe would come back, because Ken was more than ordinarily upset.

"Oh, it's not—it's not. And that's another thing. I'm no mama's baby and I wouldn't even want people about all the time. This is our house—Sue's and mine—but I do think Sue ought to make Ma feel a little bit at home!"

"Sue's a wonderful hostess. Everybody says so."

"I know. But that's it. Look at Sue, out in the kitchen now with Joe. Or she'll take any of the crowd out there, or the whole bunch of us can go out and raid the ice-box. But when Ma comes she sits her down on the sofa, and brings her a cup of tea or a glass of water or something on a tray, and Ma isn't used to that, and it makes her feel bad."

Margaret said nothing, and he went on: "When I say anything, Sue'll get on her high horse and make some high-sounding remarks about not wanting to entertain in the kitchen, and if I say the least thing about her mother dropping in any hour of the day or night and talking your arm off, that's different! That's altogether different—"

"Of course, it's different. The bride's mother is always different. Come on—let's see what they're doing out in the kitchen."

"But Maggie, I want to ask you—It was pure pain for Margaret. Ken—her Ken—subject to Sue's whims. Sue taking it out on him that his mother was difficult—that they didn't have any money."

Margaret was always running away from him, and then coming back, because she couldn't stay away. Perhaps, she thought—Perhaps, if I married Joe, or Lane—

And that was it. They were both as nice. And she wasn't the least bit in love with either one of them.

It was Margaret's Saturday off, and she was devoting it to a good old washing and ironing. She had half a dozen pieces of her best lingerie in the wash-bowl, and was looking around for something else to add to the collection, when Sue dashed in.

Sue had a wonderful idea. A weekend in the mountains. They'd get the crowd together, and start at day-break and be there by nine o'clock.

"Oh, Sue! I can't! I have thousands of things to do to-day, and tomorrow I thought I'd take it easy—one Sunday that I won't have to wash—"

"You'd rather stick home in this stuffy house than go up to the beautiful mountains and get into the first snowfall and have fun?"

"Sue, I don't want to go. I'm tired—I'd rather stay home—I really would. Anyway, I can't afford it."

Sue said sharply, "Margaret, you're slipping!"

"Slipping?" Margaret looked at Sue, who had put on lipstick and gold hoop earrings, and hadn't combed her hair.

"Well, if I am, so are you!" she said.

Whereupon Sue gave her a long, reproachful look, and faintly.

The faint, which probably was a faint, as were most of Sue's fainting spells, ended in a very real cut, and an alarming loss of blood. Sue struck her head against a sharp cor-

ner of the linen closet as she fell, and frightened Margaret and Aunt Bet, who came running at the sound of the fall, half to death.

It was a nasty bump, and Margaret, applying sterile gauze from the medicine chest, thought Aunt Bet had better call the Deckers' doctor.

"No," Sue moaned, "no, no, no—I won't have it. I won't have the doctor called—"

Margaret said firmly, "Sue, I'm sure you're all right, but I do think it would be wise to call the doctor. If you'll just let me go a minute—"

Sue pushed her away angrily and sat up.

"Will you listen to me?" she demanded angrily. "I don't want that old fool called. I owe him money now, and I'll never be able to pay it. You can't have a doctor every time you faint and cut a gash in your head, when you're poor as we are! What's more, the time's coming when I'll have to have a doctor, money or no money. I can't afford to squander money now on doctors. Not if I die!"

"Now, Sue—" Margaret felt better. If Sue had strength for one of her acts she couldn't be so badly hurt after all.

But Aunt Bet, white as the bedspread, was clutching a chair for support. "Margaret—I really think you ought—"

Sue began to laugh, weakly at first, then louder and louder.

"If you could see your face! Did I scare you so? I'm sorry. I know, it's hard for you to realise, but Margaret knows. We have furniture to pay for, and the car, and we owe everybody and I can't take anything from the family—my pride won't let me, especially now that I'm having a baby—practically a charity baby—"

"Sue!" Margaret was as white as Aunt Bet. For the moment the invalid looked the healthiest of the three.

"Of course. Didn't you guess? I thought everybody knew. My fainting, and looking so terrible, and feeling worse, and—"

"But Sue! You wanted to go for this weekend in the mountains?"

It was then that Sue began to cry.

"Of course I wanted to go! Why shouldn't I? Am I to have no fun at all? Am I to be buried alive, like Ken wants, all these long months of waiting for the dear baby? Isn't it enough to be sick and broke and miserable and unhappy, without staying home forever? You don't know—you don't know—you work and have money! You don't know what it is to have nothing, and be sick, and a baby coming—and—and—"

By the time Margaret got to the telephone to call the doctor, and he drove the half-mile from his home to theirs, Sue had a real case of hysterics, and Aunt Bet really fainted.

Kenneth came, Mrs. Decker came. Sue lay in Margaret's bed, wrapped in Margaret's best pink negligee. Kenneth knelt beside her, his face buried in the white candlewick spread. She stroked his dark hair with her white hand.

"Don't worry, darling. It's nothing. I'm perfectly well. I'm going home in a few minutes to finish the washing. I've got seven shirts of yours to do, and I haven't done the dishes yet. I'm a bad wife, Kenny, darling; such a bad wife—"

Natalie came to call Margaret.

"Margaret, I know you're busy, but Lane Penney's downstairs."

"It can't be so late!"

"Three o'clock. He's waiting. Shall I tell him twenty minutes?"

"Twenty minutes! I can't go—with Sue here, and Ken and the Deckers and everything! I'll have to tell him—no, you tell him. Tell him what happened, and—oh, I wish you didn't have a date, then you could go and keep him happy—"

"It's only with Jimmy and the Fletchers. I can break it."

"Well—I hate to ask you, but I've broken so many dates with Lane."

Natalie touched her freshly curled hair with gentle fingers. She smiled at her harassed elder sister. "I can bear it, if Lane can!"

Everyone, even Natalie, who pretended to be bored by it all, was thrilled by Sue's baby—or babies, for

in June the twins, Sarah and Elizabeth, were born.

The first of "the crowd" to have a baby, Sue made the most of the excitement, and graciously allowed the Deckers to finance the event.

The Raleighs wanted to share in the excitement, too, and though Sue tried, in her new role of young mother, to be sweet with everyone, something always happened to spoil it. Falsely flattered by the choosing of her name for one of the twins, Mrs. Raleigh began referring to her little namesake as "Grandma's Sadie Baby," and was stunned when Sue objected.

"But everyone always called me Sadie!"

"That," Sue said grimly, "was your hard luck. No one is going to call my child Sadie. Not while I live and breathe."

Mrs. Raleigh resisted the impulse to say what she thought of a daughter-in-law who names a child after you and then all but swears at you when you mention the name. "But Sarah is such an ugly name, dear. I always liked Sadie, myself. It always seemed to me—"

"I'm sorry you are disappointed, Mrs. Raleigh, but I won't have her called Sadie! Ugh! Sadie Raleigh. Nothing could be worse. But Sarah Raleigh is something else, Sarah's a beautiful name. If I didn't like it, I wouldn't have named my baby that!"

And nothing she was able to say later about naming the twins had any conciliatory effect on her mother-in-law.

"Every time I come home," Ken complained, "I stumble over a Decker. But let MY mother so much as touch her own grandchild and Sue yells!"

"Well, after all, a girl's own mother—" Margaret tried to explain.

"But what about MY mother? Hasn't a father any feelings, too?"

And later on when the white-uniformed trained nurse left, and there was no one to take her place because Sue rashly said that if she couldn't have a trained person she wouldn't have anyone—meaning that her father should go on paying the nurse—and Mrs. Decker took her, or pretended to take her, at her word, she quarrelled with her mother, too.

ONE night, when Lane Penney called on Margaret and was telling her of a proposed trip, the telephone rang.

"Excuse me, Lane."

He frowned a little as she hurried across the hall to the study. He frowned even more when she rushed back.

"Lane, I know you don't like Sue, but Kenny says both the babies are screaming and she's crying, and he's nearly crazy! I could hardly hear him for the noise!" A little smile played around the corner of her mouth, she spread her hands deprecatingly.

"So I'm just going to jump in the car and see what I can do. I won't be a minute. Father's in the study; you might talk to him for a couple of minutes, and the girls are somewhere about—"

He let her go. He had half a mind to get his hat and clear out while she was gone, but Natalie and two or three kids were sitting on the steps in the darkness, singing, and one of the boys had a mandolin. He dropped into a chair on the porch to listen a few minutes. And presently he was singing, too.

One boy left, and then the other two. Lane sat on in the darkness with Natalie. She was a nice child, he always enjoyed her, in spite of her sharp tongue.

"And so you're sitting, waiting for Margaret, as usual," she said.

"Yes. One of the Raleigh twins swallowed a safety pin or something, and they sent for her. I wish everyone wouldn't impose on her."

"So do I. But we all do. I hate myself for it, but I do. We're selfish to the core, the whole kit and kaboodle of us."

"You're entertaining, anyway," he smiled.

She smiled too. "I know. But so's Margaret. That's the funny part.

Looks and everything. Sometimes I almost hate her, she's so perfect!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!"

"I would! But I don't really hold it against her. She's grand. Make you a wonderful wife. By the way, how's it coming? Going to talk her into it?"

He hesitated. Lit a cigarette. She took it away from him and made him light another for himself. "Oh, well—let's forget our troubles for a couple of minutes. Tell me about the boat. Are you really going to buy a boat and sail it?"

"Well, I—"

She put her hand on his. "Don't let anybody—not even Margaret—cheat you of what you want. Go! If you have to go alone!"

Margaret said, "Of course I don't care, Nat darling. Why should I?"

"Well, he was yours. I practically took him away from you. At least it would seem that way. I hope you won't think I did."

"Don't be silly. If Lane Penney were mine, you couldn't take him away—"

Couldn't. . . . But Sue had taken Kenneth. . . . And of course, Nat had taken Lane, not that she cared, of course. She hadn't wanted him, she wasn't jealous. Except that it hurt, just a little when someone who has begged you to marry him . . . well, not in words, but in every other way, for two years, suddenly turns around and gets engaged to your sister!

For the first time, Margaret really saw Natalie as an individual. Not her pet little sister, who was generous with chocolates and stings with bath salts and perfume, her little sister who had borrowed her silk stockings and beaux and handkerchiefs for years. But Natalie Wickham, a small, blond woman, with devastating ways and a wide, laughing mouth in which there was no gentleness.

She saw, what she'd never dreamed before, that Nat wanted Lane Penney, that she ached with love for him, as she once upon a time had ached with love for someone who didn't love her enough. She saw that Natalie was seething with excitement, under her pose of sophisticated boredom. Especially as Lane had a new project in view.

"Lane was dying for a boat, you know, but I talked him out of it and into a trailer. And we're going to do what he's always wanted. Go off, gipsy fashion, and see if he can make a living writing Maggie, promise you won't be angry if I say something."

"Of course, not! If I got angry at all your impertinences—"

"I know, but usually you don't listen. That's it. I'm scared about you sometimes. I know you didn't care about Lane and, of course he really didn't care deeply about you, or he wouldn't have turned to me—but you ought to care about somebody. My goodness, you can't trail around with Kenny and Sue all your life!"

"There's still Joe, and a few others, thank you!"

But her mouth twitched. For a moment she wondered . . . She had thought there was Lane, too.

After the first awkwardness of explaining that she was being a bridesmaid again—not the bride—Margaret took the entire business of Natalie's wedding happily in charge.

There was Daddy to placate, and Aunt Bet. While Lane Penney was Lane Penney, junior partner with Penney & Hollister, he was an eligible bridegroom. But a young man, who withdraws from a profitable and promising post and admits that he hasn't any very clear idea of making a living while gipsying about the country, is something else again.

Even Aunt Bet's hope that his uncle might do the right thing by the young folks was dashed when Lane admitted blithely that, though Uncle Tim had taken him into the firm, he had no idea of making him his heir. "Whatever Uncle Tim leaves will go to his two sisters and his daughter, Audrey."

"But your inheritance, from your mother?" Aunt Bet began, delicately.

"Oh, that!" Lane said, and grinned.

"Tell 'em you squandered it in riotous living," Natalie prompted.

"Well, the truth is, by the time father's estate was settled, mother

didn't have anything like the fortune she was supposed to have had. And then she died when I was 16, you know, and though Uncle Tim boosted it by his handling, I came into it, principal and all, when I was 21, and—well, I've done a lot of spending these last years, as Nat says."

Nat's eyes rested just for a moment on Margaret. Accusingly, Margaret thought.

But before she could resent it, before she could cry, even inwardly, "But I never took anything from him, really! What he spent on me, he'd have spent on himself or any girl!" Natalie had turned to Lane again.

"What does it matter?" she said. "We're going to live!"

Aunt Bet tried, ineffectually, to make Natalie listen to her familiar argument about "material things counting more than you think now, dear." Alex Wickham brought up, unfortunately, the case history of Sue and Kenneth, who had married on nothing and, in spite of her parents' generosity, weren't getting along too well.

Margaret winced, and Babs said, "Oh, well, Sue's a fool and Kenny never did have any brains. He should have stuck to football. It'll be different with Nat and Lane."

"I should hope so!" Natalie agreed, comfortably.

"And, by the way," Babs went on, "I heard it on terribly good authority, but it's a heavy secret, and I'm not supposed to tell, that Ken is trying to get back to football. He's applied for a coaching job at some school. He'll have to teach sewing or china painting or something besides, though. They always do, in those little schools."

"I hadn't heard—" Margaret began, cheerfully. "And he probably won't get it, anyway."

"I don't believe it. Sounds like a lot of gossip to me," Margaret said, stoutly.

And as she thought of Ken, worrying, not telling her, and of Sue who would be no help in the crisis, she suddenly realised something else. That her baby sister, Babs, was also grown up. That she, too, was an individual, a woman grown. That soon she, too, would be marrying.

If I don't hurry, I'll be the old maid in the family, she thought.

It was tacitly understood that Natalie's wedding would be a quiet one. It didn't occur to any of the Wickhams that she would want a big wedding. Wasn't she marrying a boy who would be practically penniless?

But Natalie surprised them all by the extravagance of her ideas.

"It's our stepping off into the simple life," she argued, "and if we don't make a loud noise over the step people will think we just fell!"

Margaret thought of Sue's wedding and Sue's trousseau, her white satin dressing-gable, and her handwoven going-away gown cut up into coats for the twins. But at least the Deckers could afford it and the Wickhams couldn't. It would be largely up to her.

Nat never saved, and, of course, Daddy couldn't do much. Still, it was the first wedding in the family, and the more they talked about it, the larger it became.

"No fuss," Alex Wickham said, "but a church wedding, of course."

"Naturally I don't want a circus wedding, and white satin and tulle and all that," Natalie said, "but there's no civilised law against making oneself as easy to look upon as possible. Something very simple, but nice. A going-away effect. Something I can use for travelling, too."

Elsons had just the thing—a French-blue dressmaker suit with a deep blue blouse and a deep blue topcoat to go with it.

So they bought it, and shoes and hat and gloves and bag to match.

Then there were Daddy and Aunt Bet with ideas about the wedding breakfast. Aunt Bet said she didn't see any sense in offending people, and there were certain people who just had to be asked. So she had her way about the list. And Daddy insisted upon just one thing, plenty of champagne, and the best.

"And if you're married in church

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you can't have it perfectly bare," Aunt Bet said.

So there were flowers. "Just tawny chrysanthemums—good old plain, cheap chrysanthemums," Natalie said. "But lots of them."

They had lots of chrysanthemums. And, of course, the bride's table, at home, had to be gold and white. Yellow and white orchids would be best, and a few butterfly orchids and gardenias would do, but Natalie supposed pansies and gardenias would have to do.

They compromised on the butterfly orchids. They only needed a few. Aunt Bet quarrelled with the caterers over the cakes and the food. "If you're going to do it," she said, "there's just one way to do it, and that's right."

Natalie hated to think of the family spending so much for her sake, but there didn't seem any way out once it was started. Lane entered right into the spirit of it. This was their big splurge, so they might as well have things right before they started starving to death.

It was a perfect wedding, a perfect day. Margaret was proud of all of them—Daddy, handsome and courtly and distinguished; Aunt Bet, moving like a queen among her guests; and Natalie, who had made no mistake in the French blue suit with the cart-wheel hat, and Lane's orchids, the smartest and gayest, if not the most beautiful possible bride.

Sue, who had come in one of her trousseau dresses, rather clumsily made over, was so upset by the picture Natalie made and the studied simplicity of the wedding that she actually regretted the white satin and lilies of her own.

"That," she told her mother, "is what I wanted. A simple suit. But no, you dressed me up in the 10 yards of lace curtain and made me look like a monkey, just because you wanted white."

"But, darling," poor, fat, little Mrs. Decker, whose feet hurt, said, "You wanted white."

"I did not," Sue hissed. "And anyway, next time I'm going to wear a suit."

"Next time!"

"You heard me!"

Seeing the mood Sue was in—for Sue was always miserable if she wasn't the centre of all eyes and all interest—Margaret shooed all the eligible young men she could find to dance attendance on her, to keep her from getting really mean and trying to steal the show from Natalie.

It helped, but it was not altogether a success. Sue's laughter, louder and louder, rang above the voices of the others. Her voice shrilled above the babble of talk and laughter.

"And when I leave here I'll have to feed the infants and then to the washbasin . . . I will. Certainly I wash! I'm going to have some more chicken. We never have it, so I eat like a farmhand whenever we go out anywhere."

Margaret saw Ken's face. She tried to get away from one of her father's old friends, who was saying, "But why aren't you getting married? Why are you letting your little sister get ahead of you?"

Four of Babe's friends, struggling through the crowd towards the bride and the bride's bouquet, got between her and Ken.

Helplessly, she saw him, white-faced, bearing down on Sue.

It all happened so quickly that Margaret couldn't be sure afterwards of what was reality and what she imagined. There was no doubt about Ken's intention. He was going to silence Sue—if he had to knock her down, and drag her out, to do it.

She saw Sue's flashing, laughing face, heard her high, shrill laughter, saw the faces of the listeners, their first sympathetic amusement, fading to embarrassment and shocked surprise.

"Please," she said—"please—"

But nobody moved. She couldn't push her way to them. And while she stood, frozen with fear of what seemed certain to happen, she saw Joe forcing his way toward Kenneth.

He had Kenneth by the arm; he was saying something about drinking to the bride. Two other men hurried to help him.

They managed very well. It looked, at worst, like two or three friends helping a brother who had had too much wedding champagne.

But Margaret had seen Ken's face, purple and distorted. She had seen the hurt, and fear, and hate, in it—and the shame when Joe and the others carried him off like a child in a tantrum.

She was ashamed for him, and, even though she knew that Joe had saved the day, had saved Ken and Sue from certain scandal and possible tragedy, she almost hated him because he had witnessed Ken's weakness.

When he came to her later, his deeply bronzed face red with embarrassment, his eyebrows lifted questionably, she almost melted. She almost forgave him for what he'd done, and what he knew about Ken.

"Sorry if I made it worse. I was scared, Maggie. I got a crazy notion he was going to knock her down, or kill her or something—"

If she'd only let it go at that! She wanted to, but something perverse in her wouldn't let her. She was tired and half-sick from the strain. She'd been hurt, and she had to hurt someone else.

"Let's not talk about it," she said. His face straightened, and a little muscle in his mouth twitched. "Just as you say, Maggie."

He turned away. She meant to follow. She meant to say something else, to show that she had understood, that she really did appreciate it, but some strange people besieged her, and then Aunt Bet signalled that she was wanted upstairs.

When she came down, Ken and Sue and Mrs. Decker had left.

Ken had hurt his wrist, someone said, tussling with a couple of pals.

It was broken, she learned later. Joe had broken it.

They joked about it, but the old friendship was never the same after that. Sue still filled her house with gay, half-rowdy parties. Joe and Margaret still went, and outwardly they were the same merry foursome they'd always been.

But there was a difference in Ken's attitude towards Joe, and Joe was a little self-conscious with Ken.

It was all the more depressing, with Natalie gone, and the house strangely empty without her.

Babs, in spite of her warm heart and her gaiety, was a secretive child. She went her way, brought her friends to the house, chattered, but said little. No one knew what she really thought, what she wanted, what she dreamed for her future.

You couldn't talk to her; you couldn't talk to Aunt Bet; you couldn't talk to anyone, any more, Margaret thought.

And she wanted, so hungrily, to talk. That is, to anyone but Ken. Ken wanted, just as desperately, to talk to her. He wanted to justify himself, to explain.

Once, in spite of her manoeuvring not to be alone with him, he began.

"You see," he said, "you see what it's like with Sue now. How can I go on?"

"People have to go on," she wanted to say. "You chose her! You wanted her—well—you've got her!"

"I have to take it from every side. Ma feels bad about the way we live. Sue's wastefulness and not storing anything up for a rainy day. And at the store they all think I'm a sap, and they all hate me because of that kid Dad fired to put me on, and they figure I'm not worth what he's paying me, and they're right. I loathe it—and I'll never be any good at it—"

Through the winter, through the troubled days of worrying about the Raleighs and their domestic upheavals, and Aunt Bet's flu, and Daddy's too recurrent doings over his after-dinner brandy, Margaret knew that her own affair with Joe was nearing a crisis.

If she could have gone away—if she could have stayed away from the Raleighs—or if Joe had been less obviously in love with her, she might have worked it all out much easier.

When she tried to forget the Raleighs, to stay away from them, they called her.

Ken, on the telephone. "Maggie, please come. Sue's locked in her room,

and little Sally's holding her breath—and if I send for Ma Sue never will get over it."

Susan weeping: "Oh, what shall I do? What can I do? I can't talk to Ken—and we owe everyone—" Even Mrs. Decker begging, "Please dear, talk to Sue. She needs a rest. Her father and I are so worried about her, and Kenneth is so selfish and mean, I can't speak to him, and she's so stubborn—"

And she was so tired. Everyone calling her, half a dozen of them pulling from different directions.

Ask Margaret. Let Margaret do it. I'm sure Miss Wickham can arrange it. Miss Wickham will see to it.

If she could just get away! If she could go somewhere and sleep!

She didn't know that there was an edge on her normally soft voice, that she snatched things from slow stock-girls' hands, that her father was a little afraid of her, and that she frequently made Aunt Bet cry. She thought that she had herself beautifully in hand.

She was dreadfully unhappy, and lest she be discovered in unhappiness and defeat, she became gay than ever. She was afraid of herself, of her own thoughts, of silence, of being alone.

Secretly she wept over the letters from Natalie. Oh, it must be wonderful to be happy, and married to someone you love!

"And some friends of Lane's are here, and we met most everyone else in town, and everything's so exciting—we're never coming home, you just have to come visiting, all of you, if you want to see us again—"

She read part of the last letter to Joe, and then made fun of it, and of herself, and turned on the radio and made him dance with her, because she was suddenly afraid of what she saw in his eyes.

If he'd just give her time . . . If he wouldn't rush her!

FEBRUARY turned into March, and March into April, and she didn't know where the time had gone to, because nothing had happened, everything was the same, and she was tired, tired, tired.

She looked in the mirror. It showed her heavy-eyed, colorless, even her golden hair without lustre.

"What's wrong with me?" she wondered, and just to show there was nothing wrong, she began encouraging one of the new men in the crowd, a young dentist named Stephen Surrey. She had him to dinner, and cooked it herself.

The young man was surprised. He didn't think that girls, especially business girls—

"Oh, there's nothing that Margaret can't do," Alex Wickham said.

"No, nothing!" Babs agreed, and she smiled at Margaret's new young man, and then she went out, and slammed the door.

"Another new hat!" Aunt Bet said, when Margaret came home on Friday with an almost crownless cartwheel of expensive straw.

"I have to keep looking nice," Margaret said briefly.

Aunt Bet and Babs looked hungrily at every new rag she had. Clothes were her one extravagance—her one pleasure, she almost thought. And they begrudged her that!

Everything went wrong. Margaret couldn't afford to go away for her annual holidays and wouldn't have had a bit of a change if Sue hadn't asked her to spend the two weeks with her and her mother at the Decker cottage on the lake.

Ken couldn't, or wouldn't, take time off to come, and though Mrs. Decker and Sue both pressed Joe to come at least one week-end, he declined.

So it wasn't much like the old days, with boys all over the place, and hilarity and excitement. The babies were darlings, but they had to be watched every minute.

Margaret felt like a middle-aged woman rocking on the verandah with Mrs. Decker and the little girls, while Sue disappeared, without warning or explanation, and turned up hours later with a tale of having "run over for the mail"—or "dashed around the point, to see if there was anything doing."

By the time the two weeks were over, Margaret really hoped she'd

never see any of them again, and looked forward to work and to Joe, with more eagerness than she had felt for anything since Natalie's wedding.

It was disappointing to find that Joe had chosen just that time to go away on his own vacation.

Nor was it possible to stay away from the Raleighs, for, once back in town, they climaxed all their previous domestic upheavals with a battle that nearly resulted in a divorce. It was all over the furniture payments.

Ken thought that they had been paid regularly. Sue admitted that they hadn't. The money had gone, she didn't know just where. Ken stormed. Sue told him that if he wanted to storm she'd give him something worth crying about. He might as well know that she'd mortgaged the house to pay for the furniture.

No, she hadn't consulted him. Why should she? The house was in her name, her own father had given it to her, what did he have to say about it?

"Well, you got us into this, now you can get us out," Ken said.

"If you think I'm going to ask my family for anything, you're crazy," she retorted angrily. "Why don't your people do something for a change?"

Margaret got it from both sides, and stayed out of it as best she could, but when Sue decided to accomplish a miracle by moving out of their house, letting it, and going to live in a tumble-down little cottage out in the hills near the cemetery, everyone appealed to her to step in and settle the argument.

"She can't do it. You have more influence with her than anyone—make her see that she can't," Mrs. Decker moaned.

"Back her up, Maggie," Mr. Decker counselled. "You're the only one of the pack with brains enough to see that at last my pampered daughter has had a sound business thought!"

Ken swore that he wouldn't live in the place that Sue picked out. It was a dump. It was terrible. The other clerks in the store would pity him. He'd never bring a single friend home.

Margaret pointed out that it really was a cute little place and could be made very habitable, if he'd do a little work on it. She brought out some of Natalie's gay letters about her home.

Sue had her way, of course. They moved to the little cottage at the cemetery gates.

But after they had moved in she found it lonely and depressing even by day, and wouldn't stay alone half an hour after sunset.

Joe came back from his vacation, browner and handsomer than ever. He'd had a glorious time on the beach, met a lot of new people, and some old friends.

"Remember Dot Painter?" he asked. "She's great company."

Margaret remembered her vaguely. A rather plain little thing, with big brown eyes and stick-out teeth.

"Go on—tell the rest." She was smiling lazily. Joe didn't often notice girls. It was amusing to listen to him now.

He smiled, too. "It does sound silly, doesn't it? I remember thinking she was a shy, uninteresting little number. I thought it was rather nice of me to give her a whirl now and then . . . Isn't it funny how you change? Here she is, glowing and vital and—sort of exciting. Being nice to a big hulk like me."

"Are you in love with her?" Margaret asked.

Joe shrugged. "No—not exactly." He looked at his watch. "Getting late. Time for the old man to be going home to bed."

"Old man Atwell!" She smiled.

She was still smiling as she said good-bye and watched him, six feet two of virile young manhood, run down the stairs, cut across the lawn to his waiting car.

She went upstairs. She was tired, and she might as well go to bed, too.

The following evening Barbara was entertaining a young man—just one young man, instead of the usual four or five, in the living-room, and she was visibly annoyed when Ken and Sue Raleigh came to see Margaret. Still more annoyed when it developed that Sue had the twins in the car,

and wanted to bring them in to Margaret was home.

Margaret was surprised. It was so seldom that the Raleighs went out together in the evenings.

"Oh, I can't stand the house—it has ghosts in it," Sue explained brightly. "Oh, Sue, don't be funny!"

"I'm not. It has. Every night at half-past nine he unlocks the back door—"

"He?"

"It, then. Unlocks the back door and walks through the kitchen and into the back bedroom, where the babies' beds are, and I tell you it's getting on my nerves. Of course, he's harmless. The infants never cry—"

Margaret said, exasperated: "Ken, why do you let her say such things?"

"Oh, he hears it, too. It's very plain. Patter, patter—all over the house."

"Then it's mice. Kenneth, wake up and talk to your wife."

Kenneth was turning over the leaves of a magazine. He said, without looking up, "I've given up trying to contradict her. If she says black is white, then I say so, too. She can't be wrong."

"My ever loving husband," Sue murmured.

At this point Barbara and the young man, who had been sitting silently in a corner, got up and left.

"Who's the kid?" Sue asked.

"Oh, I don't know. One of Babs' mob. She calls him Clicky. Don't ask why. Real name's Reginald Thompson or Townsend or something like that."

"Cute," Sue said.

Kenneth murmured something.

"What?" Sue asked.

"Nothing."

"I asked you what you said. Can't you answer civilly?" Sue asked hotly. "I was talking to myself."

"Because I noticed that kid happened to be good looking!"

"Because you always notice every man—young, old, lame, halt, blind—"

"I—I notice men? That's good! That's wonderful!" Sue's shrill laugh rose. "I, the housewife, the washerwoman, the nursemaid, lift my eyes to look at—at anything and it's a crime. But you—you—"

"Cut it, will you?"

"Oh, I'm getting a little too personal now? Getting where it hurts? My feelings don't count. Not at all. That's different. But let me say one word—one word about you and your carryings on and—"

"Stop!"

Ken looked the way he did at Natalie's wedding. He looked as though he were capable of strangling Sue. He looked as though he'd enjoy strangling her.

Margaret stood up. "Stop, both of you! Oh, please—Sue, Ken!"

But it was little Sally who saved the situation. She had remarkable lungs. Margaret thought gratefully for so young a child. And after a few splintering shrieks from her, little Betsy joined in and shrieked, too. They would have drowned out a chorus of Sues and Kens.

Aunt Bet came running. Mr. Wickham book in hand, came from his library door.

"What happened?" Aunt Bet came panting in. "Did she fall? Oh, poor sweet, did her bump her poor little head?"

"She did not!" Sue retorted viciously. "She's putting on one of her well-known tantrums and starting her sister in. Well, maybe there is something wrong. Come to mother, darling. There. Did you ever hear a child scream like that? Where she gets that temper I don't know! Now stop it! Stop it! Oh, shut up, Ken! Don't interfere—I wasn't shaking her. Well, I will if I want to. I can't stand it, I tell you—I can't stand it—"

Aunt Bet took the shrieking child. Expertly she laid it on her lap, looped the tight little jacket, the too-warm blanket. The shrieks gave way to sobs, to sighs. The little face, so ridiculously like old Mrs. Raleigh's, relaxed, the purple color faded back to normal.

Aunt Bet smiled. She said, almost apologetically, "It feels good to hold a baby again. I know it isn't the modern way, but sometimes—"

"Sometimes it works," Sue agreed.

OFTEN A BRIDESMAID, by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

She sat down beside the older woman. "I know you think I'm awful, but, honestly, when you have two and have to do everything—"

"I know. I only had the one. And I lost him when he was seven. It was diphtheria. I did everything, but—"

Kenneth touched Margaret's arm. He went out into the hall and signalled her to follow.

He was waiting, standing by the stairs. "Margaret, I was trying to get away, to come to tell you, and Sue had a hunch or something and came, too. I had to see you. I—"

She felt the old pain, the old, unbearable pain. "What is it? Are you in trouble? Tell me!"

He half turned towards the wall, and then turned again and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Trouble!" he whispered. Margaret tried to look over her shoulder. Sue! If Sue should come into the hall now, and find Ken and her—

She jerked herself free. "Don't!" she whispered. "Someone might come!"

He drew back awkwardly. "I didn't mean—I didn't mean—"

Someone was coming. She turned, guiltily.

It was only Aunt Bet, with little Sally. Margaret took a long breath. Sue, with little Betsy, was at Aunt Bet's heels.

"I should think," Sue said icily, "that you might at least try to remember that you are a father. I can't carry both of them. I don't ask much—"

"Oh, I love holding her!" Aunt Bet protested.

"Take her!" Sue snapped. Ken took the child from Aunt Bet's arms.

"Bring her again soon, dear."

"Thanks. I will, if I live."

"If you—if you live?"

"Oh, Auntie Bet! Don't you know Sue's jokes?"

"But I'm not joking, thank you, Margaret."

"Oh, come on," Ken said irritably. "We've had just about enough drama for one night!"

Sue's dark eyes flashed dangerously, but she said lightly, "Didn't I tell you about the ghost who walks every night? I think he's come to warn me. My ever loving husband is going to murder me because I talk too much. I know too much, and he's afraid I'll talk too much!"

Aunt Bet laughed politely.

Sue laughed; they all laughed.

Margaret stood in the doorway, while they went down the stairs. She was trembling with nervousness.

Aunt Bet said, "I never liked Sue, but I declare I'm sorry for her. I tell you, Margaret, that girl isn't quite right. All that nonsense about ghosts and making jokes about her husband wanting to kill her. I don't think it's right for her to be alone with those two babies. I think someone ought to speak to the Deckers. You ought to speak to Mrs. Decker, Margaret. She ought to know."

Margaret had gone back to the living-room, was picking up glasses.

"Sue was just a little upset tonight," she said.

"Upset!"

"Yes, she has too much to do, and that horrible little house is enough to get on anyone's nerves. I wouldn't stay there alone myself. I squeaks, and the tree over the roof bumps it in the wind, so that it whines and—"

"All the more reason why she should go to a sanitarium," Aunt Bet put in practically. "If it's no place for a healthy person, it's no place for a girl like Sue, who's on the verge of something. You ought to speak to her husband, Maggie—"

"No—no!"

"Why not? Goodness, you were talking to him in the hall. I meant to speak about that, too. You don't realise that it might be misinterpreted, dear, by others. Even Sue spoke of it—"

The glass that Margaret was holding dropped with a crash.

"Oh, dear! One of the rock crystal, too. Well, it isn't priceless, child. Don't look so distressed. Everyone breaks things."

"I know, I'm sorry. What did she say?"

"Who?"

"You said that Sue—that she said something when I spoke with Ken in the hall—"

"Oh, yes. Why, she said—goodness, Margaret, you're shaking like a leaf! Now, you're not upset over that? Tut, tut! All she said, 'If it were anyone but Margaret—or something like that. She meant she knew it was all right with you, dear. And, of course, it is; such old friends. But still—'"

Margaret's teeth were chattering. Surely Aunt Bet must notice. Must guess. Just as Sue had guessed.

"I'm going to bed. I'm terribly tired. Please say good-night to Daddy for me—"

Her voice almost broke. Anyone ought to see, she thought as she dragged herself upstairs, that it was she, not Sue, that needed a rest cure somewhere.

She got into bed. Sleep, that was what she wanted, sleep. Rest.

And almost instantly she ached with tenderness. Sighing, she sat up and turned on the light again.

Exactly what had happened between Ken and Sue? Oh, why hadn't she paid more attention to what Sue had said at first? She'd thought it was just another of their everlasting fights over nothing. But no, this was different. This was serious.

Again she saw the torment in Ken's face, heard his voice as he said "Trouble!"

"Your carryings on—"

She heard Sue's voice too, and her words to Aunt Bet—"Anybody but Margaret," when she really meant, of course, that that was why she was worrying.

Margaret covered her face with her hands. Now—after all these years! When she'd really stopped loving Kenny, and there'd never been anything between them—now for Sue to suddenly get the idea—

That was just the beginning. From a dozen sources came news of a separation between the Raleighs.

Margaret met old Mr. Raleigh in the store, and noticed that he averted his head, and pretended not to see her. The next day at noon she bumped into Irma Dunn, one of the old crowd she now saw but seldom.

Irma, she noticed, with a slight personal satisfaction, was getting fat. But there were two diamond bracelets on her plump wrist, and the black faille she wore was beautifully tailored.

"Margaret, darling! Where have you been?"

"Didn't you know that I'm working?"

"Why, yes, someone did tell me. Tell me all about it. I never see you, or Sue. Don't you have time to go anywhere?"

"Not much. Just evenings. Dinners and dances—things like that."

"You single girls! Well, you'll find it's different once you settle down. You're about the only one of the crowd left, aren't you?"

"Why, I don't know. Am I?"

"It seems that way. First Sue and then me, and then Mary and Kay. By the way, I thought I'd see you at Helen Travers's wedding. She told me you were going to be a bridesmaid—but, of course, you can't go on being a bridesmaid all your life. But, my dear, what is wrong with the Raleighs? Toby came home with a big story about Ken being caught with some woman somewhere—"

Ken—Ken—what?

"Goodness, Margaret, don't look so shocked! You know how men are! Especially Ken's kind. I tell you I'm glad I didn't marry any beauty. Toby may be fat, but he's true."

She paused for breath, then rushed on: "Of course, she'll be better off. Mother met Mrs. Decker, and she said that she and Mr. Decker were going to take the children, and Sue was going to a sanitarium for a rest. And if you ask me—"

"Irma—"

Margaret knew she was showing her distress, but she couldn't help it. She had to know all Irma knew—

"Irma—are you sure about Ken and Sue? That—that Sue is getting a divorce?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Toby told me. And then mother had it from Mrs. Decker."

"But I can't believe—"

"Of course, you were always a friend of Ken's. But I'm not surprised."

"Sue never told me!"

"Sue's never consistent. She's told everyone else."

Margaret went back to Elson's. She took off her hat and powdered her nose and went into the shop to sell dresses.

Sue hadn't told her—no, but Sue had said something about Ken's behaviour, and Ken—Ken had tried to tell her—Good heavens, Ken had tried to tell her.

Cold perspiration broke out on her brow, on her upper lip.

"But I'm not guilty!" she told herself resolutely. "I'm not guilty at all! Sue would have to prove it, and there's nothing to prove."

But why didn't Sue come out with it and accuse her? Then she could face it and explain.

All day, all the way home, she thought about it. It was absurd. It was ridiculous—

To avoid going home to the family she telephoned Joe's office. "Joe, how would you like to take me out to dinner?"

"I'd love it!" his voice came warmly over the wire. "Any night but to-night. You didn't mean to-night, did you?"

"Yes, I did. Joe—I'm worried."

"Worried? About what? Anything I can do, Maggie?"

"I can't talk over the phone—I want to talk to you. Joe—can't you see me?"

There was a little silence. "Joe, I know I shouldn't ask you, but this is really something special. Joe—"

"Maggie, I'd love to. And I would in a minute, except that a girl—you know—Dot Painter—I told you about her—"

"Oh—oh, yes!"

"She's been up here for a few days—"

"That's why I haven't seen you, she thought. It hadn't mattered before. Suddenly, it seemed to matter a lot.

"Margaret!"

"Yes—"

"I thought we were disconnected."

"Oh, no—no. I won't keep you, Joe. I just thought—if you weren't busy—"

"Sure there isn't something I can do? I might dash over and see you for a few minutes before I pick up Dot—"

"No, it's nothing. I just wanted to talk. Some time when you aren't so busy."

She hung up.

She felt frightened and alone. She had counted on Joe to understand and help. But if he'd rather take Dot Painter out there was nothing more to be said, of course.

W

HEN she reached home, Babs, who seldom had much to say, was bubbling over with excitement.

"Well, I hear the long-looked-for has arrived," she said. "The Raleighs are getting a divorce!"

"A divorce!" Mr. Wickham echoed. Aunt Bet said, "Why, it can't be! They were here together, with the babies, the night before last!"

"I thought it was pretty evident right then," Babs said coolly. "Clicky and I got out. Stupid, listening to them, going round by round, over and over—"

"Did you know about this, Margaret?" Mr. Wickham's handsome face was strained. He looked at his eldest daughter, searchingly.

Margaret licked her lips nervously. She'd always thought that Daddy didn't notice anything.

"Yes, I heard about it to-day," she said, as lightly as she could. "I bumped into Irma Dunn and we had lunch together. I think she said that her mother had the news from Mrs. Decker. The Deckers are going to keep the children, and Sue will take a rest, or go away or something."

"Divorce is a terrible thing," Mr. Wickham said. "The curse of the country. I hope and pray that we will never have it in our family."

Margaret took a sip from her water glass. She thought, what will he think when he finds I'm named in one?

"But the best of it," Babs said, "is the grounds. Imagine! Good old Ken, the father of twins, the old re-

liable—the stand-without-hitching—"

Margaret's mouth hardened. "It isn't funny. It's tragic!"

"Oh, I know it's too bad. But Sue was a fool to marry him in the first place, and then for him to act up, and make a fool of himself, at his age—"

"At his age?" Aunt Bet was interested. "Why, he always looked young. I thought he was about your age, Margaret."

"He is," Margaret said. "Which makes him about four years older than Babs—practically senile!"

"Four and a half. Don't forget the half, Maggie. Anyway, he's too old to act the way he's been acting, and not old enough to be a really old fool after a kid. That's all she is, you know, Seventeen or eighteen—something like that. Disgusting, I call it!" Babs wrinkled her nose, with satisfaction.

Margaret knew her face was red. She could feel the hot color suffusing her cheeks, her forehead, even her neck. She was almost afraid to trust her voice, but she had to ask, she had to find out what wild nonsense Babs was talking.

"Who's seventeen or eighteen?" There—she'd asked—and her voice sounded perfectly natural, too.

"Ken's girl friend."

"Ken's—Ken's girl friend! Babs, stop grinning like a hyena! Ken never had any girl friend except—"

"Except you and Sue, that's what you thought, darling." Babs' voice was rising. She was getting angry too. "And the way the two of you just took it for granted that a man like Ken could lead the suppressed sort of life that he led without ever breaking loose was simply silly. Clicky said, just the other night—"

"Clicky's a child! He doesn't know what he's talking about. And why you and he should pry into Ken's affairs—"

"Oh, Maggie, why are you so touchy about Ken? Good heavens, anyone would think you were the injured wife. Anyway, no one had to pry into the Raleighs' affairs. What Sue didn't shout, Ken blabbed when he had a few drinks. That's how he got in with this girl."

"She was the cigarette girl and sang a little, or something, over at the dive where he used to go all the time—Gertie or Greta's, or some such name. He started in telling her his troubles, and she consoled him—and Sue found some evidence and Papa Decker hired a detective. The detective followed them and—"

"Need we go into the sordid details?" Mr. Wickham inquired.

Aunt Bet rose reluctantly. "Shall we have coffee in the living-room?"

Margaret didn't follow the others. She went straight upstairs. But at the upper landing she stopped. Why run away? Oh, Kenny, Kenny—

to be so cheap!

And Sue, with all her flirting and fluttering, had been faithful to him. There'd been no excuse—not the ghost of one—

Well! She could breathe again now. Nothing for her to get upset about. And for that matter, she might as well go on downstairs and have her coffee, and find out the rest of the story. Daddy would be in the library with his brandy, and they could talk uninterrupted.

Someone had turned on the radio. Too loud. She'd turn it down. But as she entered the living-room, saw Babs and Aunt Bet with their heads together, she unconsciously hesitated.

"I can't tell you the turn it gave me," Aunt Bet was saying. "I thought—promise you'll never mention it—not to a soul! I thought it was Margaret—"

"The woman in the case? No!" Babs' laughter rose above the radio's dance orchestra.

"Oh Aunt Bet! But, darling, nobody thought—and nobody said a word. Nobody would, except to wonder why a still attractive woman like Margaret should waste her life on a vicarious romance. Why, he hasn't given her a thought for years, except to use her as a shoulder to cry on, and even Sue wasn't jealous."

Margaret put her hands to her crimson face. It felt hot, and dry.

She gulped. Her throat was hot and dry, too. Her head hurt—

"He hasn't given her a thought for years—"

Even Sue wasn't jealous—

With a little choking cry she fled upstairs, to holt herself in her room.

It was dark. It might have been the middle of the night for all Margaret knew, or cared.

Someone was pounding at the door. She raised herself to a sitting position.

"Margaret—open the door!"

Margaret slid off the bed, and unbolting her door, Aunt Bet, fully dressed, stood there in the lighted hall. Blinking, Margaret switched on the bedroom lights, let her aunt into the room.

"Why, you've been asleep!"

"Yes, I was tired. I lay down on the bed to rest for a minute, and I—"

"And with that nice dress, dear, that isn't like you! You'd better slip it off, and I'll see if I can press it for you."

"Oh, never mind. I'll do it tomorrow. What time is it, anyway?"

"A little after 10. Margaret, Kenneth Raleigh is downstairs. He says he must see you. Your father is talking to him now. I didn't want to call you, but I thought I'd better. He looks terrible."

Margaret sat down on the bed. "I'm through with Ken Raleigh. I hope I never see him again. Why should I go down now? I won't!"

"Dear, I think you should. He looks so bad. Please, dear. I wouldn't have called you if it hadn't been urgent."

"Where's Babs?"

"Gone somewhere. There were five or six of them here for a while and they went somewhere to dance. Margaret, I really think you should come down."

Margaret smoothed her crushed dress, looked at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were swollen. Anyone could see she'd been crying.

"Oh, I can't go. Look at me! Waked out of a sound sleep. Look at my hair. Look at that piece, standing straight up!"

"He won't care how you look. Just comb your hair, dear, and freshen your face. Really, he's in a pitiable state."

Aunt Bet, sure that Margaret would follow, bustled ahead.

Margaret combed her hair. She smoothed a little powder on and reddened her lips. She was looking far from her best, but, as Aunt Bet said, Ken wouldn't notice. He wouldn't care. So why should she?

Smiling a little, she came downstairs and into the library where he sat, with her father, before the smouldering fire. There was brandy before them and Alex Wickham's handsome face was flushed. "This young man thinks that you can help him, Margaret."

"I'm sure I don't know what I can do—"

"With Sue," Mr. Wickham explained.

Kenny stood, holding to the back of the chair as if for support. He wouldn't meet her eyes.

"Sit down," she said. She sat on the arm of her father's chair, hemming him in, for he'd shown signs of leaving, and she had no intention of being left alone with Ken. Whatever he had to say, he could say to them both.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Mr. Wickham murmured something about finishing his book. Ken half rose again. But she only said, "Well, go on, Kenneth. What do you want me to do?"

Aunt Bet was right, he did look terrible.

"Well, I thought—" he began. He looked at Mr. Wickham appealingly. "You tell her," he begged.

Mr. Wickham cleared his throat. "This trouble we spoke of earlier in the evening, Margaret. The—er—divorce."

Margaret looked levelly at Ken. "Yes, Daddy."

"Kenneth has explained about the—the—"

"The cigarette girl," Margaret put in.

Kenneth lifted his head. "Margaret, I give you my word it was nothing. Your father understands. You know

how it was with us—how Sue goes into the air. It—

"There's no truth in it?"
"Well—a little affair. A—"
"A little affair," Margaret echoed. Her lip curled. "And I'm to tell Sue it was nothing? Is that it?"
"Margie, I'm not excusing myself. I know I was a fool, but I'm not the only one. Every man—"
"I'm learning things," she said. "I'm supposed to believe—and tell Sue—"

"Margaret," he father cut in, "we know that you are Sue's friend and that you feel deeply for her, but it is every woman's lot to—er—to forgive at some time, and a reconciliation is better than a broken home. Kenneth did wrong—he admits it—and he's sorry. But he wants Sue to see that, whatever it was, it's over and as if it had never been. He loves his wife, he never loved this poor little girl—"

Margaret was smiling again. But it was a crooked smile and her eyes were blazing. "Just a little hard on the other girl, don't you think?"

"Oh, she's just a kid," Kenneth said. "She'll get over it." But for the first time his eyes lit.

Margaret thought of the time, five years ago, when she'd wept her heart out over him. She was just a kid, too. But it had hurt—and the hurt had left scars.

"That will be a great consolation to Sue, I'm sure," she said coldly.

"But Margaret—" Ken reached for her hands. "Margaret, don't you see? Whatever it was with her was nothing. It was only Sue I loved—always. It was because of that, and the way she acted—oh, if I could only make you see!"

"I'm afraid I don't see very well. I'm afraid I won't be able to make Sue see. A man with a wife and children having a cheap affair with a cheap little girl and then saying it's nothing, and it's only Sue you love—and she ought to forgive you. Oh, it's disgusting. If it were a love affair—a real love—if you cared for someone else—"

Kenneth groaned. He took Margaret's hands again and this time she couldn't snatch them away.

"Believe me—you must believe me, Margaret! My whole life—my whole happiness—Sue's happiness—everything depends on it. I give you my sacred word of honor. Sue is the one love of my life. I never loved another woman; I never could—"

He never loved another woman! He was telling her that! That was too much. It had ceased being tragic. It was funny. She stood up.

"It's no use, Kenny. You'll have to do your own talking to Susan. I wish you luck. Good-night!"

"Weren't you just a little hard on him, my dear?"

Margaret felt choked. She wanted to put her head on her father's shoulder and cry her heart out. She wanted to tell him what a failure she was, and how much she hated all the men in the world, especially Kenneth. But she couldn't do that, of course. And even if she did, he wouldn't understand. Nobody would understand.

"I don't think so, Daddy. Please excuse me. I'm going upstairs to bed."

Aunt Bet's door was open. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, draped in her old lavender bathrobe, her white hair in the inevitable curls.

"Did he go?"

"Yes. You don't have to whisper. He's gone."

"Poor soul! I felt quite sorry for him."

"I didn't. It's Sue I feel sorry for. Good-night, Aunt Bet."

She went to her room, dead tired, still deep in her sympathy for Sue. To be married to a man like that! Nothing could be worse!

But maybe if I'd married him, everything would have been different, she thought. He says he never loved anybody but Sue, but that's nonsense. He did love me. I know it. And I couldn't be any more miserable if I did marry him.

I ought to marry somebody. I can't go on this way forever. Other people are married and they're happy. Nat and Lane—and I could have had Lane. He wanted me; Joe, too, be-

fore he met that Dot Painter again. What's wrong with me?

She undressed slowly. It was when she was getting into bed that the long, choking sobs came.

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—turned into yesterdays, Margaret thought, but taking their time about it.

Never had time crawled so slowly. Never had the days been so dreary. She was avoiding Babs, and her father, and Aunt Bet. Avoiding Kenneth, of course. Avoiding Joe. Avoiding Sue, and all the Deckers. All her old friends.

For excuse, she had thrown herself into her work. At least it gave her the opportunity to catch up on a lot of things that she hadn't had time for before. She did some shopping, and reported her finds to the Elsons and Miss Grace. She studied the fashion magazines and looked up costume plates and joined a course in design-

ing.

When Sue and Mrs. Decker came into the shop on a warm September afternoon, she was far more poised, and more able to handle the situation than she would have been a month before.

Sue, she noticed at once, had put on weight.

"Why, Susie! How well you look!" Margaret cried, with genuine pleasure.

"Oh, yes, she's getting to be herself again," Mrs. Decker said.

"And you look well yourself, Margaret," Sue said, critically. "New beard?"

"No—not the ghost of one. Just work!"

Sue shook a teasing finger. "Now, don't tell me that. I know you too well. Joe Atwell told me yesterday that you were never home, and he was getting tired of calling your number."

Margaret shrugged. "Can't help it. Busy."

"Then it agrees with you to be busy," Mrs. Decker said. "You look like you used to look. And, of course, I'm so proud of Sue, who's picked up so. What we've been through—"

"You'll never know," Sue said, "what I've suffered." Her dark eyes followed a tall, brunette model displaying a biscuit-colored sport coat, with a great silver-fox collar. "Look, Mother—something on that style. To go over my suit, or little silk or wool frocks."

"Hm. Do you like that shade, dear? Isn't it a little light?"

"Do you want me in black? I'm getting out of mourning now into it!"

"Get what you like, dear. You know what your father said."

"Pops opened up the purse," Sue grinned. "He's so glad to have me home again. I haven't been so thrilled, oh, for years! Maggie, honey, bring me that coat she was modelling, and I want to see some really exciting evening things, and a travelling outfit—"

Margaret led the way to the fitting-room, holding the coat and two imported suits over her arm.

"I'm taking her for a trip," Mrs. Decker panted, hobbling along as she always did, on too-small shoes. "We'll leave the children with the nurse I have for them, while I'm gone, and Dad will supervise the nurse. He's so proud of the responsibility—"

"Two girls," Sue giggled, inspecting a honey-colored tweed. "He'll probably have it to go through all over again—with them. Marriages, divorces, remarriages—"

"Doesn't Ken mind?" Margaret asked curiously.

"Doesn't he mind what? Look Mother, this isn't bad. But what I really want to see is evening gowns. I want the most wicked, devastating, expensive—"

"They're coming. I'm having them modelled for you. I mean, doesn't Ken mind losing the children?"

For just a moment Sue's face clouded. "Oh, I suppose so. He's only human. But you don't think I'd give them up to him and those Raleighs, do you? Anyway, he's got a new toy. He's going to be assistant to the assistant of the coach at a teachers' college somewhere. He's happy. He never really cared for me. It was you, Maggie. Served me right, I guess. The way it turned out, I mean."

"Why, Sue? How can you say such a thing!" Mrs. Decker cried.

Sue laughed and slipped into the beige coat again. In the mirror she looked to see how Margaret was taking it.

Margaret had only smiled. "Why don't you try a black hat with it?" she suggested. "You can't get the effect of fur without it."

Mr. Leland Elson, the actual head of the firm, now that his old mother no longer struggled down to business each day and his father was just the figurehead, sent for Margaret.

She went up to his small, oppressively luxurious office with some misgiving. She'd taken on a few of Miss Grace's prerogatives, such as planning displays, and making suggestions for advertising copy in the last few weeks, and Miss Grace hadn't liked it too well. She might have complained.

But Elson received her pleasantly enough. He was a tall, slender young man, with prematurely bald head, and small, piercing dark eyes. They looked her over shrewdly now.

"Come in—come in," he said. "I want to talk to you."

She sank into one of the low, satin-covered chairs, and waited for him to finish signing his letters.

"How would you like to live in Beverly Hills?" Elson asked, without looking up from his writing.

"Beverly Hills? Why—very much!"

"We're opening a new shop there. I'm wondering if you've had enough experience. I had intended to get an older woman, but last night I had one of my hunches. I thought of you. It seemed at the time that you'd be just right. I don't know. You're young, but you've been taking hold lately, and you know merchandising. I might be wrong, but I had this hunch. Want to try?"

"Oh, I'd love it! Mr. Elson, I know I can do it! I'm positive that I—"

"You'll be supervised, of course. It shouldn't be impossible for you. The opening will be in March, probably. I might talk to you later about some of my ideas. It was a whim to tell you now. Don't mention it in the shop, but you may break it to your aunt—how is she, by the way? And your father, of course."

She came downstairs in a daze. A buying trip. Really being part of the firm. Opening a new shop. And most exciting, most blessed of all—getting away from everything and everybody! Getting into something new!

SHE was almost home that evening before she remembered that going away into something new also meant going away from everything old. From the house, from Daddy, Aunt Bet, Babs.

Instantly everything that she'd wanted to get away from became precious to her. She couldn't leave. But if she didn't she wouldn't get that marvellous opportunity. Her one chance to amount to something.

Why shouldn't she have it? Why give up everything? Look at Nat! She hadn't hesitated to leave when she wanted to, and Babs would do the same thing if she had the chance. Of course, it was different with them. Babs was just a kid and Nat had never taken any real responsibility, anyway. She had the whole load—the house, and Aunt Bet, and Daddy and Babs.

That was it. She was stuck with it. She'd given up one chance to get away and see life. Perhaps if she gave up this one, too. Well, she wouldn't give it up. She'd take it! She'd go, and the family would just have to get along without her. She owed something to herself, too.

Now she looked about the table. Babs was as usual unfathomable. Chattering—but saying nothing that she really meant, or felt, her thickly fringed lashes shading her eyes, slender hands delicately breaking bread.

Daddy, for all his air of self-assurance, was easier to read. His silvery-streaked fair hair was correctly brushed, his tie was perfect, his manner suave and easy, but behind it you felt something, something he wasn't talking about, something he'd never told about. Something secret.

And Aunt Bet. Maybe Aunt Bet had her thoughts and her plans, too.

Maybe all these years that they'd accepted her as part of their life, maybe she, too, had had dreams of another life for herself. Maybe even yet—

"I'm going away in January!" she said, suddenly, surprising even herself.

"Why, Maggie, how perfectly thrilling!" Babs cried.

Aunt Bet beamed, her father beamed. They asked about it. A buying trip? Indeed! How very nice.

Of course, they didn't understand that it was a small part of something else.

"And after I come back I'll be terribly busy planning and working for a great opportunity. It's a sort of trade secret, but Mr. Elson said I might tell the family, because, of course, it's something we have to plan for and . . . and get used to. I'm going to be sent to Beverly Hills then—to a new shop they're opening there."

"I think that's very nice, indeed," Mr. Wickham said. "You'll enjoy it, my dear. Travel—"

"I'm not going there to visit. I'm going to be there permanently. I'll be the manager of the shop. It's a great opportunity, you know. I—I'm going to live there."

"Indeed," Mr. Wickham said. He gave his attention to his dinner.

"It's a very pleasant place. I'm sure," Aunt Bet said.

Babs lifted her heavy eyelids. She said, "Do you mean you're actually moving away from here? Leaving us?"

The air was electric with waiting. There was still time for her to change her mind. She could say, "I really haven't made up my mind—"

No, it was too much. They'd have to get along somehow. She could send money, of course, but they'd have to manage without her.

"It's an opportunity I don't want to miss," she said carefully, slowly. "Of course, I hate leaving you all."

"Of course," Aunt Bet murmured. "But Babs is so capable now, and with Aunt Bet to manage—"

There was silence. A long silence. She spoke again, "Aunt Bet, don't you think you could manage?"

"Why—why, yes," Aunt Bet murmured uncertainly. She did not lift her eyes from her plate.

Babs' mouth was set in a thin, hard line. Even Daddy was agitated, twirling the ruby signet ring on his finger, taking it off, putting it on again.

"You think I oughtn't to go!"

"Oh, no," they cried in chorus—"Oh, no, it isn't that!"

And then there was another silence. "I was just thinking," Aunt Bet began, and stopped.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. Really nothing, dear. But I just thought, keeping up a house, for just three people—"

"But I've kept it up for only four people for years and years—"

Oh, dear—she'd said the wrong thing, of course. Now Daddy was hurt. Oh, dear—oh, dear—

"It has seemed a long while since Natalie left us," he said, surprisingly without rancor. "But it isn't years. It's just one year. One year on the 27th. I miss her. And I shall miss you, too, of course." He added hastily. He beamed at Babs. "Fortunately I shall have one daughter left."

Babs scowled. Margaret said, "Oh, I'll be coming home often, of course. And it's about time that Nat and her husband took it into their heads to visit us instead of everybody else they ever heard of. I think she ought to come home for Christmas, and I'm going to write and tell her so."

Mr. Wickham cleared his throat. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I was considering going down to spend Christmas with them. Nat wrote and asked me. I—I had rather counted on it."

"It would do you good, Alex," Aunt Bet said. She turned, almost apologetically, to Margaret. "He's had no change at all in the last years. He really needs it. We—we all need it—"

"How long would you stay?" Margaret asked. "Would you be back before I leave?"

Mr. Wickham cleared his throat.

again. He looked embarrassed. "Natalie thought that I might like to go on a bit of a tour with them. They'll probably stay on for several months."

"It would be a wonderful trip, you, Daddy."

"Yes, it would. Very nice, of course, I shouldn't stay on. I think—well—if Babs were just a little older—"

"Say it!" Babs cried. "For heaven's sake let's stop thinking and start saying and doing. Here we are all of us, bored to death, going to see thinking we've got to stick for every one else's benefit, and every one of us just dying to get away—"

"My dear Barbara," Aunt Bet said, shocked.

"I don't care—it's true. Go on, Daddy—tell us—"

"Yes, tell us," Margaret said. Babs looked at Babs reproachfully.

"Just an idea," Mr. Wickham murmured. "I couldn't leave you all that length of time, of course—"

"For what length of time?"

"Oh—long enough to make it worth while—Of course, I'd return eventually—to visit at least. Couldn't—"

"So Ted wrote you, too," Aunt Bet said. "Oh, Alex, why didn't you tell me? I thought he meant you, but—it wasn't clear in my letter—"

"Of course, he wrote me. I thought it secretive of you, Bet, not to mention it yourself."

"But I thought—"

"Oh, there they go again—thinking!" Babs cried. "What is it? Tell us. We have a right to know!"

But it was to Margaret that the father turned. "Your cousin Ted. My cousin, you understand."

"Not—not—" Margaret wanted to say "the myth," but instead she flushed, rather lamely—"Not—not the same old cousin—in Surrey?"

"Yes, he's going in for some travel. Quite a scientist, Ted, you know. Wanted someone in the family on the place. In his absence, you understand. And he did say that if you, Aunt Bet, and I chose to stay permanently—at least I surmised meant your aunt also—rotten with Ted—nothing very clear about it. Just an idea, you know. Just an idea."

He and Aunt Bet exchanged glances. Both wanting to go—both dying to go. Probably wrote him hinted for the invitation.

"I think it's a splendid idea," Ted said warmly, naturally—happy in their pleasure, for the first time in years. Aunt Bet's old eyes were bright.

"But I don't see—"

Margaret didn't see either. She didn't see where the money was coming from.

Already they seemed lost to be on their way back to their youth to the mythical "Cousin Ted"—one with the money—the head of the Wickham family—

Tears shone in her eyes. "Of course, it can be managed," she said.

They pulled their chairs closer to the table, pushed plates and cups aside.

They talked and talked, unmerciful of the time.

Mr. Wickham did most of the talking. He talked about Cousin Ted. Of their childhood together. Of the years that they spent in India, of London seasons. Of Violet, Ted's wife who died. And of Ted's only daughter married, and living in Manila.

"Great travellers, we Wickhams," he said proudly. "Travel to the ends of the earth. If Ted didn't count me taking over the estate for him, I'd like to make the trip with him. Of course, he's a little younger than I, but not much. A change of air and I'd be quite myself again—ready for anything—"

"To see one's old friends again," Aunt Bet broke in excitedly. "After all these years! I can't believe it—can't believe it!"

Babs and Margaret grinned companionably at each other across the table. Poor darlings! How they wanted to go!

But to finance the thing. Of course neither one of them had the least idea how much such a trip would cost. Aunt Bet had a little money, of course, and Daddy had something, but not much.

"How much would it cost to fix-

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the house so that it would let?" Babs asked practically.

"Not so much," Margaret knit her brows. "I wish I knew if I'd get a bigger salary. Mr. Elson acted as though I would. But he didn't actually say so. If I don't, I really don't see—"

"What don't you see?"

"Yes, what's worrying you, dear?" Aunt Bet asked, turning from her brother and their bright plans, to smile upon her favorite niece.

"Why—different things. I'm the practical one, you know. There's Babs to be launched."

"You've been saying that for five years," Babs said, with irritation. "If you'd just tend to your own business, Maggie, and let the rest of us tend to ours—"

"Oh," Margaret said. "If that's the way you feel."

"Please, Maggie, I didn't mean it just the way it sounded. I only meant—"

"All right—what did you mean?"

"Oh, Maggie! You got so badly upset if anyone has an idea but yourself!"

"I don't. Except that no one but myself seems to have a practical idea. We want Daddy and Aunt Bet to have their trip—"

"If I go back, it won't be a trip. It'll be to stay. That is, if you can manage without me," Aunt Bet said.

"Of course we can manage! But one way or two, it still costs money. And if we rent the house, and I go away, then Babs—"

"But, Margaret—"

"Now let me talk—"

"If you'd just listen to me—"

It was Babs who made herself heard above the others. She said, "Margaret, you're wonderful and you've done too much for all of us. But listen! I don't want you to do anything more for me. I've tried to tell you a million times, but you'll never listen. I want to marry Clicky—"

"Marry Clicky!"

"He's twenty-four and he's earning just twice what Kenneth Raleigh was earning when he married Susan—"

"And how well that turned out!"

"Yes, but Clicky has sense. More than twice as much—even if his earning power is only twice Ken's at the present moment. And I'm no Susan—"

Decker, either, thank you! And for our home, Joe Atwell's father is building a perfectly beautiful bungalow court, and Joe said—"

"So you talked about it to Joe."

"Well, I had to talk about something. You were out, and I was just doing my best to entertain him."

"Talking about your ambitions to marry Clicky. You must have been entertaining ag!"

"Margaret—you forget yourself," Mr. Wickham said.

"I'm sorry." Tears blinded her. "I—I don't know what's the matter with me. Please forgive me, Babs. I'm upset—"

"You're tired, Maggie—I'm a hound. I'm the one to be forgiven."

"No—No—it's I—"

Choking back the sobs, Margaret rushed from the room . . . upstairs, to lock herself in her room, and throw herself on the bed, to weep her heart out.

Oh, she knew what was wrong with her, all right. And they knew—everybody knew—nobody could help but know.

She was just angry and hurt and mean and jealous—because Daddy and Aunt Bet acted as if they didn't need her any more. Because they wanted to get away. Because Babs wanted to get away. . . . Because all her years, all her work, all her sacrifice was a joke—a joke against her.

And because—because Babs was going to be married—and she, the oldest—was going to be an old maid.

It was the last day of October, and almost the last hour. To-morrow would be the first of November and Barbara's wedding day.

But there would be no wedding. At four o'clock in the morning Clicky would call for Babs, and they'd start out for some outlandish spot—to be married there, late in the afternoon.

Why they must drive all those miles, when they could just as well be married right at home, was something that neither Daddy nor Aunt Bet could fathom.

Babs had just laughed. "No reason except that it will save a lot of trouble, and it's fun."

Punt! Margaret, lying fully dressed on the sofa, trying to get a little sleep before it was time to curl Babs and prepare 3.30 coffee, wondered just what was fun about it.

Not that she'd said a word. Daddy and Aunt Bet had had their say, but she'd kept discreetly silent. She'd done her last advising, her last managing of someone else's affairs. She'd learned her lesson.

Her mouth twisted ruefully as she thought of it. Her years of running things. Thinking she was indispensable. Thinking that Daddy and Aunt Bet needed her to keep up the house. And all they wanted was to have her and Babs off their hands, so that they could go back home to England.

No, that wasn't fair of her. They hadn't thought of it that way. But it was what was at the back of their minds.

Well, they were getting their chance. Daddy would be on his way to Natalie and Lane to-morrow night, and Aunt Bet would follow soon. They'd have their chance—and she'd have hers.

A TASTE of the life she'd dreamed of. And then the excitement and responsibility of managing an exclusive shop in a beautiful new hotel.

Pleasant pictures floated across her mind—herself on the streamlined train, in a swank hotel, visiting theatres, night-clubs.

Her eyes closed. She slept.

The alarm clock, ringing steadily, determinedly, brought her back to consciousness with a jerk. Swiftly she stopped it, then lay back on the pillow for a brief, relaxed moment before she rose and washed and combed her hair.

It was a shame to wake Babs. She was so sound asleep, so very young and defenceless, with her thick, fair lashes shadowing her cheek and her pale yellow hair spread out on the pillow.

"Babs, it's a little after 3."

Babs opened unwilling eyes. "Just telephone Clicky, will you, and tell him I've changed my mind about marrying him?"

"Telephone him yourself!"

Babs sat up, groaning and yawning. "Heck, if I have to get up and telephone him I may as well go on and get married. It's mean of you, Maggie. You used to be so much more obliging."

Margaret smiled. "All right. But I consider that a compliment. Any-

way, you can use your own judgment about getting up. I've called you!"

Babs swung her feet out of bed and felt for the mules beside it. "Oh, dear—if I must, I must. How do I look?"

"Very sleepy."

"No—I mean—do I look all right? It would be just my luck to look blotchy, or ugly, or something."

She hurried, heels flapping, bathrobe trailing, over to the mirror to study her round little face anxiously.

Margaret couldn't help laughing. "Oh, Babs, you're funny!"

Babs laughed, too. "I had nightmares all night, thinking I'd break out with hives, or a cold in the head, or something. Oh, you don't know, Maggie. You always look marvellous, and you simply don't know what it is to worry."

Margaret saw herself in the glass, behind her sister. Saw her hair, pure gold and bright as metal, draining Babs' tow-head of all color. She saw her own perfect features and Babs' little pug nose and wide mouth.

"But you're younger and fresher," she said quickly. "And—anyway—my looks haven't done much for me."

"It's your own fault if they haven't. Oh, Maggie—you are so pretty. Even at 3 o'clock in the morning. You ought to—to have millions—and servants and luxury. You really should. Listen, do you mind if I take your bath salts—that new bottle you haven't opened? I have mine packed, you know, and I don't care much for that other kind you have—rose, or whatever it is—"

"Of course. Take anything you want. Babs, you don't think I'm getting to look old—and old maidish—do you?"

A protesting shriek from the bathroom, where Babs was running hot water into the bath. "No, what an idea—"

"Because, I don't know—I sometimes think—"

"You don't happen to have soap to match this stuff, do you, Maggie?"

"No—but there's the toilet water that Sue gave me at the same time. I'll get it."

Clouds of scented steam rose from the tub from which Babs' yellow head emerged. Babs was singing. One of the rowdy songs that she and Clicky did in falsetto.

"If there's anything else you want, Babs—"

Babs didn't even hear. She went on singing.

Clicky, young, bundled in a very new and sporty topcoat and looking nervous and self-conscious, waited in the hall. He wouldn't come in. It was plain that he hadn't expected to see Mr. Wickham and Aunt Bet up at this hour.

Babs' three suitcases and hatbag were already in the car. He stood, first on one foot, then on the other. From time to time he looked at his watch. The bride was late.

She came downstairs wearing her two-months-old suit and a new, rakish beret, and Margaret's lamb coat—"Something old and something new, something borrowed—and my petticoat is blue—"

she said, laughing. But her eyes showed traces of tears. Now that the moment had come, good-byes were hard.

Alex Wickham, usually emotional in a crisis, was taking it all very calmly. He was explaining to Clicky about speed regulations and traffic laws and the necessity of safety. He didn't seem to realise that Babs, the baby, was marrying, perhaps never to return.

"Ah, here she is," he said, as the three women came into the hall together.

Babs had an arm around her sister and Aunt Bet. Aunt Bet carried her bag and gloves, and Margaret had her dressing-case.

Clicky took the case, Babs took the purse and gloves. She kissed her father and Aunt Bet and Babs. Clicky took her arm, and they moved toward the door.

"Now remember what I said about the speed laws," her father repeated. "And look out for those mountain roads."

"Yes, sir," Clicky said. He believed in agreeing with his elders, and then doing as he pleased later.

"Oh, Daddy—"

Babs laughed, and the laugh turned into a sob. She clung to his coat. "Oh, Daddy—"

She had to kiss them all all over again. And then, looking very young and very small, she went down the stairs with Clicky, and got into his green coupe, and Clicky started the motor, and while the three on the steps watched, the car gave a last

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parting "toot" and disappeared around the corner.

It was nearly 5 o'clock now. Too dark and cold to stay up and too late to go to bed. They went into the denuded library and sat by the fire that Margaret had lit earlier in the morning. Even the room seemed strange and unfriendly now that the books were packed and the old, familiar ornaments put away.

"I believe I could drink another cup of coffee," Aunt Bet said.

Margaret paused on her way to the kitchen. "Shall I bring you tea instead of coffee, Daddy?"

"No, thank you, coffee will do very well."

She brought it, with another plate of toast.

"I can't believe it's a wedding," Aunt Bet sighed. "When I think of how nice we had everything for Natalie—"

"I offered to do the same for Babs," Mr. Wickham said defensively. "If she'd only had a new suit," Aunt Bet wailed. "I really wanted her to have a new one. Though that green does suit her very well. And your coat was perfect with it, Margaret."

Margaret sighed. She, too, had wanted Babs to have a real trousseau. It hurt a little that Babs wouldn't take anything from her, except, at the last minute, the coat.

"I want to be independent," Babs had said.

It hurt, because if she couldn't feel that she'd been necessary to the family—if she couldn't feel that her sacrifices had been necessary, what was there left for her to be proud of? Nothing—nothing at all!

And no one knew how she felt—no one at all.

Towards evening she drove her father and Aunt Bet across to the station where he was to get his train, start the first lap of his journey.

None of his friends came to see him off, and he seemed not to miss them. He didn't even look back at the house as they drove away. All his talk was of Natalie and how things would be in Surrey with Ted.

"Au revoir, my dear," Aunt Bet said, and shook hands with her brother.

"Au revoir, Bet," he said. They were two tall, well-dressed strangers, parting for a fortnight. They were people Margaret didn't know—this elderly, handsome man, with the thin shoulders, the hawk nose, the ruddy skin. The slight, arrogant woman, with her dowdy hat, her complete self-assurance, her air of worldliness.

Were these two Daddy and Aunt Bet, whom she'd felt needed her all these years?

Her father kissed her cheek. He said, "Take care of yourself, my dear, and write often!"

He stepped up on the platform of the train, the porter picked up the portable step, the train began to move, very, very slowly, then faster. Margaret still stood, watching it—watching the empty track after it had gone.

"We may as well go," Aunt Bet said.

"Yes," Margaret answered. But she didn't move. She didn't want to turn and face Aunt Bet with the tears in her eyes. She was ashamed of them. Her father hadn't cried, Aunt Bet hadn't cried. They were so casual and cold about it. She wouldn't let anyone know that she cared, either.

Aunt Bet plucked at her sleeve. "Come, Margaret."

Margaret reached for her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. Then she turned, with false brightness. "All right. Shall we go somewhere nice and have tea?"

And Aunt Bet said, "Oh, if you like. But wouldn't it be more interesting to go somewhere where we could have a cocktail?"

Aunt Bet's black hat was a little awry, her pale eyes were bright. "This is on me," she said, ordering steak, broccoli with Hollandaise sauce, and a green salad with Roquefort dressing.

She was having such a good time Margaret didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She never knew that Aunt Bet cared about dining out. She never had.

"This is the sort of thing your Uncle John and I used to do often," she said afterwards, as they dawdled

over the crepes Suzettes. "Oh, yes, John and I were great restaurant-goers. I—I was never very domestic. I'm afraid I wasn't a very good housekeeper for you all, but I did my best, Margaret. I really did."

Margaret tried to think of Aunt Bet, who hadn't gone anywhere but church and the Guild and a concert now and then, as long as she could remember, dashing gaily around, and shook her head. It was such a new idea.

"Do you mean you never liked living in our house?" she asked curiously.

Shocked, Aunt Bet cried, "Why, certainly I did! It was very good of Alex to give me a home after John died, and I was very glad that I was able to repay him, in some measure, by doing my best to take your mother's place."

"You mean you did your duty," Margaret persisted.

Aunt Bet drained her coffee cup, and lit her cigarette. "If you put it that way," she said.

"And did Daddy like it?"

"Like what, dear?"

"Like the sort of life we led—garden, and house, and we kids, with our friends all over the place."

"But what else could he do?"

"I know—but did he like it?"

"Really, my dear," Aunt Bet said.

Margaret persisted. "Did he like it?"

"Goodness! Of course, it wasn't the life he'd have chosen. I dare say he'd have found it much harder to bear had he thought it would have lasted so long. He expected Ted to take care of him, you know. And he should have. It was his duty. Well, I shouldn't say anything, now that he's doing the right thing."

"But if it had come earlier it would have made everything much simpler for you girls, too. I've felt so badly all these late years, knowing that you weren't having the advantage you should have had—the travel, the culture, the —"

"You mean that you and he just stayed there for our sake!"

"It's no sacrifice when it's for those you love," Aunt Bet reproved her gently.

Margaret put her hand on her aunt's small, veined one. "You're a revelation to me. Honestly, Aunt Bet! I never guessed—I never knew —"

"Knew what?" Aunt Bet asked briskly, taking offence as usual at any show of emotion.

Margaret hesitated, fumbling for words. "I don't know how to put it. What I mean, I suppose, is that I never realised that you and Daddy wanted any other life. I did—and in a way I knew that Babs and Nat did—but I supposed I thought —"

"That we were too old to want anything?" Aunt Bet smiled good-humoredly.

"Well—something like that."

"And quite natural. I'm sure I felt just the same, when I was a girl. All children do, I'm certain. But you're growing up, Margaret, my dear. Your eyes are opening. I see it very markedly. Hm... Was that our waiter? I want another coffee!"

It was the following Sunday that Sue dropped in for supper. She'd just got back from her latest trip, and she was so mad that she'd missed the wedding—Babs and that sweet Clicky.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she wailed.

"It was all so sudden, we hardly knew ourselves. And I knew you'd be busy with your own romance—or is it romance?"

Sue dimpled. Babs and her wedding were forgotten. "My dear, I've met the most fascinating man. A Frenchman—a baron. The most marvellous dance. Really, I've never in all my life —"

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Of course not! I'm not going to marry anyone. Not me. I had enough marriage to last me the rest of my life. And now let me ask you one. Are you going to marry Kenneth?"

"Kenneth!" Margaret could really laugh at the idea now, and she was so surprised and pleased at her new freedom that she forgot to go on.

"There's nothing so ludicrous about it that I can see," Sue said, with a

touch of anger. "After all, he may not be the prize of the world, but he's still the best-looking thing I ever set eyes on, and the most exciting, in his own nasty way. Of course, I don't want him. I wouldn't marry him again if you paid me."

"I should hope not! After going to all the trouble of getting a divorce!"

"Oh, I didn't mind that part. It was fun. But what I meant was, you always liked Ken, and he always liked you —"

"Oh, Susan—don't be a match-maker, particularly with your ex-husband. I still like him, and I always shall, but that's that. Anyway, isn't he all wound up with his cigarette girl friend?"

"Oh, dear, no. That wasn't anything, you know."

"It wasn't anything! It was enough to make you get a divorce!"

"Oh, yes—but that wasn't the real reason. Well, it was, but what I mean is—well, I'm not the marrying type, Maggie. Of course, I'm intensely domestic and I adore my children and I worshipped Kenneth. But I have to have my freedom. I'm much happier with my freedom —"

"You mean you're much happier back in your father's house, with your father's money," Margaret thought, but she said: "Then everyone's satisfied. And I suppose Kenneth will find someone, even if it isn't the cigarette girl, and settle down again. I haven't seen him. Did he get that coaching job in the country?"

"No, the big fool! Talking about football all the time, and then when he got the chance and didn't have the excuse of saying I wouldn't go with him, he had to admit he didn't want it. Oh, you couldn't pry him away from that grocery store." She sighed. "He was an awful disappointment to me, Maggie. But I still don't see why you don't want him."

MARGARET laughed.

"Thanks—but I don't."

"It's Joe," Sue said. "That's why. Isn't it?"

"Why?" Margaret hesitated. "Why, Joe has another girl now. Dot Painter. Didn't you know?" But her voice wasn't as casual as it had been when she spoke of Kenneth. She couldn't make it so.

"Dot Painter!" Susan snorted. "Well, if that's all that's between me and my old true love—he hasn't a chance, honey, he hasn't a chance. And now I must go. Mother is having some people in this evening, and I must get back. See you soon."

She grabbed her coat, scrambled into it, and down the stairs.

Margaret watched her go. So it was Joe that Sue was after now!

Sue was back the very next night.

"Maggie, look at me. Is there anything repulsive about me?"

"Is there anything — Sue, for heaven's sake, what's the matter now?"

"Oh, just that Joe practically told me to go jump in the lake, that's all. And I got out the hand-mirror, and looked myself over, and, really, I may not be the queen of beauty, but I'm certainly not unattractive — do you think?"

"You know you're attractive," Margaret said shortly.

"I don't—I don't at all."

"Oh, you do. Besides, Joe's nice to everyone."

"Nice. That's it. That's exactly it. And I can't bear it—I simply can't —"

"Sue, what is the matter?"

"Joe, I tell you. I'm not used to being treated that way. I —"

"What way?"

"Nice. Like a nice, middle-aged old aunt from the country."

Margaret couldn't help laughing.

"Well, he does," Sue persisted. "What's the matter with him, if it isn't me? It can't be that wishy-washy Painter girl. And don't tell me he's so wound up in the engineering business that he isn't interested in anything else. Besides — from something he said —"

"Maggie—you wouldn't keep anything from me?"

"About Joe? I don't know anything about Joe that you don't know."

"You've been seeing him."

"Not lately—not for a long while!"

"Margaret Wickham!"

"It's true."

"But you're seeing him to-night!" Margaret pointed to the packing-boxes and the china that she was wrapping. "Does this look like a heavy date?"

"Then who is he going out with?"

"Dot Painter, I suppose. She's been up here a lot lately."

Sue shook her head. She was watching Margaret narrowly. "No, it isn't Painter. I called her up."

"Sue, you're terrible."

"Well, I had to know. No, she had that tone in her voice. You wouldn't lie to me, Maggie?"

"Why should I? Besides, what difference does it make what Joe does with his spare time? Anyway, I thought you had a count!"

"But I'm tired of him. Anyway, you know what Pops is. Suspicious. I couldn't have him around very much, or Pops would have a fit. Well, if you're busy, Maggie, I'd better be getting on home. See you soon!"

Margaret watched her run down the steps and get into the new cream-colored car her father had bought her. She was still too much for her. Always wanting someone else's boy friend.

Well, Joe was one that she couldn't play her tricks on. He'd always understood her, even from the very first, when they used to play around together, she and Ken, and Joe and Sue —

Oh, bother, there was the door-bell again.

She left her packing, and went to see who it was.

"Why, Joe! Where did you come from? Did Sue find you?"

"Sue —" He stepped back. "Sue — is she here?"

"Just left. She said—oh, I don't know—something about trying to get hold of you —"

He sighed. "She's worse than ever—in the midst of another plot. I don't know what, but I suspect I'm to play the villain and make old Kenney jealous, so I just excused myself. Mind if I come in for a while, Maggie?"

"Oh, Joe, forgive me! Keeping you on the doorstep, as if you were a collector or something. I've been out in the dining-room packing china. Come on out and watch."

"I'll help."

"Good! It's nice to see you, Joe! It's been such a long while."

"Not my fault. You're the elusive one."

"Oh, no, just busy. Daddy's going, and Babs getting married, and soon Aunt Bet on her way, and I on mine —"

"You're not going with them?"

"Oh, my, no. I'm going on a buying trip in January, and then I'll be transferred to a new shop the firm is opening in the south, a little later."

"So you are going!"

"Not to England. But maybe I'll get there for a trip some time. I'd like to see Europe. You see, Aunt Bet and I are packing up the few things we want to keep—and I'm sending a few things to Nat—her share of the silver, and such, and I hope I can persuade Babs to take some of the best things when she gets back from her wedding trip, but I doubt it. It seems a shame to sell it all, doesn't it?"

"Sell it—all your lovely things!" Joe looked aghast.

"I know. I feel sick over it, too. But nobody wants them, and so the only thing to do is to get rid of them, and realise what we can."

He looked around the nice old room, with its fine old furniture. "We had such fun here. I'm a sentimental fool, I guess. I hate to see it go."

Margaret wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "Think how I feel. It's been home to me all my life. But Daddy and Aunt Bet wanted to get away, and Babs and Natalie have their own ideas, and their own homes now—and I'm stepping out, too."

"Stepping out?"

"Why, yes. I just told you."

"Oh—I-I didn't understand."

"Everyone seems so surprised. It isn't very flattering!"

"Oh, Margaret—I didn't mean it that way! Besides, no one could. You've always been—well, the best of all of us, Maggie. The prettiest girl in the crowd, and the most capable, and smart, and —"

He paused, shocked at her string of working face.

"Did I—did I say anything Maggie!"

She covered her poor face with hands, as best she could, but the tears trickled through her fingers.

She let him take her into his arms and she cried on his shoulder a little longer than was strictly necessary. She could have stopped, but she didn't feel like stopping.

It was comforting to just let herself go and have a good cry, and to know that somebody cared a little. Joe always was an understanding person. Different from the others.

She lifted her head, smiling. "Joe—it's so crazy! Sitting here on the floor, surrounded by newspaper and—the best china. I had brain-storm—or something —"

He didn't release her. Instead, he brushed her hair. Her eyes felt again.

"Why, Maggie. Now—now what's I —"

"Oh, it isn't you, Joe. Oh, it's me. What you said—about my being pretty and capable —"

"Is that anything to cry about?"

"Oh, Joe—yes. Yes."

He shook his head. "I meant it as a compliment—and it's true."

"I know you did. It's just that—well, if I had my choice, Joe, well, I'd be home—well, not exactly home, not like some people. I am. I'm different looking from what I am. I'd —"

"Margaret—you're not 'fishing'!"

grinned. "Oh, no," she said, so vehemently that he laughed aloud, and he laughed a little, too. "I know sounds crazy. I was thinking—loud. Maybe the looks aren't so important after all as the efficiency. Really, I'm just too efficient for my own good. Bossy. Want to do everything. Think that nobody could get along without me —"

"Now you are 'fishing'!"

"Oh, no," she said again, and again the tears glistened.

"You sult me," he said, and his hand brushed her hair.

"Now that I'm a broken flower," she smiled. "But you used to be pretty mad at me yourself, Joe. When I used to run over to Sue's every minute to show her how to run a house and her husband and her maid and everything else. You know I used to get mad at me. Now —"

"Well, I did. But it was because you spent your time running her instead of mine, I guess."

"No, it wasn't. You know I'm insufferable for a while."

"Maggie!"

"Oh, you know it, Joe—I can see in your eye."

"No, you can't. It isn't true," he said, and he laughed, but he dropped his eyes.

"You see. But, never mind, Joe doesn't hurt any more. That's over. I was a long time coming, but I'm awake now. Henceforth concentrate all my talents on my own person's business—and that's person's me. And do you know, when I stopped trying to run the whole family and began using up my energy on myself—on my job—I know, why, everything changed."

She added, "Mr. Elson called me and promised me the trip and the chance to manage the new shop — I—well, I'm a different person, really I am."

"I thought you didn't want to be efficient," Joe said.

"For myself, yes. I have to. Not for anybody else. I even take back what I said about liking Babs into taking some of the things. If she was cheap new stuff instead of it's an affair—hers and Clicky's. And simply refuse to get mixed up in Sue's affairs again — Joe, do you think she'll really marry Kenneth again?"

"Oh, Maggie—bless your heart."

"But I mean it kindly."

"You meant it all kindly."

"Um... sort of. But I guess was a little like Sue, wanted to be the star performer, only I wanted

OFTEN A BRIDESMAID, by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

be the stage manager and the playwright and all the off-stage noises and mobs, and she just wanted to be the star. And now, believe it or not, I'm just thinking of her.

"It does seem such a pity, after all the trouble she took to get that divorce. And yet, if there's anything in what you said, about her trying to use you to make Ken jealous—"

"Oh, Maggie—Maggie!" He was laughing as he hadn't laughed in weeks, in months—in years it seemed to him.

"I think you're horrible to laugh, when I break down and tell all," she said, but she was laughing, too.

He got up. "Come on—let's go out somewhere and celebrate."

"All right. No—I tell you, come on, let's get out in the kitchen and cook up something the way we used to do."

"Still bossy," he protested, and she said, "Let's make some sandwiches. And coffee. Let's have coffee, too."

She led the way out to the kitchen, and he followed, teasing and protesting, and put on one of her aprons as he used to do.

"Oh, bother—there's the door again. It's way after 11. Who in the world can it be?"

"Sue. Let's not answer it."

She hesitated. "No, it might be a special delivery letter or a telegram. I'd better go."

"I'll go, too."

She followed, her old apron in his hand.

"Why, Kenneth!"

Kenneth Raleigh stood in the doorway, hair rumpled, face distraught.

"I want to see Sue!" he cried.

"She isn't here."

"Oh, yes, she is."

"Kenneth, I tell you she isn't."

"Don't lie, Margaret. And you needn't hide behind her skirts. At-

well, for I know what you've been up to. You aren't even man enough to risk it on your own. Have to come to Margaret's—where it's safe—where you think I wouldn't follow you—oh, you swine! You wife-stealer, you—"

"That's about enough, Kenny. You can't come here and start a row. If you have anything to say to me—"

Margaret pulled at Joe's coat. "No—let me talk to him—"

"I'll handle this, Margaret."

"You'll handle this!"

Like lightning Ken's fist went out—just as Margaret pushed herself forward. It struck her, right on the point of the chin.

When Margaret opened her eyes, she was lying on the library sofa, two very worried young men leaning over her anxiously.

She watched them through her lashes, until memory came back. Then she closed her eyes again. She was all right, but her jaw hurt. That pugnacious Kenny . . . trying to hit Joe, and hitting her instead. Well, she wouldn't come to too quickly. He could just go on worrying for a while.

He was almost crying. "I'd have cut off my right arm first. I—"

"Not so loud. Wake Aunt Bet and we will be in trouble!" Joe whispered.

"I'm going to call a doctor. I'll go and get him myself."

"Well—" Joe hesitated. "Maybe it would be best. I think she's all right, but—"

Undoubtedly she'd been "out" long enough. Margaret opened her eyes, smiled faintly.

"Why did you hit me?"

"Oh, Margaret—I'd have cut off my right arm. I'd have died before I'd have had this happen. It was meant for Joe!"

"Well, you're not to go hitting anybody round here," Margaret said. Her head hurt a little as she sat up. Ken was always making trouble.

"You can go on home. And next time don't pick a fight just because you're told that Sue isn't around. Anyway—she isn't. I told you that in the first place."

"I know. Oh, Margaret, I'm so sorry. I can't tell you how I feel. What a mess I've made of everything. You don't know how I feel—how crazy I've been. I can't even see the babies unless there's someone there watching me, and Sue's so funny. I thought first she was going to come back to me. And now—"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Now—I don't know."

"Poor Kenny." She touched his dark hair lightly. "It won't always hurt so! You get over things. Everybody gets over everything!"

"But not when it's love—not when it's true love—"

"I think so, Kenny. Anyway, if you ever expect Sue to care again

you'll have to make her respect you, and she never will as long as you beg her, and fly around, making fusses over everything."

"You said it, Maggie!" Joe said.

"Oh, I know—you're right. But it's so hard. I turned down a coaching job because I was afraid she'd come back and I wouldn't be able to be where she is. I—"

"Can you still get it?"

"Easily. The fellow they've got now is nothing. He sees it himself. Can't handle men. Oh, he's all right for an assistant—but as head coach! It's pitiful. Why, Joe, here would do as well. Joe, he has some of the craziest ideas. Doesn't believe in scrimmage. Not at all. Not in a single practice—"

"So do I. After living in them for years."

"I wish we weren't giving this up. But—we are."

"Don't. Hold on to it."

"Oh, we can't. We have to sell it, Joe. It's the only sane thing to do. We need the money."

"I'll lend you the money."

"Oh, no—thanks, but it wouldn't do at all—"

(Oh, why did she have to start blushing again, like a silly schoolgirl?)

He took her hand again, pressed it reassuringly.

She rattled on, "It's just the break that's hard. There's no sense in keeping a place after the need for it is gone. The hardest part is the leaving. After we leave I'll just stay away. Never come back to see it. After a while I'll get so I won't care. It's true—what I said to Kenny, you know. That you do get over things. I know."

"There's something I never got over."

"Then you didn't try hard enough!" She pulled her hand away, because it was shaking idiotically. She, with shaking hands! It was crazy. It was disgusting.

"Oh, yes I did. I almost succeeded for a little while. But it didn't work. Margaret—"

He took her hand again, and again she jerked it away. She was too upset. Too defenceless. He'd see that she cared. She'd let herself be hurt again. And anything would be better than that! Anything!

"Joe, it's scandalously late, and I haven't done any packing, and you forget that I'm a working girl who must be up before 7."

"Oh—Oh, yes."

"And you really ought to be on your way, Joe."

"I know."

"I know."

"I know."

"I know."

"I know."

"I know."

"I know."

over nothing! She tried to pull herself together, to talk fast, to cover her confusion.

"Um—this sandwich is squishy. But you're a grand sandwich maker. And speaking of houses, I won't be living in one much longer!"

"I always liked this house, Maggie."

"So did I. But there's no point in our trying to stay here—just Aunt Bet and I. She's looking out for a hotel, but I hate hotels."

"So do I. After living in them for years."

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"I know."

"I know."

"I know."

He didn't move.

"I mean it, Joe."

"I know."

"Joe—you must—"

"Listen, I've got a business proposition. I like this house. I always liked it. I want to live in it. Will you sell it to me?"

"It isn't mine. It's Daddy's, Joe—you don't mean that."

"Oh, yes I do." He took out his chequebook and reached for his pen.

"I'll make a down payment right now."

"But I don't know—I don't know yet what it's worth! And what would you ever do . . . Oh, Joe—what would you do with it?"

"We'll have it valued. By the real estate people."

"But what will you do with it?"

"You know."

"You're not going to live in it?"

"Certainly."

"But Joe—Joe—I—"

"Needs a little fixing up, I suppose. Would you help with the decorating?"

"Joe—you don't want this house. You can't want it. Say it—Joe. Say what you want to do—"

"I tried twice, and you wouldn't let me. You know what I want."

"No, Joe—I—I don't!"

"I want you to live in the house with me. I want your aunt to go on to England, and leave us alone. I want you to leave your job—"

She shook her head. "No—no—"

"Oh!"

He turned away. There was a little silence. "Well, O.K.," he said. "It was just a crazy notion. But I mean what I said about buying the house. I'll buy it."

"But you didn't mean what you said about m-marrying me?"

"Oh, Maggie! Didn't you say you wouldn't?"

"No!"

"You didn't!"

"No—I—I want to. What I meant was—Oh, Joe—if that was what you wanted, why didn't you say it long ago?"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

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I soon discovered... washing alone was not enough, it needs Reckitt's Blue in the last rinse to keep whites really white!

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the 3 steps to successful washing



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to make clothes clean



RINSE
to remove loose dirt



BLUE
to stop whites turning yellow

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"Cheddar Casserole with Cashew Nuts"
won Mrs. Garrett £1,000 in big
Kraft Recipe Contest



"Here is the recipe
that won me
£1,000",

says Mrs. S. Garrett,
of 424 Elgar Rd., Box Hill, Vic.

"CHEDDAR CASSEROLE WITH CASHEW NUTS"

1 lamb shank; 3/4 cups water; 1 stick celery, sliced;
1 onion, sliced; 1 cup rice; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 table-
spoon chutney; 1 8-oz. packet Kraft Cheddar,
shredded; 1 egg; 1/2 cup milk; 1 tomato; cayenne
pepper; cashew nuts; 1 teaspoon butter.

Boil shank in water for 10 minutes. Add rice,
celery, onion, salt and cayenne. Simmer until
liquid is absorbed. Remove meat from bone,
chop. Return to pan. Add chutney and 1/2
cheese. Sprinkle some cheese in greased
casserole. Pour in rice, then beaten egg and
milk. Cover with remainder of cheese and
tomato slices. Bake in moderate oven (30
minutes). Garnish with buttered cashew nuts.
Serves 4.

Mrs. Garrett's prize-winning recipe was
selected from many thousands of entries from
all over the Commonwealth and New Guinea.
Individual attention was given to each entry.
Final testing took place at the Emily
McPherson College of Domestic Economy,
Melbourne, before an independent panel of
judges.

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again."

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in meat: the essential Vitamins A, B₂, and D,
plus calories and the valuable milk minerals,
calcium and phosphates. Yes, Kraft Cheddar
is a bargain in nutrition. So give your family
this big, nourishing and delicious treat—
tonight.



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3. Slices easily —
never crumbles
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5. Pasteurised for purity

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Apple Desserts

By OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS

• Apples, fresh or tinned, make delectable sweets that can be served all the year round.

APPLES are nearly always available, but when they are scarce and for occasions when preparation time is limited tinned apple pulp can be used successfully.

Try the varied apple sweets on this page to ring the changes from those old-fashioned favorites, apple dumplings and pies.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CARAMEL APPLE RING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 6oz. lightly sweetened scone dough, 1½ cups cooked apple pulp, extra 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter and brown sugar, spread over base and sides of 8in. ring tin. Prepare scone dough, roll to oblong shape, ¼in. thick. Spread with apple pulp mixed with extra brown sugar, lemon rind, and cinnamon. Roll up, making long roll about 2in. thick. Cut into 2in. slices, place cut side down in prepared ring tin. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold with custard or lemon sauce.

PEANUT MARSHMALLOW APPLES

Five or 6 apples, sugar, butter or substitute, cloves, 4oz. peanut brittle or peanut toffee, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 10 or 12 marshmallows.

Peel and core apples, fill centres with sugar, place nut of butter and a clove on top of each. Stand in shallow ovenproof dish. Crush peanut brittle or toffee, heat with sugar, water, and lemon juice until boiling. Pour over apples, bake in moderate oven until apples are tender, basting with syrup while cooking. Allow to cool, remove cloves. While still warm, place two chopped marshmallows on top of each and allow to melt slightly. Serve hot or thoroughly chilled with peanut sauce in which they were cooked.

APPLE GINGERBREAD WITH LEMON SAUCE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 5oz. flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 dessertspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon spice, 2 cups apple pulp, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons sugar, whipped sweetened cream, lemon sauce.

Sift flour, ginger, spice and soda, rub in butter. Add sugar. Beat egg, add syrup and milk, pour into flour, mix quickly and lightly. Place apple pulp mixed with lemon juice and sugar in greased ovenproof dish. Pour gingerbread mixture over. Bake in very moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares, decorate with cream and serve with lemon sauce.



LEMON SAUCE

Quarter-cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, good ¼ cup water, grated rind ½ lemon, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Blend sugar and cornflour with water, stir until boiling, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add lemon rind and juice, and butter or substitute, mix well. Serve hot or cold.

APPLE SNOW WITH CARAMEL CUSTARD SAUCE

Three large cooking apples, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup water, thin piece lemon rind, 2 or 3 cloves.

Caramel Custard Sauce: One and quarter cups milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Peel and core apples, cut into quarters, cook with sugar, cloves,

lemon rind and water until tender. Remove cloves and lemon rind, beat apples to a pulp, allow to cool. When quite cold gradually fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat until white and spongy, fill into serving-dish. Serve with caramel sauce.

Sauce: Heat half the sugar in small saucepan until melted and dark toffee color. Add water, reheat and stir until toffee melts and forms a thin caramel syrup. Blend cornflour with little of the milk. Heat balance of milk and remaining sugar, add caramel syrup and blended cornflour. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks and vanilla, mix well, serve hot or cold.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE

One 8in. cooked pastry-case, 1 cup cooked sweetened apple pulp, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups milk, 4 table-

spoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cornflour, extra ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons coconut, pinch nutmeg, cream.

Spread apple pulp mixed with lemon rind over base of cooked and cooled pastry-case. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Blend cornflour with little of the milk. Heat balance of milk, stir in blended cornflour and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add beaten egg and extra lemon rind, pour over apples, top with coconut mixed with nutmeg. Allow to cool, chill slightly. Serve with whipped sweetened cream or ice-cream.

APPLE SULTANA PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk, ½ cup sweetened apple pulp, 4 table-

CARAMEL APPLE RING, peanut marshmallow apples, and apple gingerbread with lemon sauce are three delicious desserts which are simple to make and good to eat. See recipes.

Cream butter, or substitute, with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Mix sultanas (wash in boiling water, dry thoroughly) with apple pulp. Place two-thirds in base of greased pudding-basin or mould. Cover with half pudding mixture. Spread balance of apple over and top with remaining mixture. Cover with greased paper, stand in large saucepan with boiling water coming half-way up sides of basin. Cover tightly, steam 1½ hours. Turn out on to hot dish, serve with lemon sauce or custard.



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Dessert wins £5

Pineapple chantilly, a dessert with a rich creamy filling, wins this week's £5 prize.

SLICES of sponge roll, pressed end to end, make an attractive frame for the fluffy pineapple cream filling. The sweet, set in a cake-tin, slips easily out of the tin on to the serving platter.

A consolation prize is awarded to fish roll with cheese sauce, an unusual and appetising way of serving curry-flavoured fish with mashed potatoes.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PINEAPPLE CHANTILLY
Three and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 6 slices Swiss roll, 2 or 3 dessertspoons sweet sherry, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2½ cups milk, 1½ tablespoons arrowroot, 3oz. sugar, 1 tin pineapple, 5 or 6 tablespoons coconut, cherries to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Line sides of mould with slices of Swiss roll trimmed to fit and moistened with sherry. Mix sugar and arrowroot smoothly with a

little milk. Add remainder of milk, stir over low heat until mixture boils, and simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add vanilla, beaten egg-yolks, chopped pineapple, and coconut. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into cake-lined tin, chill until set. Unmould on to serving platter, decorate with cherries and pineapple.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. I. Richardson, 40 Ben Boyd Rd., Neutral Bay, Sydney.

FISH ROLL WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Two cups cooked flaked fish, 2 cups mashed potatoes, ¼ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch of salt and cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 2 eggs, breadcrumbs.

Cheese Sauce: Two dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon cheese, pinch salt.

Mix fish and potatoes together, add cheese, parsley, salt, pepper, and curry powder. Mix well, bind with beaten egg, reserving some for glazing. Form into a thick roll on a lightly floured board, brush with egg-glazing, roll in breadcrumbs. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven ½ hour. Prepare sauce. Melt butter or substitute, add flour and salt, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir over heat until sauce comes to the boil. Add cheese, stir until melted and well mixed.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Nixon, 25 Ashby St., Fairfield S.3, South Brisbane.

PINEAPPLE and coconut flavor this delicious dinner sweet. Any chopped cooked fruit or drained tinned fruit pulp may be used instead of pineapple. See recipe this page.

EARLY TOOTH DECAY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

EARLY tooth decay, so often the cause of ill-health later in life, is mainly caused by parents' foolishness in over-indulging children with sweets and sweet, starchy biscuits. It is quite common these days to see serious decay long before the first set of teeth, the milk teeth, are ready to be pushed out by the oncoming second set.

The second set soon become discolored and the white enamel of the teeth begins to be eaten away by the acidity caused by excessive sweet eating.

A chapter on the prevention of early tooth decay and the modern use of fluorine as a deterrent is in the fourth, revised and enlarged edition of our parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby."

The book is obtainable at The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and at all bookshops

and agents. Price 12/6, postage 9d. (1/6 for registered post).

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ANY member of your family can win £3/3/- for his or her bright ideas.

In every home there are articles that no longer serve a very useful purpose, but with imagination and a little skill they can often be brought back into use in a different, and, in many cases, a more attractive, manner.

If the needlewoman, the handyman, or a younger member of your family has made something new and different from something old, enter it in our new popular weekly contest.

All you have to do is to send a full description of the article with a sketch or photograph of it to The Editor, Homemaker Department, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

DON'T DO THAT NO! TRY NOT

I WAS A KILL-JOY!

MUST YOU DO THAT? YOU CAN'T BE QUIET PLEASE

PLAY THOSE DREADFUL RECORDS QUIETER—OR NOT AT ALL!

AREN'T YOU A BIT HARD ON THE KIDS THESE DAYS?

THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE! YOU'RE WASHED OUT—AND STILL TAKING PURGATIVES! YOU'D BETTER SEE DOCTOR EVANS.

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YOUR PARTIES ARE SUPER, JOAN!

YOUR MOTHER'S SUCH FUN!

What did the Doctor tell Mrs. Hall?

TODAY'S SOFT FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK NEEDED FOR REGULARITY. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES THIS BULK. BEING A FOOD, ALL-BRAN GIVES YOU STRENGTH AND ENERGY INSTEAD OF PURGING IT OUT OF YOU AS HARSH MEDICINES OR PURGATIVES DO.

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larity, instead of leaving you drained and washed out—as harsh purgatives do. Sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal or enjoy it straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Begin now—and never lose the wonderful glow of health that All-Bran brings.

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5

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F3171.—Three-piece lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust and 26in. to 32in. waist measurement. Requires: Nightgown, 3½yds. 36in. material and 3yds. 4in. lace insertion; slip, 2½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. lace insertion, and 7½yds. 4in. lace edging; scanties, 1½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. lace insertion, and 3yds. 4in. lace edging. Price, complete, 4/6.

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F3173



F3174



F3175



F3176

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 8/11 sent by registered post.

No. 661.—INFANT'S LAYETTE

A four-piece, lace-trimmed layette is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is a baby twill in cream, salmon, lemon, nil, and sky-blue. The lace trim is not supplied. Price: Frocks, 22/6; postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Carrying coat, 11/9; postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Petticoat, 15/6; postage and registration, 1/- extra. Nightgown, 22/6; postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Complete set, 79/9; postage and registration, 3/8 extra.



661

No. 662.—BUTTERFLY DUCHESSE SET

The set is clearly traced ready to embroider. Satin-stitch and stem-stitch are used for the embroidery and a buttonhole-stitch for the edges. The material obtainable is a good quality white or cream linen. A sheer linen in green, pink, and blue, and a fine cotton lawn in sky, pink, nil, and pastel green. The centre mat measures 11in. by 17in. and the smaller mats 8in. by 8in. Price: Set in linen, 8/11; postage and registration, 1/- extra. Cotton lawn, 6/3; postage and registration, 1/- extra.

No. 663.—MORNING-TEA TRAY SET

The set includes a tray-cloth, tea-cosy, and serviette and is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen. A sheer linen in white, green, pink, and blue, and on organdie in white, blue, lemon pink, and green. Sizes: Tray-cloth, 11in. by 11in.; tea-cosy, 11in. by 16in.; and serviette, 11in. by 11in. Price: Linen tray-cloth, 6/2; tea-cosy, 4/11; serviette, 1/- extra. Complete set, 12/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Organdie set, 12/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Complete set, 13/11; postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 664.—GIRL'S COAT

A smartly styled coat with double-breasted fastenings is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is a woolen coating and the color choice includes rose-red, burgundy, sage-blue, and mid-green. Sizes: Lengths 26in. for 4 years, 50/9; postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 22in. for 6 years, 61/-; postage and registration, 3/3 extra. 27in. for 8 years, 65/8; postage and registration, 3/6 extra. 31in. for 10 years, 68/9; postage and registration, 3/6 extra.



664



662



663

Sportscraft

THE FIRST NAME IN SPORTSWEAR!

bring you the finest ...

Separates

... OF THE YEAR!



IN "Janilaine"

THE FIRST NAME IN JERSEY!

SPORTSCRAFT perfectionists naturally chose famous "JANILAINE" Jersey — a John Lamsby product — for their fully-pleated skirt and cute bib-fronted blouse!

AT Sportscraft SPECIALISTS EVERYWHERE

GROOMED TO PERFECTION

ALL THE TIME — WITH



Potter-Moore

HAIR TONIC

containing 'Cholesterol' tonic ingredient, prevents dandruff, promotes lustrous growth.

PPH 73

Knees up Mrs. Brown

**SCRUB AND POLISH
THOSE FLOORS
THE EASY WAY**



There is no job so hard on your knees . . . your back . . . your hands as scrubbing and polishing floors. That's why no other single appliance prevents so much fatigue as the S.T.C. Floor Polisher. Tried and tested in tens of thousands of Australian homes, this wonderful machine is two domestic helps in one. Firstly, it scrubs any floor surface—wood, linoleum, tiles, concrete, rubber, brick—beautifully clean. Then, with a quick change of brushes, it becomes a polisher ready to give a brilliant non-slip surface to any floor that can be waxed. And all this without effort—you just guide it while it glides through the work. Arrange for a demonstration to-day and see for yourself how much back-breaking work the S.T.C. Polisher can save you.

*Now available in your choice of
**MOUNTAIN BLUE —
WINDSOR ROSE — CREAM***

ALL THESE FEATURES, TOO

All metal construction for strength . . . Exclusive S.T.C. motor for reliability . . . Correct weight and power for efficient polishing . . . Finger-tip switch for convenience and safety . . . Floating brushes for uneven surfaces . . . Easily rebristled, metal-backed scrubbing and polishing brushes supplied . . . Lamb's-wool pads available at small extra cost.

PRICE . . . £34/0/0*

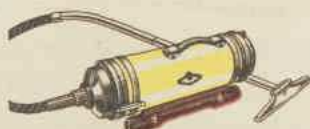
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**FLOOR POLISHER
AND SCRUBBER**

TWO MORE STC WORKSAVERS

S.T.C. VACUUM CLEANER



Greater suction for more efficient cleaning . . . all-metal runners for easier handling . . . foot operated switch for greater convenience . . . a full range of attachments including a spray-gun . . . choice of silver-grey or cream and maroon finish. £34/19/6* or on easy terms.

S.T.C. SEWING MACHINE MOTOR



With an S.T.C. Sewing Machine Motor you can electrify your present hand or treadle model in a matter of minutes and get through your sewing in half the time. Fitted with adjustable light and radio interference eliminator. £14/18/-* or on easy terms.

*Prices slightly higher in Western Australia and Queensland.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, in helping Dr. Boyd experiment with a new discovery, a doorway to the fourth dimension, follows two escaped convicts through the doorway and begins to explore the world on the other side. By means of a walkie-

talkie set, Dr. Boyd can hear Mandrake's description of the world of "Z." Suddenly a giant six-legged tiger appears. Mandrake tries to hide from the monster, but it sees him. His gun has no effect on the cat's tough hide. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONT.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX

Don't put a cold in
your pocket — use



COLDS AT SCHOOL

WHEN SMALL PUPILS
COUGH AND SNEEZE
I HAND OUT SOFT
KLEENEX TISSUES.
THEY'RE DISPOSABLE
—HYGIENIC— STOP
COLDS SPREADING.

ES to Mrs. K.V. Duffy,
Stanley, via Beechworth, Victoria.

WHAT A SOAK

DRAIN CHIPS, FRITTERS, ALL FRIED
FOODS ON ABSORBENT KLEENEX.
MAKES THEM CRISP, DIGESTIBLE.
KLEENEX SOAKS UP FAT ON
TOPS OF SOUPS, STEWS, TOO.

ES to Mrs. A. Young,
Mullah Street, Trangie, 4W, N.S.W.

PARTY-CRAFTY

FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES —
KLEENEX INSTEAD OF TABLE
NAPKINS, TO REALLY CLEAN
STICKY FINGERS, FOR ADULT
PARTIES AS COASTERS, FOR
MOPPING UP, CLEANING ASHTRAYS.

ES to Mrs. M. Haidec, 56 Hampstead Road, Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Qld.

IN 3 SIZES

THE PERSONAL PACK AT 1½ FITS
SNUGLY INTO THE POCKET AND
HUSBAG. KEEP 2 OTHER SIZES
(3½) AT WORK, HOME, AT SCHOOL,
OR IN THE CAR — FOR 1001 USES.

KL15-16

He's got something to sing about!



This young fellow is really
happy about his nappy
these days. That's because
mother has protected him
from nappy rash with gentle,
safe "Vaseline" Petroleum
Jelly. Smooth on "Vaseline"
Petroleum Jelly each time
you change baby's nappy
and you can be sure he'll
be twice as comfortable.

Hygienic "Vaseline" Petroleum
Jelly is available everywhere.



"Vaseline" is the reg. trade mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (Canad.).

738

TEENA

by Lilla
Tung



Out go my old- fashioned jars!



in comes "BRISTOLITE"



This roomy salt box has a
hinged lid which lifts at a
flick — keeps your salt dry
— wonderful advantages
over old-type wooden boxes.



The Bristolite cutlery box is
designed to hold everything
from teaspoons to carving
knife. 5 large compartments.
Buy another to hold your
beauty equipment — save
dressing-table clutter.



5 pretty spice canisters —
cloves, allspice, cinnamon,
nutmeg and ginger. Snug on
their own rack they feature
"SWAP-OVER" nametags —
part of all Bristolite ware.

Colours? Cream with cherry,
green or blue lids, or the one-
colour "Pastellene", in prim-
rose, blue and green.

BL43

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"DALE." — Smartly styled matron's dress in silk jersey with
contrasting collar. The color choice includes turquoise and
white, blue and white, green and white, brown and white,
navy and white, red and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 38in. and 40in. bust,
79/11; 42in. and 44in. bust, 84/-; postage
and registration, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 38in. and 40in. bust,
59/9; 42in. and 44in. bust, 62/3; postage and
registration, 2/9 extra.

"CARMA" — Two-piece lingerie set. Attractive
lace-trimmed slip and matching panties
made in slipper satin. The color choice in-
cludes white, magnolia, pink, sky-blue, and
cream.

Ready to Wear: Slip, sizes 32in.,
34in., 36in., and 38in. bust,
39/9; postage and registration,
1/3 extra. Scanties, 26in.,
28in., 30in., and 32in. waist,
24/6; postage and registration, 1/-
extra.

Cut Out Only: Slip, sizes 32in.,
34in., 36in., and 38in. bust,
27/3; postage and registration,
1/3 extra. Scanties, 26in., 28in.,
30in., and 32in. waist, 15/9;
postage and registration, 1/-
extra.



Dale



Carma

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.
If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 77. Fashion Frocks
may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris
St., Ultimo, Sydney.

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks
of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your
system, sap your energy, ruin your
health, and weaken your heart.
Mendocin, a new American scientific
medicine, starts immediately to cir-
culate through the blood, quickly
curbing the attacks. The very first
day the thick phlegm is dissolved,
you sleep the night through in com-
fort. Get Mendocin from your chemist
or write to-day under positive guar-
antee to stop your Asthma coughing
and to give you free, easy breathing
the first day of your new life.

Page 70

Safe Home!!

They need this
Ready Source
of Energy -



Arnott's



Over 40,000
GRATEFUL MOTHERS
have sent
testimonials and
photographs.

No one knows better than a
mother how active children
can be.

When she gives them Arnott's Famous Milk
Arrowroot Biscuits, she gives them the sup-
port they need in the way she knows is best.

famous
MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality